"MER DOUCE"

VOLUME 1

THE STORY OF ONTARIO

BY

The Algonquin Historical Society

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"Mer Douce"

THE GEORGIAN BAY MAGAZINE

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Vol. I. MAY, 1921 No. 1

Our Greetings to the Membership of the Georgian Bay and Affiliated Historical Societies, and also to the General Reading Public, Whom it Hopes to serve

Aim of the Magazine

Literary.

A magazine must have some purpose worth while in view, when it would seek to come into existence at a time when publications are facing handicaps, perhaps unparalleled in their history. This aim is to help to discover and tell the story of the Georgian Bay and its district. This district is the centre of a most interesting story. In archives, Canadian and American, in Government departments, in church records, in family documents, in the files of local newspapers, in the memories of men still living, and in other places, the materials for this story are to be found. These scattered fragments ought to be gathered together and compiled into one complete whole. This is the work of our historical societies. But it is of little benefit that this story should be preserved by these, unless also it is made available for reading by the general public. This magazine has come into existence to provide an avenue of expression for the work of these societies, so that the story of our people shall be known by our own people,—a Canadian story, on Canadian themes, with a truly Canadian background for the story.

Patriotic.

The greatest asset of a country is not its natural resources, no matter how great, but its people. The great man is the man of great achievement. The best medium to secure a love of our country is the story of our achievements, and the efficiency and valourous spirit of our people. The story must be told, if our people are to profit by it, and, if truly told, they cannot be other than patriotic.

Historical.

"I believe that history is the most important and the most interesting of all subjects, not only in the curriculum of the schools, but in the world of affairs," wrote Dr. George A. Locke, of Toronto, a citizen whose record gives him the right to speak with authority on the subject. "It is the most important because it reveals to us what has happened, and only from the study of that can we understand what is happening, or what is likely to happen. History is not merely historical material, it is life, and living men make it according to the way they think and act."

This magazine will aim not only to record the happenings of the past, but to tell of the deeds, adventures, and achievements of the men and women of the past, and of those now living and achieving. The commonplace things of to-day are the things of important history to-morrow. In the story of the district, it is with lives we are dealing as well as with happenings. Both are of interest, and the story of both will therefore be told.

Religious.

As the greatest asset of a nation is its people, so the greatest asset of a man is a true and noble character. History is said to be the story of the hand of God in the work of the world. When we undertake the writing of biographical sketches of men, and the conditions of life under which they lived, we come up against an element in human life and human affairs, which can be explained only as the "hand," or "providence," of God. No man can be truly great, who does not realize that he is associated with the Highest in a co-operative work for the world. The magazine will aim to record the lives of the religiously great in the history of the district.

The Title

WE have chosen the title of our Magazine, "MER DOUCE," and the map design of the front page, for an historic reason. The mouth of the French River, we believe to be the most historic spot on the Georgian Bay, and "Mer Douce" the two most historic words connected with its description.

It was in the year 1615, that Champlain, the first of French explorers, secured the services of ten Indians, to take him to the land of the Hurons, a notable tribe, who were then occupying the country to the south-east of the Bay, "an area of thirty or forty miles," "the seat of one of the most remarkable savage communities on the continent." He was not the first white man to make this journey. Apart from the fur-traders, a Recollet priest, Joseph Le Caron, had started on a visit to the same tribe, some weeks before him, accompanying a brigade of Hurons, who were returning from Montreal after the sale of their winter's catch of furs.

Besides the Indians, Champlain took an interpreter with him, a Frenchman by the name of Brule, a woodman, who was well-versed in the dialects of all the Indians of these regions. Their course was by way of the Ottawa River, then across country by way of the Mattawa to Lake Nipissing, and from thence on the French River to the Bay. Sagard reckons from eighty to a hundred waterfalls in the course of this journey, which meant much valuable time and strength required, in making the portages over the rocks and through the woods to avoid these.

The joy of Champlain is described as boundless, when he cast his eyes for the first time on these waters. "MER DOUCE" was the name he applied to it—Fresh water sea—and "MER DOUCE" it will always remain, for with Lake Huron, of which it is but an arm, a finer body of water, and with its myriad islands, a more picturesque place is not to be found anywhere.

"Now far along the western sky," says Parkman, as he describes the coming of Champlain to the mouth of the French River, "was traced the watery line of that inland ocean, and first of whitemen, except the Friar Le Caron, Champlain beheld the Mer Douce, the Fresh Water Sea of the Hurons. Before him, too far for sight, lay the spirit-haunted Manitoulains, and southward spread the vast bosom of the Georgian Bay. For more than a hundred miles, his course was along its eastern shore, among islets countless as the sea-sands, an archipelago of rocks, worn for ages by the wash of waves. He crossed Byng Inlet, Franklin Inlet, Parry Sound, and the wider sound of Matchedash Bay, and seems to have landed at the inlet now called Thunder Bay, at the entrance of the Bay of Matchedash."

The arrival of Champlain on the lake shore at the mouth of the French River, in the midsummer month of the year 1615, is the beginning of the recorded history, not only of the Bay, but of the whole of the Province of Ontario. The title of our Magazine, will, therefore, take us back to the beginning of historical things for the Province, and is therefore, we think, a sufficient reason for its choice.

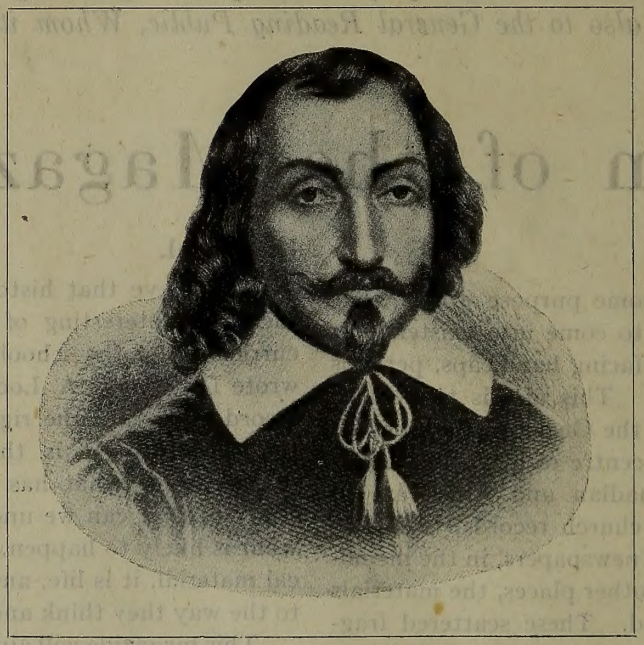
SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

Founder of New France
The first and greatest of French Explorers.

Founder of Quebec.

An Ally of the Huron Indians.

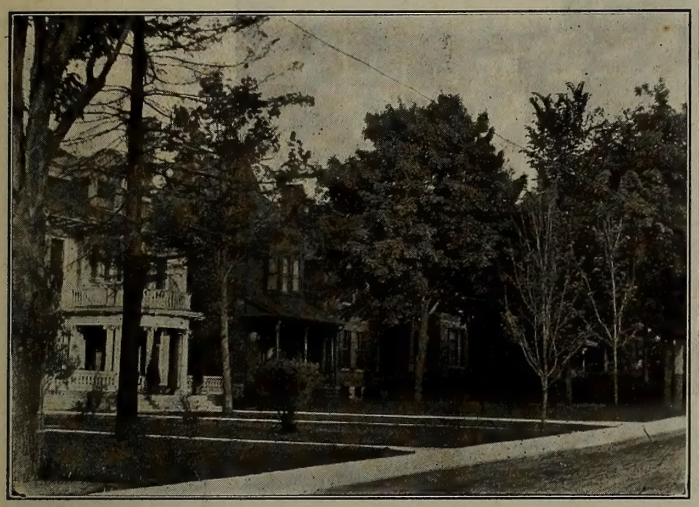
First arrived in Canada, 1603.

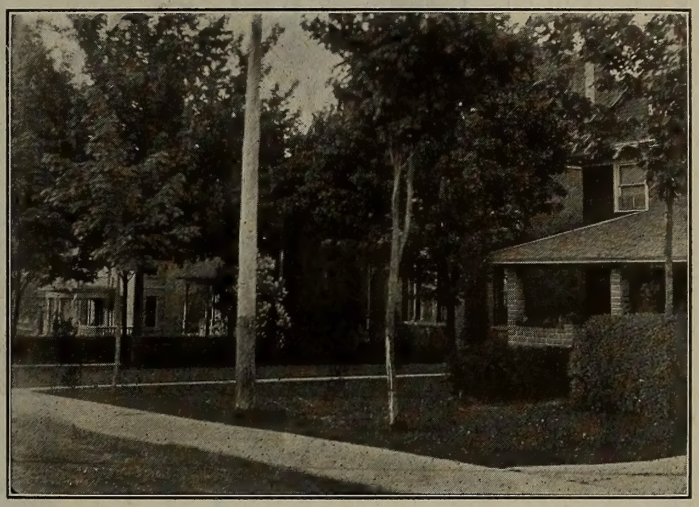


Discovered the Georgian Bay A.D. 1615.

He named it "Mer Douce," said by Schoolcraft to mean "Placid Sea"; by others, "Fresh-Water Sea."

: HISTORIC SECTION :





OWEN SOUND: A CITY OF BEAUTY AND SHADE. RESIDENTIAL STREETS.

Our Youngest City

Eighty Years' Growth

The Georgian Bay has been the centre of a most important boat traffic for years, with Collingwood and Sault Ste. Marie as its eastern and western terminals, and Owen Sound as the chief port of call between. Of the ports of the Bay, Owen Sound has outstripped all the rest in the matter of growth, although latterly Sault Ste. Marie has forged ahead of all the urban centres of the district in the matter of population, because of its magnificent steel industry and paper plant.

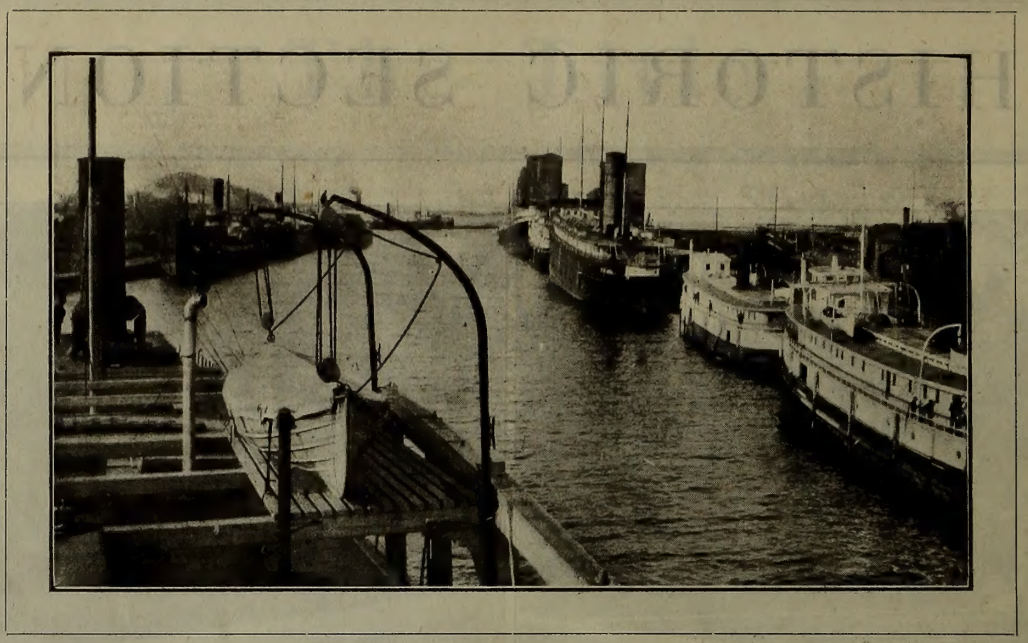
The growth of Canadian cities is oftentimes compared with the growth of the cities of the country to the south of us, and the growth of ours is usually counted slow in comparison with theirs. This may be. But when we consider that Owen Sound has been transformed in the short space of eighty years from a cedar swamp into a modern city whose brick dwellings and thriving industries give an outward, unmistakable evidence of its strength and stability, one cannot but feel that here, at least, has been a growth of which no one ought to complain. What are the causes that have made it become the important industrial and commercial centre that it is?

There are three main factors that have brought about its progress. The first of these is its situation; the second, the enterprise of its people; and the third, what the unbeliever calls "luck," or "chance."

In 1839, Owen Sound was made the Georgian Bay terminal of the provincial highway extending from Hamilton to Guelph, and thence by way of Fergus, Arthur and Durham to Owen Sound. For the first thirty years of its history access to Owen Sound for the travelling public was by way of boat or stage. Their merchandise had to come in the same way.

Paul Kane, a noted artist and historian, visited Owen Sound in 1845, and he thus describes his method of travel to reach it: "I left Toronto on the 17th of June, 1845, with no companions, but my portfolio and box of paints, my gun and a stock of ammunition, taking the most direct route to Lake Simcoe. Thence I took the steamboat for Orillia, and crossed over to Sturgeon Bay, on Lake Huron, where I had to hire an Indian with a canoe, the packet (a sailing sloop) having left for Penetanguishene a few hours before I reached Coldwater. After paddling all night we overtook her at Penetanguishene (a naval depot, and a village inhabited by a few whites and half-breeds). We left here on the 20th, and arrived at Owen Sound the same evening."

This was the route travelled by Hiram Kilbourn and his family, who settled in Owen Sound the same month of that same year.



Owen Sound Harbour.

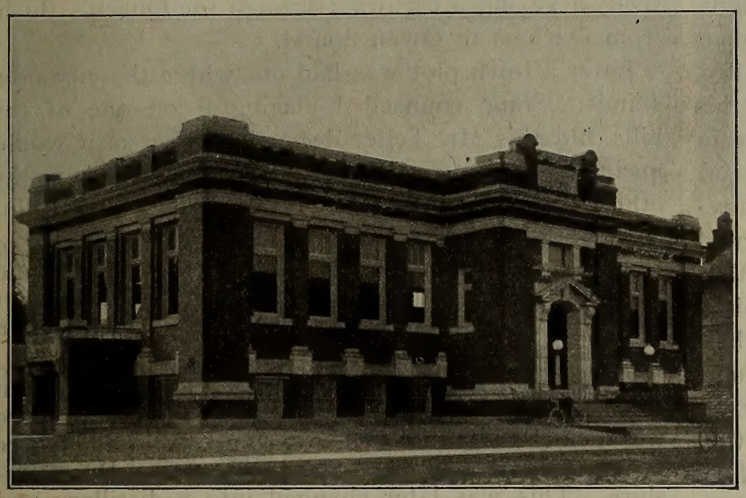
"These beginnings kept advancing in magnitude."

Thus it would seem that a trip to Toronto would require, under the most favorable of circumstances, a three days' journey to reach it. This was shortened in 1855, when the Northern Railway was built to Collingwood and a regular steamboat service established between the two places.

In addition to the boat route, the provincial highway supplied a means of approach to Owen Sound. In the early days there was a stage from Hamilton to Guelph, and another from there to Fergus, after which the walking was good for the rest of the way. As the country settled, the highway was pushed farther north until it was possible to make the whole journey from Hamilton to Owen Sound by stage. Hotels were scattered every two miles along the way. They were a necessity of the times, as much of the travel was done by walking, ox teams, and very rarely a horse team. Mr. McLauchlin assures us that in 1854, fourteen years after the town was founded, Mr. Halliday, of Bentinck, was the only farmer who owned a team of horses north of Arthur. These wayside inns were so economically conducted, he tells us, that he was able to purchase a supper, a night's lodging, and stand treat for the crowd at an outlay of 62 cents. It is doubtful if there ever was an evening when some traveller did not enjoy a good night's repose on the sheep-skin couches in each one of these many primitive public-houses. A continuous stream of would-be settlers, coming in to explore the Queen's Bush, paid of necessity a visit to the town, and thus in a measure gave an impetus to its growth and prosperity.

BUT it is chiefly to its situation as a lake port that it owes its early prosperity. The boat traffic of the Bay was one of the chief industries of the country. Every considerable merchant had his sailing vessel, with which he followed up the settlers, and traded with them in the necessary articles for their existence. W. C. Boyd, the first wharfinger and forwarding agent of the place, had, in the Fly Onward, one of the first vessels in this traffic. Patterson, who was the chief merchant in Owen Sound until he sold out to Richard Carney in 1852, used the sailing vessel in extending his trade. The Wanderer, the Ann Brown, the St. Joseph, the Coquette and others were all used as general traders on the Bay in the early years of its history. This trade took on increased proportions with the opening out of the Manitoulin Island for settlement and the development of the copper mining industry of the North Shore, especially at the Bruce Mines. The coming of the railway to Collingwood in 1855 created a lake traffic between that place and Owen Sound, which continued a most profitable route for twenty years, until the completion of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway in 1874. These beginnings kept advancing in magnitude until it received its maximum growth in the coming of the C.P.R. fleet of boats and the making of Owen Sound their eastern terminus. These were the halcyon days for the Owen Sound boat traffic. To see in those days the fleets of boats that sought this harbour for shelter every fall, followed by the activities on its shores every spring,

when painters and engineers, mechanics and sailors, began with the coming of the robin to make ready for the summer's activities, was a sight to fill every local inhabitant with pardonable pride. But the coming of the railways, the transference of the C.P.R. boats to Port McNicol, the building of the Canada Atlantic, and the establishment of a new port at Depot Harbour, the impetus given by the Grand Trunk Railway to Midland, all these had the result of dividing the traffic with other ports and diverting the trade to other railways. It is doubtful, however, if any other port can provide the natural facilities for boat traffic that Owen Sound can, with its harbour of thirteen miles in length, and a wharfage accommodation three and a half miles long.



CARNEGIE LIBRARY HALL

The home of the Owen Sound and Grey County Historical Society.
John Parker, President.
Mrs. A. F. Armstrong, Vice-Pres.
Howard Fleming, Secretary.
H. H. Burgess, Historian.

WHILE position had much to do with the velopment of the town, we cannot overemphasize the second factor to that growth—the enterprise of its people. We are interested in the calibre of the men who laid the foundations of the place, and the enterprise of those who built a city on these foundations. There are a certain class of men whom the town makes, and another class who make the town. The city has been fortunate in having a great number of the latter class in its population, men of vision and enterprise, both those who laid the foundations and then those who later built thereon. Three men of its history may be taken to illustrate this essential factor accounting for its favorable growth and successful development.

When the Northern Railway was being projected, Richard Carney was then a man of influence in the town. He counselled that no assistance be given by the corporation towards this project, on the ground that they would of necessity have to choose this place as their terminus in any case, because of their excellent harbour. Why pay for a benefit that someone else must, of necessity, have to bear? Unfortunately he was of sufficient influence to carry the thinking of the town with him. Against the hilly country to Owen Sound, with its heavy grade, there was an alternate route to Collingwood, with an easy grade and no harbour. The attitude of the Owen Sound people, led by Mr. Carney, decided the matter. The railway chose the town without the harbour, and thousands of dollars of public moneys were spent in creating an artificial harbour, while Owen Sound continued in a state of isolation, as far as railways were concerned, for another twenty years of its history. If it is any satisfaction to have company in matters of this kind, other towns can easily be found who made the same mistake and received a similar punishment.

Contrast this with the attitude of another citizen in connection with the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway fleet of boats on the Bay in 1883. What port would they choose for their eastern terminus? It was reported that Owen Sound would be chosen if their harbour were dredged to give them sufficient shelter and accommodation. Immediately James McLauchlin, with David Creasor and others, decided that this should be done. On his own personal initiative and expense he secured a dredging outfit offered for sale at Collingwood, and had the work at once undertaken and completed. This public-spirited action on his part was followed by this fleet of boats making Owen Sound their headquarters for a number of years. A great era of prosperity and growth followed. The attitude of mind of Mr. Carney to a desirable public undertaking retarded the growth of the town for twenty years; the attitude of Mr. McLauchlin to an equally desirable project gave an impetus to its growth and prosperity, superior to any one thing else that has happened in its history.

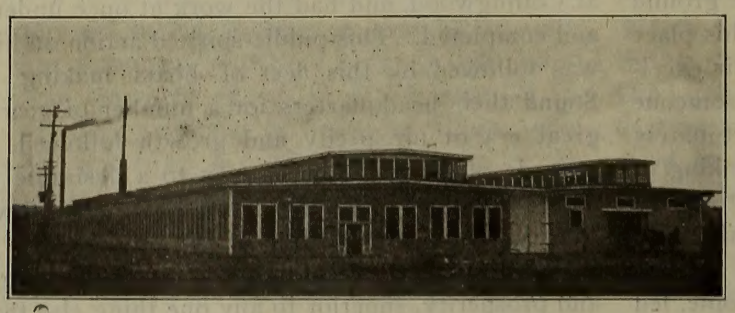
THE importance of the human element in the development of a town we further illustrate by the character and spirit of the man who was its first inhabitant and, in a sense, the founder of the town. John Telfer was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, 122 years ago. He was one of those eager and ambitious spirits that cannot be kept down. At 19 years of age, having already learned the trade of miller, he assayed to join the Scots Greys, but was half an inch below the required height. This he later grew, but in the meantime his ardent spirit could not await the time when he should qualify. He joined the Hudson Bay Company, came out to this country in a ship commanded by Sir John Franklin, in a stormy passage that took three months to make. But again the limitations and little exasperating requirements of service in the Hudson Bay Company he could not stand. After two years' service he, with another named Knox, sought to escape, and fled westward to the neighborhood of Edmonton, where they were sheltered for some time by friendly Indians. But although they had fled right across the plain, they could not go far enough westward to escape the discipline of this powerful organization. When they learned that their place of shelter was discovered they fled, this time eastward, passing right through the territory of their pursuers, and by chance meeting Lord Selkirk and a party of his men on the way. They continued their successful escape with dog teams until they came to Fort William, living on pemican by the way. Here they bartered their equipment for a canoe, crossed Lake Superior in this fragile vessel, coursed down the St. Mary's river, portaged at the Sault, and onward on the south shore of the Manitoulins to the end of Lake Huron, passing through St. Clair river and lake; then the Detroit River and Lake Erie, until they came to Grand River, which they followed until they reached the interior of the province. It was surely an adventurous as well as a dangerous journey, but it was a Scotchman's love of liberty and ambition that was the propelling force behind it.

Here he found employment, and acquitted himself so well that he was appointed an agent to bring out settlers into this country from Scotland. His success in this undertaking attracted the attention of Lord Sydenham, who appointed him a Crown Lands' Agent. In this capacity he came to Owen Sound in 1840, which was then but a cedar swamp, with an Indian village on its outskirts on the west side of the river, then called Newash, but later the village of Brooke. A surveying party, under Charles Rankin, P.L.S., had arrived at the place a few weeks before him, and was then surveying a highway through the Queen's Bush, from Durham to Owen Sound.

Later a town plot was laid out where the city now stands. Some counselled placing it on one of the hills, but this Mr. Telfer deemed unwise, as it would mean the drawing of loads down one hill and up the other. He was anxious to call the town plot Edinborough, for obvious reason; but the sudden death of Lord Sydenham by accident decided this matter, and the place was first named after this Governor, but later changed to Owen's Sound, after a well-known naval officer.

He was not long here as Crown Lands' Agent when the same eager desire to reach out to something more was evinced. He started a sawmill at Leith, where were many settlers from his own native Dumfriesshire. This was later changed into a distillery and sold to a lawyer of Galt, while Mr. Telfer himself went into business at Galt, and later in Sarnia, where he died in the Fall of 1871.

Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Thomas Rutherford and Mr. Joseph Black, who accompanied Mr. Telfer to Owen Sound, were men of the same calibre as himeslf. The thrift and enterprise of these founders of the city, and the men whose lives were associated with its first development, began to make early provision for the needs of the country. Although the first industry of the district was not located at Owen Sound, but at Inglis' Falls, a grist and a woollen mill, yet the town was somewhat benefited by this industry in its near neighbourhood. From the first there sprung up in the town such industries as the needs of the people demanded, among which were a grist mill, a tannery, a shoe manufacturing business, a brick-making plant and a distillery. All of these were established during the first five or six years of its history; but as a sketch of the industrial development of the city is to form the subject of a later article, further discussion of these is now postponed.



"From the very first, there grew up such industries as the people's need demanded."

Industries and Substantial Residences Grew up Side by Side.

THERE yet remains to be considered the third-mentioned element accounting for the growth of the town into a city. We, who still cling to the faith of our fathers, call it "The Providence of God." Others prefer to name it differently, and call it Chance, Opportunity, Fortune, Misfortune, Environment, etc. But by whatever name you designate it, it still remains. There is an element that causes success to the undertakings of men which could not be attained without it. It causes also betimes a miscarriage of the best laid and best carried out plans of "both mice and men." Suffice one illustration from a legion that could be quoted. There was built a vessel in Owen Sound, in 1880, called the Manitoulin, which was originally intended as a nucleus of an Owen Sound line of boats for passenger and freight traffic between this town and Sault Ste. Marie, with their intermediary ports. But she was burned in Manitowaning Bay, in May, 1882. The Asia, which took her place, was lost in September of the same year, and all on board, with two exceptions, perished.

Man has not yet been able to control the elements. Until he is able to do at least this he cannnot guaratee that every enterprise he undertakes will issue in success. It will always remain that "to-morrow" may bring forth something different from what was expected, and certainly something different from what was planned. Nevertheless, events move along according to a well-defined law, and not according to the law of caprice or chance. We can assuredly forecast the future if we can but know the calibre of the men into whose hands that future has been placed. If these are diligent and thrifty, men of vision, with courage and wisdom to carry out their dreams, then lofty achievement will result from their lives. There is a reward of progress, but it is to the diligent, the far-seeing, the public-spirited citizen, rather than to the rich. The people are always greater than the city in which they dwell. This law of progress has been the same for all ages. "Seest thou a man diligent in business; he shall not stand before mean men; he shall stand before kings."

This sketch is the first of a series of historical sketches on the cities, towns and important villages of the Georgian Bay district, showing the development of these places and the conditions accounting for this growth. Other sketches of Owen Sound will follow this one until a complete history of the city has been written. The Editor is indebted to Captain Telfer for valuable assistance in the preparation of this sketch. As we are out to secure historical truth, any corrections or supplementary material will be greatly welcomed.

Canada's Greatest Archipelago

The Story of

The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay

In this article we begin the compiling of the story of "The Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay." This is a large field, for there is hardly a single island in the whole group that has not some interesting historical event. Indian legend, or lake tragedy associated with it. In addition the surveys of the lakes, the names of the bays, islands, channels and other places, and why given to them, supply an unlimited scope for interesting study and research, Besides, Nature's wonderful works abound here, as in the "Flower Pots," the "Sacred Turtle," and other places. The story of all these will be taken up in due order.

I. Lake Huron and Its Greatest Island

Lake Huron was the first of the Great Lakes to be discovered. To the historian this feature alone would give it a first place among our great bodies of inland waters; but, there is an added feature which causes all these others to take second rank to it. It is in its northern waters that the greatest of all fresh-water islands is to be found, an island whose name will ever carry us back to the days when Canada was a wilderness, and its inhabitants pagan savages. The name, "Manitoulin," given to this island, comes from two words, the Odahwah, "Manito," meaning "spirit," and the French, "l'ile," meaning "island," the word meaning, therefore, "The Spirit Isle." To the aboriginal savage, this island was of sufficient importance to make it in their faith, the homeland of their great "Spirit."

When Champlain, with his fleet, came to the end of their journey on the French River, and had reached the northern water-line of the lake, the most interesting part of their journey was yet before them. To the right of them was the picturesque channel of Killarney, looking out on the Manitoulin, the haunt of the Great Spirit of the Odahwah Indians; to their near left were the Bustards; while far down south, standing in its solitary grandeur, was the island since called "Lonely." In whatever direction they would now choose to go, they could not but find themselves "among islands as countless as the sea-sands, an archipelago of rocks, worn for ages by the wash of the waves."

"The islands of Lake Huron are very numerous," says one of the earliest Anglican missionaries that lived amongst them; "indeed, but for them it would be very difficult for canoes to navigate its waters. They extend many miles from the coast into the deep lake, and present thousands of the most beautiful channels imaginable, often like the long line of a highly-finished canal, and though sometimes a little sinuous, they do not add much to the length of the journey in passing up and down this inland sea, while almost in all cases they become effectual protection against storms. It is indeed seldom that a canoe, frail as it is, ever becomes stormstead, unless it be when passing along the outer range of islands, or at the few openings to the mainland.

Most of the islands possess something of solitary beauty; some are entirely without any trace whatever of vegetation; others have a few shrubs and a few stunted trees of the fir genus; again, you see them apparently well-wooded until you come near, when you find the trees very much scattered, of small height, with scarcely any earth, the bare rocks everywhere visible, and the roots dug into the seams and crevices for a scanty and miserable nourishment. Most of the islands produce flowers and mosses, and no two of them are alike."

Another of those early pioneers gives an equally graphic description. He says of them: "One of the most wild and romantic scenes imaginable. Some of them, towering far above the rest, are barren and rugged; others, beautifully wooded, with the diversi-

fied foliage of cedar, pine and spruce. When on the lake, you see them stretching in the distance as far as the eye can reach. The channels and bays are so numerous that it is impossible for a person, unaccustomed to their windings, to find their way, even those persons who are in the habit of traversing them often go astray. Scarcely one in a hundred of those islands is capable of cultivation, therefore in their present rude and wild magnificence they must remain till all nature be put to confusion, and the earth melt with fervent heat."

Some of the Descendants of the Original Dwellers Amongst These Islands.

The number of these islands have been estimated by Captain Collins as 57,000, but it is doubtful if a complete discovery of them all has yet been made. At any rate, a complete record is hardly possible, as they vary in dimensions from the size of a canoe until we reach the largest of all, the Manitoulin, at least eighty miles in length and fifty in width. Besides this, many of them are constantly appearing and disappearing with the rise and fall of the waters. They are now spoken of as "The Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay." This name of the archipelago will doubtless remain, although it might be nearer correct to speak of them as the "The Sixty Thousand Islands of Lake Huron." Irrespective of their number, we have in them a heritage of scenic beauty, which for richness of variety cannot anywhere be surpassed.

* * *

The Manitoulin is the largest of three islands stretching from east to west along the north shore of Lake Huron. It is the most easterly of the three, and forms the western boundary of the Georgian Bay. Its shore line is deeply indented with numerous bays, of which South, Manitowaning, West and Bayfield Sound are the largest. There are three large lakes inland,—Manitou, Mindemoya and Kagawong,—besides more than twenty-five smaller ones. The land is well-drained by numerous streams, of which Manitou River and Blue Jay Creek are the most important, two streams which were long noted as superb resorts for brook trout, and where even yet the persevering angler may get some little reward for patient skill

The surface of the island is elevated and very rugged. One hundred years ago, its precipices were covered with clumps of beautiful trees; its valleys with dense forests of ash, pine and cedar; and its smaller elevations with maple, beech, birch, oak, ironwood and hemlock. But now, these original forests have disappeared. The poplar, silver birch, second-growth pines, and stunted firs are fast seeking to cover the nakedness of the rocks, and supply the place occupied by the forests of a century ago, where the lands are too rough for cultivation, or the rocks too bare for pasturage. In these primeval forests, all the fur-bearing animals peculiar to this climate used to be found, the beaver and musk-rat more especially finding in the numerous lakes and streams the haunts well-suited for their thrifty growth. For centuries the aboriginal Odawah enjoyed unmolested the harvests of these primeval woods, but now scarce a vestige of this heritage remains, save an occasional bear, deer, rabbit or partridge.

The climate of the island is healthy and salubrious. It is the same as that of middle Ontario, save that the presence of large floes of ice on Lake Superior influences for a few weeks in the spring of the year the growth of vegetation, as the prevailing west wind carries down with it a cooling breeze from these waters.

From a diary that was kept by an occupant of the island a century ago, we learn that the coldest day in 1824 was the first day of February, when the thermometer registered 33 degrees below zero; in 1825, the coldest day, January 29th, registered 25 degrees below zero; but on the 31st day of January, 1826, the thermometer went down to 37 degrees below zero. A week's record from the same diary for midsummer indicated a mean temperature of 58 degrees Fahrenheit, in the morning at 7 o'clock; 77 degrees at noon, and 60 degrees at nine o'clock at night. This would indicate a temperate condition of the atmosphere for morning and evening, and hot at noon, with a varying temperature of twenty degrees for each day. Although the winter is long and vigorous, the summer is very agreeable and its evenings are cool and pleasant. Intense heat may be expected during the summer months of July and August, but the effect of this is tempered by the coolness of the evenings. The clearing away of the forests, the exposure of the bare rocks to the sun, and the cultivation and drainage of the land, has only slightly altered these climatic conditions. The growth of vegetation is very rapid in June, because of the atmospheric moisture due to the presence of much water in and around the island, so that although seeding may occur a few days later than in older Ontario, the harvest will ripen just as early.

The future of the Manitoulin is full of promise. Its superficial area has been divided into three parts, one consisting of its lakes; the second, of its waste lands; the remaining third being arable land. These arable lands are situated in large areas, which supplies ample provision for schools, churches, and the other social conditions which would not be possible where the homesteaders are scattered apart. Its soil is exceedingly fertile, and while rough lands abound, there are individual farms that will take first rank for homesteads, while there are whole townships with comparatively little waste lands. It is essentially a dairying and stock-raising country. There are other possibilities for its future, but it is to its flocks and herds, more than to grain-growing, to which the island must look forward as the chief source for its future industry and progress. Its arable lands for cultivation, and its waste lands for pasturage, will provide a prosperous industry for a large body of agricultural people.

II. The Pre-Historic Indian of the Manitoulin Island

An interesting sketch of the first Missionaries to the Ottawas will appear in the next issue.

The first contact of historical man with the aboriginal savage of the Manitoulin Island takes us back to the year 1615. This was the year that Champlain made the great and adventurous journey which led him to the discovery of Lake Huron, and, incidentally, also to the discovery of the Ottawa Indians. With his fleet of canoes, he was coming down the French River, near to Georgian Bay, when suddenly there appeared before them three hundred naked Indians picking blue-berries. Each Indian had a birch-bark vessel, into which he was gathering the berries which they were proposing to dry for their winter's use, and thus help to supply the food that would be necessary to tide them over the long and rigorous winter of this north country. The region abounded with blueberries and raspberries, and Champlain and his men were glad to find and pick them, for the stock of provisions which they had brought along for their voyage was already getting low, and they had yet more than a hundred miles to travel before they could reach the Huron country to which they were going.

When these French explorers came so suddenly and unexpectedly upon these tawny, light-limbed, stark-naked savages, it would be difficult to tell whether they or the Indians were the more surprised. They wore no clothes of any kind. In the winter, the men of the tribe wore a fur mantle thrown over their body, but in the summer they did not encumber their movements by any kind of bodily covering, although the women of the tribe, both in winter and summer, were dressed in the materials in common use among the more advanced Indians when the whiteman first discovered them. Each carried a leather buckler, a bow with arrows, and a war-club. Their bodies were tattooed in many designs and colors, their nose pierced, and the border of their ears covered with trinkets. But it was the manner of dressing their hair that drew the particular attention of Champlain. "Not one of our courtiers takes so much pains," said he "in dressing his locks as these." Because, then, of their attention to this part of their appearance, and their peculiar way of tying up their hair, a way adopted only by this tribe, he called them the "Cheveux Reveles." "The Indians of the Standing Hair." They have since been called the Ottawas.

The name is derived from the word "Adahwe," which means "to trade." This name was given to them because they were noted among their neighbors as traders, or barterers, dealing in corn, sunflower oil, tobacco, rugs, mats, skins and furs, and such other

A Chief of the Iroquois Indians, a tribe who destroyed the Hurons, 1649-50, and afterwards chased the Ottawas for a time off the Manitoulin.

products as one tribe might seek to exchange with the other. A tradition has been handed down to us that they originally came from the Ottawa river. "Very many centuries ago," says Blackbird, an educated descendant from this tribe, "before the discovery of America by the white people, the traditions of the Ottawas say they lived along the banks of one of the largest tributaries of the St. Lawrence, now known as the Ottawa River." This tradition says that they followed this river northward, subduing all other tribes of antagonistic Indians which they happened to encounter. But we have no certain evidence that this is true. The name Ottawa was given to the river of that name, not because they lived on it, but because it was used by them and other tribes for trading purposes with the French, the Ottawas, however, being the first of these western tribes to undertake these annual trips to the French trading posts with their cargoes of furs.

But while there may be doubts concerning this tradition, there is no question but that they were occupying the Manitoulin Island as their home, when the French first came to Canada. Ten years after Champlain came in contact with them on the French River, that other French explorer, Nicolet, informs us that he visited the Manitoulin and found it inhabited by the Ottawas. We have also the testimony of an early Jesuit Priest, Rev. Father Vimont, who gives us similar information.

The Ottawas were one of the branches of the great Algonquin family, the Ojibways, or Chippewas, and the Potawatomies being the other two. Towards these two, they always bore friendly relations. "No club was ever raised by either of these against the other." That these three tribes belonged to the same original family is evidenced from the fact that their language is of the same root, and in conversation they readily understand one another, each speaking his own dialect. Their manners and customs in every way correspond. The Chippewas are described as much taller than the Ottawas, and broader across the shoulders. They stride more firmly when they walk, and with their full chest, they are in appearance a more martial people. But the Ottawas, though a smaller people, were very sagacious, and noted as expert warriors, canoeists and hunters.

When first discovered, they lived by hunting, fishing, and trading, though they followed agriculture also to some extent. They were friendly with their neighbors, the Hurons, who lived in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe. When Champlain visited the Hurons, he found them to be advanced agriculturists. The Ottawas learned much from them, and copied their methods of farming as well as mode of living. Like them, also, their chief farm products were corn, sunflowers, and pumpkins. They also practised a certain degree of thrift. Provision for the future was not entirely neglected by them. When the fish were plentiful, and the wild berries in season, they would lay in a stock of these which they dried and kept for their future needs. But their appetites were so voracious, that even when provision was thus made, they would feast on their accumulated stock as long as it would last, so that sometimes it would be found to be finished long before the days of frost and snow and frozen streams were past. In a rigorous winter, when their provisions were thus prematurely eaten, the hunting being bad and fishing impossible, famine would overtake those who had not made adequate provision for an unusual season.

There was little likelihood, however, of the Ottawas on the Manitoulin starving, even when they had neglected to lay by a sufficient store, for at all seasons of the year fish and game abounded. Streams, such as the Blue Jay, were unfrozen in winter, and teemed with brook trout all the year round. Winter fishing was extensively practised among them. They cut holes in the ice that covered the lakes, and speared the fish as they came to the top of the water, being lured to the surface with a torch, the flame of which attracted them.

The Ottawas in these early days lived in wigwams

or tepees, and as a rule had no defensive works around their villages, as other tribes, though some of them built later forts copied after the manner of the Hurons. The frame-work of the wigwam was made of poles twelve or fourteen feet long, the one end stuck in the ground, and the other ends tied up at the top, giving the structure a conical shape. This framework, they covered over with birch-bark, or animal skins, and when done with one camping ground and moving to another, they removed only the covering. This well-suited their nomadic life, for it enabled them to go from place to place, with readiness and despatch, taking their villages with them. The wigwam was floored with the skins or furs of animals, and on these they sat, slept, and ate their meals. During the winter, all day and all night, a log-fire was kept burning in the centre, the smoke of which escaped through a hole left for that purpose at the peak of the roof. There was usually only one family for each wigwam, though this rule was not invariably followed.

III. The Manitoulin Becomes a French Possession

The beginnings of French and British rivalries.

It was on the fourteenth day of June, 1671, that the Manitoulin was first claimed a French possession. The history of Canada for the first centuries after the advent of the European is the history of rival fur-traders and fur-trading companies. This trade was the chief attraction to the white man when he first came to this country. The French made the Gulf of St. Lawrence their gateway into the New World, pushing their way inland by the pathway of the Great Waters, until in the latter half of the Seventeenth century, they had posts as far west as Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg River.

The exact beginning of this fur-trade has not been chronicled. There were merchants who had their stores at Montreal, to which place the Indians came every spring after the ice had disappeared, with canoe-loads of furs, and received for them European goods. The date when these were established there is easily ascertained. But we know that there was a fur-trading class—Basques, Boulanges and Hougenot French—who preceded these in this trade. These pioneers were called Wood-rangers, or Voyagers. They lived amongst the Indians, learned their languages, dressed in their garb, adopted their mode of living, and took to themselves Indian women for their wives. They were expert canoeists, successful trappers, men capable of great endurance, attracted to this life from the spirit of adventure rather than by the love of gain. At first they carried on the trade on their own account, but later they became the agents of fur-trading companies, privileged by the French Government to a monopoly of this business.

Among these early voyagers were two men who eventually rose up to be outstanding figures in the history of the country. The name of the one was Radisson; of the other, Nicholas Perrott. Up to the year 1670, the fur-trade of Canada was a French monopoly. No other nation disputed this trade or this territory with them. The British were colonizing the country to the south of them, but now, also, they were to press in on their fur-trade from the north, making Hudson Bay the gateway to their advance into the country, and the head of their trading posts. This encroachment of the British on the fur-bearing territory of the French is now known to be brought about through the suggestion and enterprise of the French voyager, Radisson.

The life of Radisson is one of remarkable adventure. Born at St. Malo, in France, he came to Canada in 1651, his parents choosing Three Rivers as their home. In youth, while he was out on a duck-shooting expedition with two companions, he was captured by Iroquois Indians. His two companions were put to death, but he was saved at the instigation of an old woman of the tribe, who adopted him into her home as her son. After an unsuccessful attempt to escape, for which he was severely punished, he, at last, by way of the Dutch settlement at Albany, and from thence to Amsterdam and later Rochelle, came back to Canada, making a trip of seven thousand miles to get back the two hundred and fifty miles from the Iroquois country to his home at Three Rivers. Shortly afterwards, in company with his brother-in-law, Chouart, he made a trip to the Upper Lakes, and discovered great possibilities for fur-trade in that region. In 1661, they both again proposed to go on a trading journey up the Lakes, and asked permission of the Governor to do so. He refused, except on condition that they would take two of his servants with them, and share up with him half the profits. Not caring to do this, they slipped away at midnight without his leave, taking a party of Indians with them. Later they were joined by another party of Indians from Lake Superior, who had been to Montreal and were returning. They followed Champlain's old route, by way of the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing, and French River to Lake Huron. When they arrived at the mouth of the French River, they turned to the west, passed up the north shore of the Manitoulin, until they reached Sault Ste. Marie. Twice they were attacked on

this journey by Iroquois, but owing to Radisson's generalship, they succeeded both times in defeating them. After a successful exploration of Lake Superior, the first that European had yet made, they returned, taking back with them a brigade of 360 canoes, 700 Indians, and a huge quantity of furs. They expected to be rewarded for bringing such a large body of trade to Montreal, but instead, they were both heavily fined, and Chouart put in jail for disobeying the Governor's orders. They tried to get redress from the home Government without avail. Smarting under this injustice, they both went to London, and were successful in founding in May, 1670, the Hudson Bay Company, which introduced a new nation and a powerful rival to compete for the fur-trade of the north, which before had been enjoyed by the French nation unmolested.

But, while one Voyageur was working for the interests of Great Britain, and the newly-formed Hudson Bay Company, another Voyageur, equally as enterprising and adventurous, was working for the interests of the French. This was Nicholas Perrott. At the age of sixteen, he was joined to the Jesuit missionaries as their companion in their journeys from Quebec to the Indian tribes. From the first, he showed enterprising aptitude in gaining a knowledge of Indian dialects, and later, as an independent fur-trader, he was no less apt in securing their friendship. His superiority in these respects gained for him an important position under Frontenac, who entrusted him with many important duties, and had him act as his ambassador to the Indians on many important occasions. He soon followed the wake of Radisson, and explored the wonderful possibilities of fur-trade on the Lake Superior basin, which was now in danger of being diverted away from Montreal to the Hudson Bay posts. To prevent this, and to combine all of the Indian tribes of these regions in a united action against their common enemy, the Iroquois, under his authority as Deputy-Governor, he assembled a gathering of all the tribes of the surrounding districts to Sault Ste. Marie, an important conference, of which the 250th anniversary will be June 14th of this year.

A cross was erected in the centre. The arms of France were raised on a great pole set up in their midst. Perrott stood before the assembled tribes with a sod of earth in his hand. He proclaimed in a loud voice the taking over of the lands as a possession of France:

"In the name of the Most High, Most Powerful, and Most Redoubtable Monarch, Louis XIV. of name, most Christian King of France and Navarre, we take possession of said place, Ste. Marie du Sault, as also of Lake Huron and Superior, the Island of Manitoulin, and of all the lands, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous to, and adjacent here as well, discovered or to be discovered, which are bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and on the other side by the seas of the South, in its whole length and breadth."

Three times this proclamation was shouted. At the end of each time, the sod of earth was waved, and all the gathering shouted, "Vive le Roi!" By this demonstration it was expected that henceforth this region would be considered by the Indians as a possession of France, and that they would refuse to trade, or allow occupation of the country by any others than those who had now become their masters by becoming their friends.

The Indians on the Manitoulin provided at this time a very important part of the district's fur-trade. There was no area in this northern section where fur-bearing animals were more plentiful. No place afforded a better hunting-ground for beaver pelts, than did the well-wooded Manitoulin, with its numerous little lakes and streams. In going to the Hudson Bay posts, they would go through a country occupied by the Ojibways, a tribe related and friendly to them. There would be no danger from lurking Iroquois, lying in ambuscade, to pounce on them unexpectedly for purposes of massacre, as was to be expected on every trip to Montreal. If following the allied friendship pledged by the demonstration of this gathering, the Iroquois could have been gotten rid of, and trade with Hudson Bay refused, the conference would have netted great results.

But this nominal claim of the country could not be realized except by force of arms. British aggression was pressing in on them now from two sides. The Europeans who had settled south, in what are now the New England States, were concerned not so much with fur-trade as with colonization. They saw in the country, not a great future for fur-trade, but for the more peaceful industry of farming. Hence they turned their weapons on the forests, and reduced these to grain-bearing lands. The consequence was that the French found themselves pressed on the south by colonizing British, and on the north by the aggressive traders and adventurers that comprised the Hudson Bay Company. It was impossible for them to make a claim for this, or any district in the New World, unless they were able to back their claims by force of arms. However, in the long run, in the match for strength, the British proved the stronger of the two, and New France became eventually a British possession. Canada, and with it the Manitoulin, still continues a British possession. Although in the war of the American Independence, the colonies to the south became a separate independent republic, Canada did not join with them in throwing off allegiance to Great Britain. She, too, gained an independent political existence; but it is, as part of the British Empire, a condition which has proved ever since both satisfactory and safe.

To be continued in next issue.

Work

"Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.'
Then shall I see it not too great or small
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me that work is best."

—Selected.

The Sacred Turtle

A Peculiar Shaped Rock Worshipped br Indians

By
WM. IRELAND
PARRY SOUND

THE SACRED TURTLE.

Recently, prominent men of the great Anglo-Saxon race assembled at what has been named "America's Stepping Stone," otherwise known as "Plymouth Rock." Here, four hundred years ago, 1620, the first white settlers of the Anglo-Saxon race, the Puritan fathers, landed in America from Plymouth, England, to escape persecution, and now, after the lapse of four centuries, America and Britain met at this rock to commemorate the birth of a new nation and the dawn of liberty. Pictures of this rock have been shown in newspapers and magazines, showing it to be an ordinary boulder, shaped something like an egg.

Centuries before Plymouth Rock became America's Stepping Stone, there was lying on the shore of Georgian Bay, at the mouth of Shawanaga Bay, a peculiar-shaped rock, of huge dimensions, not a boulder, but a part of the bed rock, which closely resembles a huge turtle, especially from the front, facing Shawanaga Bay. The head, neck, and general form, even to the eyes, give one the impression that it might be a giant turtle turned to stone. Below the head and neck is a shelf-like projection, and on this the "offerings" of countless Indians have been made since "time began," according to the Indian tradition concerning it.

Long before Columbus discovered America, long before the Cabots visited its shores, or French colonizers dreamed of a continent in the west, this giant turtle was regarded as a "god" by the Pagan Indians, and everyone who passed the "god" never failed to make some slight offering to appease the Deity.

The tradition is that this turtle,—a totem of pagan Indian tribes,—is able to control the winds of Shawanaga Bay. The mouth of the bay is the meeting place of "three winds," one up or down the bay, one from the channel between Shawanaga Island and Black Bill's Island, and the third from the open Georgian Bay. When the wind is high the mouth of Shawanaga Bay is always a particularly rough and stormy place. The "offerings" made to the Sacred Turtle were for the purpose of securing its good will and to appease its wrath, which might be terrible if the god were passed by and no offerings left. It was not the value of the gift which was supposed to ensure the good will of the turtle, but the fact that its control of the winds of the bay was recognized.

Anyone who passed by the Sacred Turtle without laying a tribute on the little shelf was believed to be in dire danger of being caught in a storm and perhaps wrecked; and even if the Turtle allowed the disbeliever to escape unpunished in this life, terrible things might befall him in the future "Happy Hunting Ground" in the Great Beyond, where buffaloes, deer and other game besides birds and fishes abound, and where there is nothing but plenty and happiness to the Indians who are destined to pass eternity in this blissful Eden of Indian mythology. All tribes and races of Indians held the common belief of a future state, a happy hunting place where there was no more hunger or thirst, and not much hard work, if any, and these simple pagans worshipped their Deities in their own ways, and their beliefs and traditions have been handed down through the ages, from father to son, and so on down to the present time.

With the Indians there was no trace of years and months, weeks and days. There was no written language but a sign language, which meant much to those who were "learned." The year was divided into "seasons," "moons" and "days." A very long time ago was signified by saying "many, many, many, many" seasons ago, the number of times the word "many" was repeated, the longer ago was the date. This led to confusion as more or less repetitions of the word were made or forgotten. So it was with the seasons called "moons" and "days." This is where the historian finds himself up against a barrier when he attempts to give the year or century when the things of these traditions happened.

(Continued on page 23.)

: OUR YOUNG FOLKS :

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By
A SCOUTMASTER

Illustrated by
ROBERT ROBERTSON
TORONTO

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"Sol Was Lost."

CHAPTER I.
The Misadventure of Warren Wilcox

Sol was lost!

There he stood in the midst of a thick forest. Whichever way he turned, the woods looked the same. There were no hills, nor rocks, nor valley to guide him—only trees, all trees, and these trees were all alike to him. Not one of them said, "This is the way to the camp."

Sol had been left that afternoon in charge of the Scout camp. His companions had paddled to the far side of the island in search of duck, as well as to be near a shoal that had supplied them their best luck in fishing during the summer. In the late afternoon, about the time when the boys were due to return, a Spruce partridge alighted near the tent, and began to pick some of the crumbs that had been discarded from the Scout table.

This species is smaller that the Birch partridge, but exceedingly beautiful. It was the first that Sol had ever seen and he was delighted with it. Knowing that it is a species that is fast disappearing, and soon, like the wood pigeon, to become a bird only of history, Sol, as soon as he saw it, greatly desired a photograph of it. It stood in the open, and from such a fine point of view, that he deemed a snap shot of it

quite possible. But, before he had returned from the tent with his Kodak, it had become alarmed about its safety, and was running to a place of hiding in a near thicket.

He started out in quest of it, but the wary bird kept moving about under cover of the bushes, luring Sol further and further away from the camp. After a long and persistent chase, he succeeded in getting a splendid view of it under the sunlight, as it ran along a fallen tree, preparatory to flying away into the thick wood.

Sol was so intent on his task, that he did not observe that, away to the south, the sky had been darkening, the presage of a coming storm.

"What's this?" thought Sol audibly, as he saw the darkness, and heard the distant rumbling of thunder. "A storm for sure! I must seek shelter until it is over."

He saw, in the near distance, the upturned root of a fallen tree, resting at a suitable angle to provide considerable protection from the rain. Hardly had he reached this place of shelter, when the trees began to sway and crack, as the wind tore its way amongst their branches. Streak of lightning followed streak, with their accompanying peals of thunder. It was one of those sudden storms, so common to this north country.

"I wonder how the boys are faring in the canoe," he thought. "And the tent, will it be standing when I get back?"

When the storm was past, and the sun again shone out, he crept out from under his place of shelter only to discover that he could not tell in which direction from him lay the camp. He gazed in every direction. No voice or sign wooed him which way he ought to choose. If there was one motive more than another directing his choice, it must have been that the woods were a little less thick in one direction than another, for he chose that way which offered the easiest part of the woods to travel in.

After he had travelled a considerable distance, much farther than he had after the partridge from the camp, he began to realize the ugly and dangerous possibility that he was lost, and, as night was fast approaching, he might have to spend it in the woods.

He struck out again, and after a considerable lapse of time, by good chance, he hit a trail. He concluded that if he walked along this far enough, it would bring him to the water's edge, or some place that would give him some clue to his whereabouts. Again he was in a quandary, whether he should turn to the left or right. It was choice of direction after choice, but nothing to guide him to make that choice aright.

As a matter of fact, the trail followed the coast, and only a little distance from it, but the density of the woods prevented him from ascertaining this. He turned to the left. Had he chosen the opposite direction, it would have brought him very near to the camp at a place on the shore quite familiar to him.

He travelled hurriedly. At places the trail was overgrown with shrubs, but as the twilight was still with him, he had no difficulty in following it. He kept feverishly wishing something would turn up. He was rewarded at last by the trail making a slow ascent until it brought him to a large area of maple wood, in the centre of which was an Indian hut, built for sugar-making purposes. This he had not before seen, so it gave him no clue to his whereabouts.

When Sol came to this hut, he observed it was made of split cedar slabs, roofed with birch bark, and formed a neat and comfortable hut, well-suited for the purpose for which it was made. Being square-shaped, he knew it to be the camp of an Ojibway. He entered it, and although getting dark, he was able to observe its inward appearance. The brass kettles for boiling the sap were piled up neatly in one corner. The hooks made of wood, on which they hung the kettles over the fire, were moved to one end of the horizontal pole, which stretched across the full length of the hut at the roof. There were two raised platforms on either side of the hut, which had served the Indians as seats in the day-time, and beds at night. These were covered with balsam boughs, over which were laid mats, and still remained there as they had used them. Tired and wet, Sol realized that in this place of refuge he must spend the night.

As a shelter from the wind, and a protection from marauding intruders, he took the precaution to improvise a door, by placing a handsleigh against the opening. This he propped up securely with poles, and set up the kettles one on top of the other against the back of it. Having finished these preparations, he threw himself down in his wet clothes on the Indian mat, and was soon fast asleep.

Once he was awakened through the night. After the rain, so customary in this north country, the temperature suddenly dropped, and Sol had to pass the night in a chill atmosphere as well as in wet clothes. Awakened by a chill, he stirs to find that his limbs are stiff, and his skin burning with a fever heat. In the morning he makes an effort to rise, but a whirring sensation passes through his head, and he is forced to lie down again. He is suffering the after consequences of his exposure to both wet and cold.

This was the first mis-adventure to the camp. Sol was his camp name. At home he was known as Warren Wilcox. This name was given to him because of his quarrel with the sun. The train that had picked up the six scouts at Toronto, and carried them forward to Penetanguishene for a three months' tour in

the north, was met at the station by Rusty Brown, who, by occupation was a hunter, trapper, fisher, or lake guide, according to the season. He sailed them across the blue waters of the Georgian, in and out among its many islands, to the camp site he had selected for them on Parry Island.

After several hours, he pointed out to them the chosen spot. It was a high cliff, surrounded by a thick forest, and seemed to them far inland. The fisher steered his boat to what appeared to the Scouts an unbroken coast.

When they reached the shore, the boys discovered that they had come to an opening, a narrow channel, not any wider than that of a small river. This led them into a considerable body of water, which, but for this opening, would have been a large inland lake. Through this opening, the old skipper guided the mackinac with unerring hand. He struck across this inland bay to the far side, where was a cliff to which he was guiding them. It stretched far upwards toward the sky, and seemed to be part of the deep forest which surrounded it.

The boat was landed underneath a ledge of rock overlooking the bay. The guide led them by a well-trodden path to the top of the cliff, which proved to be an open plateau covering about half an acre of ground. The rock was of gray granite, and where it was not worn off by campers, it was covered with a deep moss which yielded to the tread of foot as soft as a feather mattress. The dead stumps and the long-fallen trees round about were also covered over with this same sea-green and heathery-purple moss, and

"He was rewarded at last by the trail making ascent until it brought him to a large area of maple wood, in the centre of which was an Indian hut, built for sugar-making purposes.

supplied suitable decorations for their camp ground. It was certainly an ideal place for their summer outing, and gave evident signs that it had been frequently used for tenting purposes. Here the boys pitched their tent on a place on the bare rock as smooth as a floor, and as even as if it had been laid out with a carpenter's level.

The next morning, Warren Wilcox was the first astir. The rest had not yet awakened when the sun began to climb up above the trees. To Warren's great surprise, it rose in the west and not in the east as it should. When the others awoke, he had a surprise in store for them.

"On which side of the earth does the sun rise in this country?" he asked.

"East, of course," they all answered.

"Which side is that?"

They all, without exception, pointed west.

"It rises in this country on that side," he laughingly answered, as he pointed in the opposite direction.

When they disputed, he invited them out to see for themselves. There it was, as he said. Old Sol appeared on that side of the earth that appeared to all of them west.

While to the rest of the boys, the appearance of the sun in that direction in the early morning made it east for them, not so Warren. Although he was the first to detect the sun's error, he was the last to have it rectified. Nothing could shake him from the feeling that somehow or other, the earth had made a roundabout turn, and had upset the whole stellar system.

Rusty, the fisherman, listened amusingly to the boys' discussions on this subject. Smoking deliberately his short clay pipe, he eventually took it out of his mouth, and said:

"My boy, you are turned."

"Turned! What do you mean by that?"

"It's a feeling that puts rightside wrong. It puts the islands on the wrong side of the channel, the hills on the wrong side of the bay, and the harbor on the wrong side of the houses. It is a dangerous feeling, if you have it when you are out in the bush."

"But what causes it, Mr. Brown?"

"You probably got turned coming across the Bay. We changed our course, and described a semi-circle in coming here. If you had kept your eyes on the sun instead of on the islands you would have noticed this change of course. The prow of the boat was pointing when we came up to the cliff the direction its keel was in the morning."

But, in spite of his better knowledge, to Warren Wilcox all summer west was east, and east was west. So they designated him "Sol," to indicate this disagreement of his with the sun.

But Rusty Brown was determined that he should get over this disability, for he knew the danger of it if he should ever be alone in the woods and have any doubts about his direction to the camp. He improvised a compass on the rock by placing a thin, straight stick in the crevice of it. Around this he drew a circle, and marked the points of the compass, north, south, east and west in their rightful places on it.

"Study this every day," he enjoined them, "and keep your eye on the sun. Watch the shadow, and see where it points every hour of the day, and you'll soon know when east is east, and west is west."

Sol gave diligent heed to Rusty's compass, still, when the boys asked him "Where is Old Sol to-day?" as they did every morning, he had but the same answer, "West, as usual."

This continued too long for Rusty's satisfaction.

"Boy, I have a little eddikashun I want to give you this morning." He always called him "Boy," never "Sol" as the others. "I want to show you how to make a compass of your watch."

Sol pulled out his watch from his pocket and handed it over to him.

"Am I holding it level?" he asked.

"Pretty much."

"Well, that's the first point in your eddikashun. Keep the watch level. Now this is the second."

He took a slender straw and set it up on the pivot to which the hands are fastened.

"Is this perpindikeler?" he asked as he set it up.

"Quite so."

"Well, do you see the shadow?" he asked, as he held the watch where the sun shone down on its face.

"Of course."

"So, so. Here, then, is the third point, in your eddikashun. Watch the shadow, as I move round the watch."

He turned the watch round carefully, still holding it level.

"Has the hour hand reached the shadow yet?"

"The shadow is right over it."

"Well, then, the third point is this, when the shadow is right over the hour hand, the twelve figure on the watch is pointing north, and the six is pointing south."

"Are you sure that is so?" Sol asked.

They compared it with the compass and found it to be so.

"How long is it that?" Sol enquired.

"From nine o'clock in the morning, and for six hours afterwards."

"Is that right, Mr. Brown?"

"Quite so, quite so," was his answer.

"How did you come to know that? Did you find it out for yourself, or did some one tell it to you?"

"It's my discovery, Boy. Like Edison, Boy, discovery is a gift with me."

So after the storm, Rusty Brown finds that he has need of this gift of discovery, if he is going to locate the whereabouts of Sol, the canoe, and the other five boys.

(Continued in next issue)

The Tragedies of the Bay

Read the First Instalment of This Interesting Story in Our Next Issue

:: OUR COUNTRY ::

From Start to Finish

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Chapter I.

Enlistment With the Originals: Their Genius for Organization.

It was on the fourth day of August, 1914, when word was received in our city that Great Britain had declared war on Germany. Rumors were current that the authorities at Ottawa were considering the advisability of sending an auxiliary force to the assistance of the Mother Country, following the precedent set during the time of the South African war. It occurred to my mind that I was a unit in the Canadian Militia with the rank of Captain, more particularly a member of the Eleventh Field Ambulance. At the time the requirements of my practice were more than usually exacting, so that my relationship to the Militia was only a passing thought. When the rumors became authentic news, and a Canadian expeditionary force was ordered to be immediately mobilised, I found myself, in anticipation, a Canadian Volunteer in the Overseas' service.

The change from a civilian doctor to a surgeon in arms was a matter of simple duty. It was the work of only a few days. In choosing this service, there was no inspiring halo of expected glory. There was no shrinking from contemplated discomfort. The probable end of it was not seriously considered. Under the circumstances, one turns to the army in the same way as one answers a telephone call to a sick bed, or a policeman answers the summons to stop a brawl in the house of armed drunkards. It was the call of country and humanity, another stage in the inevitable drama of human life. We answered it, pleased that our circumstances accorded us the privilege of devoting our best effort to so great a cause.

The day of embarkation for Valcartier soon arrived. The soldiers were paraded to the station in flying colors. Drums were beating, bands playing, and colors streaming. The city houses were decorated with flags. Multitudes lined the streets, and shouted themselves hoarse as the soldiers passed by. It was like a gay, festal day, rather than the going forth of the bravest and best of our young country to the worst shambles that human efficiency could invent. Here and there were indications of the tragical side of this historical event. In one of the passing companies, an old civilian, with bowed head, was walking arm in arm with his soldier son. In another, a little lad of five was dancing gleefully by the side of his youthful father, his untutored mind joyfully conscious only of the importance of it all, while his little feet sought to keep time with the martial tunes, to the appealing strains of which he could not refrain from responding.

All this happened six years and more ago. Many of these have since gone on another journey, "with arms reversed and muffled drum," but the acclamations of this day were not tinctured with the thoughts of so sombre an ending.

This was as it should be. Canada had made up its mind to show to Europe and the world the spirit and worth of her sons. A good cause was what the Canadian soldier espoused, and a triumphal ending was what he expected. It was right that he should go to his task with undaunted courage, and a cheerful spirit. There would be enough depression and disappointment in due season. The citizens came out and acclaimed the soldier as he passed by, because of their unbounded faith and confidence in the spirit and prowess of their sons. They shouted because they could see in them the coming victory.

There have been many disillusionments since. The citizens at home have had to change their minds with regard to the time and the ease with which the expected victory would be brought about; but no change of thought has been required in regard to the calibre of the men that were sent forth. These were tried as pure gold is tried, for this old earth has passed through nothing more terrible in its history than the events of the past four years. The Canadian civilian

The First Canadian Unit to Land in France

No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital

Top Row Left to Right.— Capt. J. H. Wood, Capt. S. M. Fisher, Capt. C. A. Young, Capt. J. Walker. Bottom Row Left to Right.—Capt. R. S. Pentecost, Major C. H. S. Elliott, Lt.-Col. A. T. Shillington, Major F. M. Bell, Capt. W. J. Bentley.

has soldiered through it all, and those who were permitted to return, most of them have come back with the same cheerful spirit and undaunted courage with which they entered it.

It was raining on the morning of our arrival at Valcartier, so we found ourselves facing the task of keeping dry and comfortable without any place of shelter. Shortly, however, the clouds dispersed, and the Commanding Officer came forward in search of an officer familiar with the science of pitching tents. Mack, our Sergeant-Major, a former member of a famous Scottish battalion, volunteered for this work. Soon he had everyone cheerfully working, and trim rows of well-pitched tents were set up, supplying the place which was to be the rendezvous for service of our hospital staff during our stay at Valcartier.

The Army Medical Service is popularly supposed to have to do mainly with the wounded and maimed of the battlefield. This is an important part of their work, without doubt, but it is not the most important. At Valcartier, as few as possible came seeking our assistance. All that could, avoided the sick parade.

They did not want to spoil their chances of an early ocean voyage. The ones that came were usually very sick, who, when it was possible, were sent forward to Quebec, where better facilities for their treatment could be supplied. We therefore busied ourselves in the most important part of the service,—prevention of disease. The maintenance of the soldier in a healthy condition is, after all, the army doctor's chief work.

In the prevention of disease, our main effort was directed against typhoid. The progress of science during the last forty years has revolutionized our methods of treatment of diseases, and has produced in many instances results next to miraculous. The method of treatment for typhoid in the army evidences this advance. It is simply treating for the cause, and fortifying the body against attack. In former wars, typhoid was called "The Soldier's Woe." Now it is practically annihilated. In the German army, during the war of 1870, there were 74,204 cases of typhoid, of which 8,904 died. Contrasting this army with the millions engaged in this war, conceive how many thousands have been saved from death, and the many thousands more from the discomforts and losses of the disease, by our effective treatment of it.

In the treatment for the prevention of typhoid, discussing it with the medical fraternity, we would speak of "Inoculation," "Cultures," and "Body Fluids." Speaking to the common people, we would say that there are parasites which attack the human body, in the same way that the Colorado beetle attacks the potato plant. These destroy human tissues of vital organs, as the other destroys the leaves of the potato plant. If we treat the human body on the same principle that the gardener will treat the potato plant with paris-green, we can save the soldier from that enfeebled condition called sickness from typhoid, or the paralyzed condition called "death." In either case, we do a great deal for the individual soldier, and for the army in maintaining its effective strength.

But our knowledge of the disease has not only greatly advanced, but we have also learned much about the allies of this disease, the flies, lice, mosquitoes, and suchlike things, which might be called the transportation service of this enemy army. An innocent fly lights on our bread, and an unseen seed of disease is carried into the body, ending in the clergyman's standing by the side of a newly-dug grave, repeating the time-honored liturgy, "The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord." But this theological explanation of the fatality does not satisfy the modern physician. He wishes to know first if all precautions for the prevention of the disease had been taken before the Divine Creator be charged as its author. Unsanitary conditions, and not the Lord, are too often the causes of diseases and deaths both in the army and civilian life. The duty of the Army Medical Service is to reduce these to the lowest possible minimum that the conditions of army operations will allow. It is no small matter of congratulation to know that this has been effected in this war in a degree never before achieved in any preceding war. From 1790 to 1913, there were 18,552,200 engaged in war. Of these 5,498,097 lost their lives. During the Balkan war, there were 1,230,000 engaged, of whom 350,000 died.

In the Russo-Japanese war, 555,900 lost their lives out of the two and a half millions that were engaged in it. During the present war, there were 595,000 Canadians enlisted, of whom 56,000 lost their lives. This result has been achieved in the face of increased and more deadly weapons, the submarine, torpedo and battleship in the water, the planes in the air, and the field guns, howitzers, machine-guns, and hand-grenades on the land. The killing capacity of these have enormously increased the number of killed above any previous war. The favorable ratio of the dead to the number engaged has been mainly due to the sanitary service, made possible by the great advance of modern medical science.

The sanitary service at Valcartier had to look after the bestowal of the sewerage and garbage; the supply and purification of water; the proper preparation of food for a city that had grown up in a night. Valcartier, at the time of its occupation by the first contingent, was a city equal in size to the city of Brantford, Ontario, including its immediate suburbs. Consider what organization was necessary to effect the disposal of the sewerage of such a city, when you consider how many years was expended by any modern city of its size to effect the engineering work represented by the sewerage system of Brantford, and its water supply. Add to this all the work represented by the private kitchens and public bakeries of this city to supply its population with food. Add further to this, all the work of the medical fraternity and its hospitals for the treatment of disease. And when you have so considered, remember that a city equal in its size was built up, and its population housed and fed in sanitary conditions, and kept in a state of comparative immunity from disease, and you have a conception of the work of the Army Medical service at Valcartier, the first two months of the war, when we were getting our first contingent ready for overseas service. The success of this first effort evidenced that genius for organization which characterized the Canadian army all through its history.

Here also was evidenced the individualism of the Canadian soldier, for conscientious objectors were found opposed to taking part in this fight against disease. They think it better to try and grow new leaves on the potato plant after the first ones are destroyed, rather than undertake the proven remedy of saving the potato from its ravages. It may be an old school chum that is paraded before you.

"Well, Doctor, what is the meaning of all this?"

In civil life you go into lengthy explanations why the sun shines hot in July, and the north wind blows cold in January, but in the Army there is one word that will explain all—"Orders!"

The private is under "orders" from the inferior officers; the inferiors receive theirs from their superiors; the superiors receive theirs in turn from the higher command; and the higher command are ordered by the events.

In the course of events the order came for Valcartier to be evacuated; and so Quebec, an ocean voyage, and the Great Adventure soon loomed up as our immediate objectives.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

The Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium

IN the district of Muskoka, two miles north-westerly from Gravenhurst, in a beautiful forest on the easterly side of Lake Muskoka, is situated the first Sanitarium for Consumptives, established in Canada. The honor for its establishment falls chiefly to Sir William James Gage, K.B., LL.D., who died in Toronto on the 14th of January last.

Sir William Gage was descended from farmers, his father being born on that historic farm on which was fought the battle of Stony Creek, near Hamilton. Himself was a native of Peel County, born September 16, 1849, and was therefore in his seventy-second year when he died. He began life as a school teacher, receiving his education in the public school and Collegiate Institute of his native town, Brampton. Later, he joined the publishing house of Adam Miller & Co., Toronto, with which he continued until he became the chief partner and keen business head of this, the largest paper manufacturing stationery house in Canada.

But, he will be remembered and his name added to the roll of the great sons of Canada, not because of his exceptional capacity for business. "Sir William has been prominent in many business organizations, but it is as a great philanthropist that he will be remembered, and the National Sanitarium Association for Consumptives, is, and will be, his monument for all time." This judgment of a friend will doubtless become the judgment of posterity.

The National Sanitarium Association was incorporated April 23, 1896. Lord Strathcona was elected president, Sir William Meredith vice-president, and W. J. Gage as chairman of the Executive Committee.

The desire to heal the sick was always a passion with Sir William Gage. This was evidenced, when a young man, by his choice of medicine as his life's work, but which circumstances compelled him to relinquish, after spending one year of preparation in college. This disappointment was ever after to him a bitter memory. In the early nineties he began to take an aggressive interest in consumptives, offering $25,000 for the erection of an hospital for their treatment in Toronto. When, shortly after, Mr. Fred Victor Massey fell a victim to the disease, a leading physician induced Mr. Hart A. Massey to join with Mr. Gage in the erection of a Sanitarium. The Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium resulted, each of these two providing $20,000 for its erection.

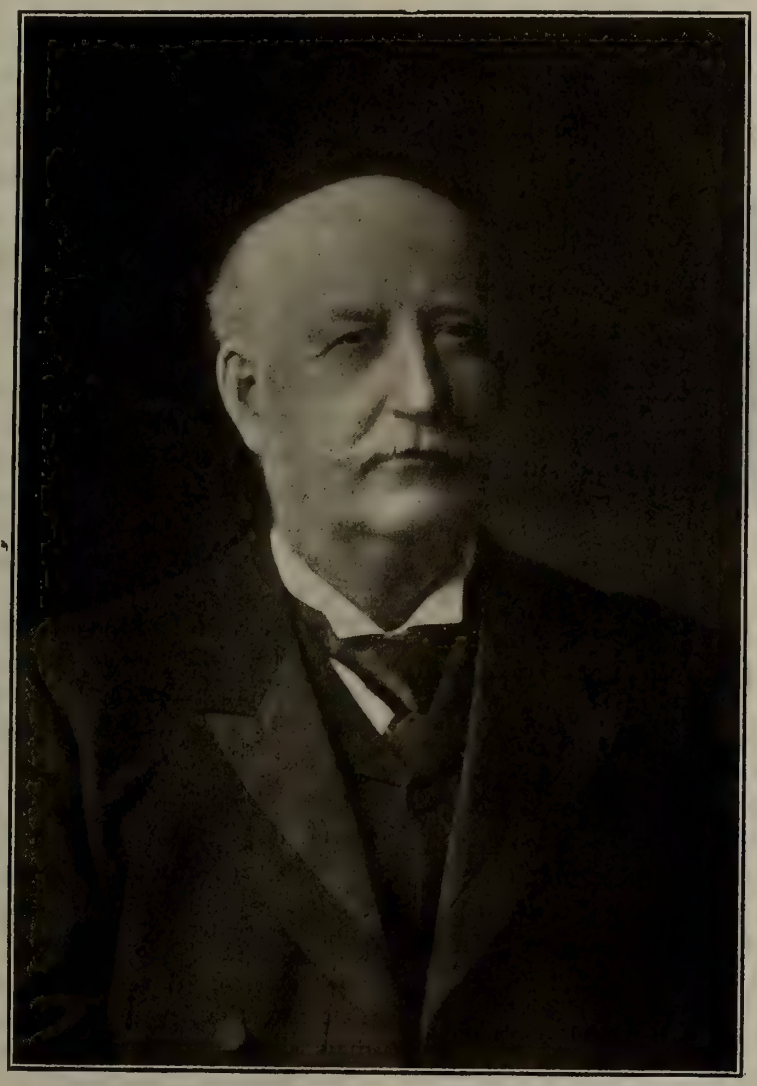
Mr. Gage gave himself to the task of erecting this institution with his characteristic zeal and energy. He visited a number of Sanitaria in Europe and the United States, with a view to utilizing every known method to the stamping out of the disease. The Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium was set up as an embodiment of the discovered best in connection with the treatment of the disease.

To this, his first undertaking, there has been added since, the Free Hospital erected in 1902, about a mile distant from the Cottage Hospital. Between these two, and at different times, smaller cottages have been erected, so that the place now has the appearance of a considerable village, or pleasant summer resort.

The realizing of the idea of this genial and kindly man to help the consumptive sick, has started a work for the overcoming of the disease, the success of which must have been the source of great comfort to himself during his life time. During a twenty-one year period, 1899-1919, there were 7,605 patients admitted into the different departments of the Sanitarium at Muskoka, a yearly average of 362 persons. There was expended in their treatment, during the last 11 years of this period, $1,977,908; or, an average of $365 a year for each patient, be their stay longer or shorter, a daily average expenditure of one dollar for each patient admitted. The hundreds cured, and the thousands, whose lives were prolonged, were in themselves a creditable showing, and more than justified the erection of the Institute at Muskoka. But to this must be added the work accomplished by the King Edward Sanitorium, and the Consumptive Free Hospital of Toronto, both also the outcome of his undertaking.

There were two by-products of Mr. Gage's undertaking, which were perhaps of more importance than the saving and prolonging of the lives of those thus helped. A campaign of education against the twin causes of the disease, ignorance and unsanitary living, has prevented many thousands from contracting it. In addition, fresh air for health, its tried and proven results enjoined and exemplified by the work of the different Consumptive Sanitaria, have saved many other thousands to their homes and their country. It has been estimated that the prevalence of this disease amongst us has been reduced fifty per cent in recent years. If so, then a fair share of this result must be credited to the undertaking originated by Mr. Gage. And the work still goes on.

Here, then, another life points us back to what great good may be accomplished by the enterprise of one person, working energetically and perseveringly and wisely, to the fulfilment of the great task to which the dream of his youth points him. The riches Mr. Gage accumulated, and he made success here also, will depart. It will pass away with the using of it, but the good his dream led him to perform will live on forever.



Sir William James Gage, K.B., LL.D.
Born at Brampton, Ont., Sept. 16, 1849. *Died at Toronto, Jan.* 14, 1921.

The Sacred Turtle

(*Continued from page* 14).

To-day there are only one or two known pagan Indians here, but while all are professors of the religion of the white men and more or less free from pagan superstitions, to this day offerings are made to the Sacred Turtle. It is said that even a good president of a Methodist Conference not long ago placed an "offering" on the turtle's shelf, saying it would do no harm if it did no good.

On a recent visit to the Turtle I discovered fifteen offerings on the shelf. Pieces of tobacco, cut from a plug of chewing or smoking, small coins, dimes, nickels, cents, cakes of maple sugar, a small birch bark canoe such as are made for children to play with, and such like, are among the things laid on the shelf of the Turtle. But what becomes of them or where they go to is a mystery. The Indians firmly believe the Turtle in some manner absorbs the gifts, and if, when they repeated their visits former gifts had disappeared, it was taken for granted that the Turtle had accepted the gifts and they were safe from its anger.

This is the tradition of a "god" which was worshipped in times past, and is even yet believed by some to possess miraculous power.

Reminiscences of Cameron McLeod

I.

"Drunk or Sober: Always a Gentleman."

WHEN I was asked to write some reminiscences of my experiences in this near Northland it came as a kind of shock, reminding me that I was now one of the ancient men of the north, with a half-century of history behind me. I accede to the request only because of its urgency and my own personal in terest in the Society and its aims.

IT was Saturday in March, now nigh forty years ago. A group of shantymen were standing round in the waiting-room of the hotel. They were dressed not unlike any others of their class. Most of them wore a cloth cap with ear-laps, pants rolled half-way up to their knees above their arctics, an outside reefer covering a couple of heavy woollen shirts, which were put on in the fall, not to come off again until the following spring. One or two wore a red sash tied around the waist, with its tassel ends hanging down over each hip. As they stood lounging around there passed through the room a slightly-built man, tall, erect and very graceful in his carriage, a typical example of an Old Country gentleman.

A literary possibility in their midst remarked, as he passed by:

"Drunk or sober, he's always a gentleman."

This saying was taken up by the bystanders, and carried on until it became the byword of the community. It was a true estimate of his character.

Shortly afterwards the group passed out from the waiting-room to the barroom, in response to his invitation to a free drink for the crowd. I was left alone in the room, my face buried behind a newspaper which I was reading. The "gentleman," observing that I did not, as was customary, join the crowd, came up and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Friend, come and have a drink."

"No, I thank you, Mr. T.; I never drink."

"Why, neighbour, is it you? I sincerely beg your pardon."

This he said as he saw I was a fellow-teacher from a neighbouring rural school.

He was finishing his career; I was beginnning mine. He was walking in a path which he had trodden all his life with regret; a slave to a habit which had emptied his life of all achievement commensurate with his ability. I was free from the chain of this habit, and was looking with ambitious hope to the days that were before me, yet fully realizing that I would never reach the standards of life that I had set for myself if I were to listen to the voice of such invitations.

"My young friend," he continued, " you are right in refusing. I did not know it was you, else I would not have asked you. It is enough that I should have spoiled one life, without seeking to lead another to the same ruin."

Instead of taking his place with those who had gone into the bar to drink at his expense, he drew a chair alongside of mine, went back to the chambers of his memory, supplying me with a tragical page of his back history.

He was a graduate of Trinity University, Dublin. For three years he had stood at the head of his class, and was in the last race for medal and scholarship. Their family doctor prescribed for each day a measure of rum, to tone up his strength. The one measure soon became two; the two, four, until an appetite was created and he its slave.

"To-day," he said, "not a dream of my youth has been fulfilled; not an ideal realized; not a single ambition achieved. My life has been a waste. Friend, you are right; keep away from it; it is a curse.

After having so said, apparently agitated with the memory of the things that he had lost, he went to the barroom, ordered his glass with the rest, drank to his king and country, drank with a realization of the great price he was paying for the privilege, yet powerless to say "No" to a habit unto which he had become the helpless slave.

THERE came a day when it would seem that, after many defeats, the higher life was to achieve the victory. Could a stronger passion be brought into his life, the old, though strong, would have to go. A stronger did appear, and life gave back to him the promise of his youth.

He determined to escape his master by emigrating to America. Here, under new conditions of life, and freed from the influence of his old companions, he would, he thought, be able to reshape his life. In this land of vast resources what would hinder a master mind like his accomplishing a successful life. A companionable nature, an affable spirit, a manly dignity, and an easy grace, these priceless gifts were his; why not with them fight a winning battle?

But he cannot run away from himself. Stranded in Toronto, he makes application for the position of a teacher on the Manitoulin Island, and is accepted. To this land of isolation he came, the companion of shantymen and the teacher of their children. With him here, and before he came, were men of resource and intelligence not surpassed anywhere else in the country, who had come, some of them, for the self-same reason that he came to America. In his newly-secured school were the children of one of these. Among them was a girl of especial attractiveness, bright, cheery, chatty, the happy combination of geniality and sprightliness. Her special aptitude in studies, her natural gifts of beauty and grace, her steady application to her work, the complete absence of self-consciousness, all lent their assistance in attracting the teacher to his star scholar. Another passion has now come into his life, and the former one, the passion for strong drink, has passed out.

The Dominie placed his gifts as teacher at her disposal, and she responded with an interest and an application which resulted in a most gratifying advance in her studies. Her parents were pleased beyond measure. They showered on him many kindnesses, and entertained him constantly to the hospitality of their home, thus enabling the lives of master and pupil to be spent much together. The girl became a woman. The teacher's gentlemanly qualities showed at their best. His old enemy was worsted; drink lay vanquished under his feet. The noble passions of a high-born man for an equally noble woman had won a victory, and brought back to him the ambitions and ideals of his noble youth. A Government position, added to his vocation as teacher, supplied him with an ample income. He was now a man of affairs and repute in the community.

His pupil, now a young woman, was sent "down below" to an Academy of Arts to finish her education. After concluding a brilliant course there she came home, only to be married to an inferior, though younger, rival. Her former lover celebrated the event by returning to his original self, to the evil habit of his youthful days, "Like the dog returning to its vomit, and the sow wallowing in the mire." The passion for strong drink had departed for a season. Now it came back and found the place swept clean of every other passion, and the last state of the man who, "drunk or sober, was always a gentleman," was worse than the first. He returned to a life of struggle, but not of victory.

THE group had finished their drinking. Several others had followed the lead of the teacher and "stood treat for the crowd." I returned to the hotel after several hours' absence, and enquired for my neighbor's whereabouts.

"He was here all morning, drinking very heavily," a young man by the name of MacDougall answered; "but when the crowd became too noisy he moved out. I did not notice his coming back, so he must have gone up to Jack's."

Now Jack was the apothecary who, in the absence of a doctor, prescribed the same remedy for the sick and the well, which was always supplied in the same kind of bottle.

"I think we had better look around," I answered. "If he has started for home we will have to follow after him, else he will get lost in the drift."

We enquired at the drug store for him.

"Why, yes, he was here within an hour ago. He purchased a flask, put it into his pocket, and, if I mistake not, said he was going home."

"That settles it, then," I said; "we will have to follow him up."

The snow, which had been falling all way, was now coming down thick and fast, driven by a stiff south-east gale. It was already piled up in drifts many feet deep on the roadway. We hastened back to the hotel, secured our snowshoes and a handsleigh, and started out after him. The wind had driven the snow hard, and as it fell moist it was so packed as to make ideal travelling on snowshoes, but next to impossible without such equipment. We moved along over the surface of the snow with a rapidity impossible except by this method of travel.

A mile out we sighted, about forty rods ahead of us, the object of our quest. He was sunk to the armpits in a bed of snow. He had struggled and sweated through the drifts thus far, but further he could not go. We hauled him out, drunken cold, perishing; placed him on the sleigh, and hurried him back to the hotel.

All hands turned in and helped. He was thoroughly rubbed, and put in bed between warm blankets. A drink was given to revive him, and another afterwards to keep him warm. Once more, he was saved to start anew the life of struggle. But the skeleton of a wast-

ed past was still before him, and the power of an unbroken habit within, thwarting every effort to realise the nobler self to which a better destiny was calling him.

Up the slippery hill of rectitude and progress, others go also. Sometimes they slip and momentarily fall, but they rise up to renew the struggle, unforgiven of man but forgiven of God. They progress unabated, notwithstanding their falls, and at last they stand victorious. Not so, the subject of our sketch. His efforts were spasmodic; his falls a habit. Yet he went forth forgiven by man, for all bore testimony, that "Whether drunk or sober, he was always a gentleman." The high-born qualities of the man were never wholly effaced.

IT was some days after the rescue. The Dominie presented himself at my boarding-house one early morn before it was yet day.

"Can you lend me a little? I want to get some medicine."

"But is it not time you were giving up this, and getting back to your school? It is now some weeks since you have been back."

"Yes, I have been sick, but if I had some medicine, it would be brace me up again, and I would go back to-morrow."

"You'll have to straighten up, Neighbour, or you will soon perish in a worse drift than that of snow."

"Friend, I have fought and fought, but it is a losing battle. My plans have miscarried. My comradeship has been rejected. My life cannot have any aim."

"But if you made a fresh start?"

"Start for what?" he said, as if for him there was no future of any value.

He rehearsed again the story of his life. Did sin blind him to the truth? Was he looking at life with a jaundiced eye? He spoke as a man who had fought an honest battle and was worsted in the game. I fortified myself with all the arguments I could think of, but there was no logic that could reach his disease. Already I knew that the battle was lost. It mattered not one drink more, I would not withold it from him.

I put my hand in my pocket and withdrew a bill. As the Dominie saw it, a gleam of delight came into his eyes. He grasped it with a vice-like clutch, as if he were afraid that even yet he might be robbed of its possession.

Thus was the knowledge of what was right, mocked by the lack of power to do the right. "Drunk or sober," now, more drunk than sober, he continued to the end in the mind of the community, "always a gentleman."

IN this Northland the Great War has slain its hundreds, but Drink has slain its thousands. I visited recently an obscure cemetery, and asked the attendant for the grave of the Dominie. He brought me to a heap of sand, unmarked by any sign, none taking the trouble to erect even the customary pine board. I took off my hat and stood before it, remembering that although the Demon Drink had made him a forerunner of these thousands, there was erected to him the monuments of his work in the many young minds he had raised up to heights to which he himself could not climb and knew myself to be, in the highest things, one of his beneficiaries.

Indian Weakness Exploited for Gain

The following narrative, by a schoolmaster of the Georgian Bay District, was first published five years after the narrated events occurred. The truth of it is attested by Mrs. Jameson and other writers of that period.

IN the winter of 1832 I was led, partly by business, and partly by the novelty of the enterprise, to walk to the Sault Ste. Marie, from the Indian Establishment at Coldwater, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

"The lake was well frozen, the ice moderately covered with snow; with the assistance of snow-shoes, we were enabled to travel a distance of fifty miles in a day; but my business not requiring any expedition, I was tempted to linger among the thirty thousand islands of Lake Huron. I hope to ascertain some facts with regard to the real mode of life of the Indians frequenting the north side of the lake. With this in view I made a point of visiting every wigwam that we approached, and could, if it were my present purpose, detail many interesting pictures of extreme misery and destitution. Hunger, filth and ignorance, with an entire absence of all knowledge of a Supreme Being, here reigned triumphant.

"Near the close of a long and fatiguing day, my Indian guide came on the recent track of a single Indian, and, anxious to please me, pursued it to the head of a very deep bay. We passed two of those holes in the ice, which the Indians use for fishing, and at one of them noticed, from the quantity of blood on the surface, that the spear had done considerable execution. At a very short distance from the shore, the track led past the remains of a wigwam, adjoining to which we observed a large canoe, and a small hunting canoe, both carefully laid up for the winter. After a considerable ascent, a narrow winding path brought us into a deep hollow, about four hundred yards from the bay. Here, surrounded on every side by the hills, on the margin of one of the smallest inland lakes, we came to a wigwam, the smoke from which showed us it was occupied. The path, for a considerable distance, was lined on both sides by billets of firewood, and a blanket, cleaner than usual, suspended before the entrance, gave me, at the very first, a favorable impression of the inmates. I noticed on the right hand a dog-train, and on the left, two pair of snow-shoes, and two barrels of salt fish. The wigwam was of the square form, and so large, that I was surprised to find it occupied by two Indians only—a young man and his wife.

"We were made welcome, and I had leisure to look around in admiration of the comfort displayed in the

arrangement of the interior. A covering of fresh branches of the young hemlock-pine were spread all round. In the centre of the right hand side, as we entered, the master of the lodge was seated on a large mat; his wife occupied the station at his left hand; good and clean mats were spread for myself and guide—my own being opposite the entrance, and my guide occupying the remaining side of the wigwam. Three dogs, well conditioned, and of a large breed, lay before the fire—so much for the live-stock.

"At the back of the wife, I saw suspended near the door, a tin can full of water, with a small tin cup; next to it, a mat bag filled with tin dishes, and wooden spoons of Indian manufacture; above that were several portions of female dress, ornamented leggings, two showy shawls, etc. A small chest and bag were behind her on the ground. At the back of the Indian were suspended two spear-heads, of three prongs each; an American rifle; an English fowling-piece, and an Indian chief piece, with shot and bullet pouches, and two powder horns; there were also a highly ornamented capuchin, and a pair of new blanket leggings. The corner was occupied by a small red-painted chest; a mokkuk of sugar was placed in the corner on my right hand, and a barrel of flour, half empty on the right of my Indian; and between that and the door were hanging three large salmon trout, and several pieces of dried deer-flesh. In the centre, as usual, we had a bright fire blazing, over which three kettles gave promise of one of the comforts of weary travellers. Our host had arrived but a few minutes before us, and was busied in pulling off his moccasins and blankets when we entered. We had scarcely time to remove our leggings, and change our moccasins, preparatory to a full enjoyment of the fire, when the Indian's wife was prepared to set before us a plentiful mess of boiled fish; this was followed in a short space by a soup made of deer flesh and Indian corn, and our repast finished with hot cakes baked in the ashes, in addition to the tea supplied from my own stores.

"Before daylight on the following morning, we were about to set out, but could not be allowed to depart without again partaking of refreshments. Boiled and broiled fish were set before us, and to my surprise, the young Indian, before partaking of it, knelt to pray aloud. His prayer was short and simple, and without that whining tone in which I had been accustomed to hear the Indians address the Deity. It appeared to combine the manliness and dignity which one would naturally expect to find in an address spoken from the heart, and not got up for theatrical effect.

"On taking our departure, I tried to scan the countenance of our host, and I flatter myself that I could not mistake the marks of unfeigned pleasure at having exercised the feelings of hospitality, mixed with a little pride in the display of the riches of his wigwam.

"YOU may be sure I did not omit the opportunity of diving into the secret of all his comfort and prosperity. It could not escape observation that here was real civilization, and I anxiously sought for some explanation of the difference between the habits of this Indian and his neighbors. The story was soon told: He had been brought up at the British settlement of Drummond Island, where, when a child, he had, in frequent conversations, but in no studied form, heard the principles of religion explained, and he had been told to observe the Sabbath, and to pray to the Almighty. Industry and prudence had been frequently enjoined, and above all things, an abhorrence to ardent spirits. Under the influence of this wholesome advice, his hunting, fishing, and sugar-making had succeeded to such an extent as to provide him with every necessary, and some luxuries. He already had abundance, and still retained some few skins, which he hoped during the winter to increase to an amount sufficient to purchase him the indulgence of a barrel of pork, and additional clothing for himself and wife.

"Further explanation was unnecessary, and the wearisomeness of the day's journey was pleasingly beguiled by reflections on the simple means by which a mind, yet in a state of nature, may be saved from degradation, and elevated to the best feelings of humanity.

"SHALL I lift the same blanket after the lapse of eighteen months? The second summer has arrived since my last visit; the wigwam on the lake shore, the fit residence for summer, is unoccupied. The fire is still burning in the wigwam of winter; but the situation, which has warmth and quiet to recommend it at that season when cold is our greatest enemy, is now gloomy and dark. Wondering what could have induced my friend to put up with the melancholy of the deep forest, instead of the sparkling of the sun-lit wave, I hastened to enter. How dreadful the change! There was indeed the same Indian girl that I had left healthy, cheerful, contented and happy; but whisky, hunger, distress of mind, had marked her countenance with the furrows of premature old age. An infant, whose aspect was little better than its mother's, was hanging at her breast, half-dressed and filthy. Every part of the wigwam was ruinous and dirty, and, with the exception of one kettle, entirely empty. Not one single article of furniture, clothing, or provision remained. Her husband had left in the morning to go out to fish, and she had not moved from the spot; this I thought strange, as his canoe and spear were on the beach. In a short time he returned, but without any food. He had indeed, set out to fish, but had lain down to sleep in the bush, and had been awakened by his dog barking on our arrival. He appeared worn out and helpless both in body and mind, and seated himself in listless silence in his place in the wigwam.

"Producing pork and flour from my travelling stores, I requested the wife to cook them. They were prepared, and I looked anxiously at the Indian, expecting to hear his accustomed prayer. He did not move. I therefore commenced asking a blessing, and was astonished to observe him immediately rise and walk out of the wigwam.

"However, the wife and child joined us in partaking of the food, which they ate voraciously. In a little time the Indian returned, and lay down. My curiosity was excited, and although anxious not to distress his feelings, I could not avoid seeking some explanation of the change I observed. It was with difficulty I obtained the following facts:

"IN the opening of the spring of 1833, the Indian, having got a sufficiency of furs for his purpose, set off to a distant trading post to make his purchase. The trader presented him with a plug of tobacco and a pipe on his entrance, and offered him a glass of whisky, which he declined; the trader was then occupied with other customers, but soon noticed the respectable collection of furs in the pack of the poor Indian. He was marked as his victim, and not expecting to be able to impose upon him, unless he made him drink, he determined to accomplish this by indirect means.

"As soon as the store was clear of other customers, he entered into conversation with the Indian, and invited him to join him in drinking a glass of cider, which he unhesitatingly accepted; the cider was mixed with brandy and soon began to affect the mind of the Indian; a second and a third glass were taken, and he became completely intoxicated. In this state the trader dealt with him; but it was not at first that even the draught he had taken could overcome his lessons of prudence. He parted with only one skin; the trader was therefore obliged to continue his contrivances, which he did with such effect that, for three weeks, the Indian remained eating, drinking, and sleeping in his store. At length all the fur was sold, and the Indian returned home with only a few ribbons and beads, and a bottle of whisky. The evil example of the husband, added to vexation of mind, broke the resolution of the wife, and she, too, partook of the accursed liquor. From this time, there was no change. The resolution of the Indian was broken, his pride of spirit, and consequently his firmness were gone; he became a confirmed drinker,—his wife's and his own ornamental dresses, and at length, all the furniture of the wigwam, even the guns and traps on which his hunting depended, were sold to the store for whisky. When I arrived, they had been two days without food, and the Indian had not energy to save himself and his family from starvation.

"All the arguments that occurred to me, I made use of to convince the Indian of his folly, and to induce him even now to begin life again, and redeem his character. He heard me in silence. I felt that I should be distressing them by remaining all night, and prepared to set out again, first giving to the Indian a dollar, desiring him to purchase food with it at the nearest store, and promising shortly to see him again.

"I HAD not proceeded far on my journey when it appeared to me that by remaining with them for the night, and in the morning renewing my solicitations to them, I might still assist more to effect a change. I, therefore turned back, and in about two hours arrived again at the wigwam. The Indian had set off for the store, but had not returned. His wife still remained seated where I left her, and during the whole night (the Indian never coming back) neither moved nor raised her head. Morning came: I quickly despatched breakfast and leaving my baggage, with the assistance of the guide, set out for the trader's store. It was distant about two miles. I inquired for the Indian. He came there the evening before with a dollar; he purchased a pint of whisky, for which he paid half a dollar, and with the remainder bought six pounds of flour. He remained until he had drunk the whisky, and then requested to have the flour exchanged for another pint of whisky. This was done, and having consumed that also, he was so 'stupidly drunk,' (to use the words of the trader) that it was necessary to shut him out of the store on closing it for the night. Search was immediately made for him, and at the distance of a few yards he was found lying on his face, dead."

The Dominie's Revenge

He was a new-comer, and was asked to be present at a farewell social given in honor of his predecessor, whose dismissal had virtually been asked for by the community. A young cleric in the service of the Quarterly Board of the district, one whose bump of self-esteem was abnormally developed, was also present and was taking part in the programme. In eulogizing the departing Dominie, he went out of his way to give a doubtful welcome to the incoming one.

"There shall never be a teacher, Sir, come to this school, that shall measure up to the standard of the one we are losing to-night."

The Highland new-comer was too dense to see the thrust.

Some time after, a community soiree was being held at which the Dominie was chairman. The cleric, whose name was Knight, was there, and with him a brilliant young lady, Miss Morningstar, to whose charms he was giving super-abundant evidence that he had fallen a victim. These two, by means of solos and duetts, were to supply the greater part of the programme.

The chairman introduced Mr. Knight on his first appearance in flattering terms, but drew attention to the claim of current comment that the musical ability of the clergyman, since coming into the neighborhood had dwindled down to the singing of solos, and that even his solos had narrowed down to one,

"She's the lily of the valley, the bright and Morningstar."

"If this be true," continued the Dominie, "our friend is not only a great preacher, and a great singer, but also, a worker of miracles. If I were to let go hold of this book that I have in my hand, and it should rise up in the air, as a feather, instead of falling to the floor, that would be a miracle. It would be no miracle for the morningstar to come after the night, but it is a miracle that the night (Knight) should be after the morningstar (Morningstar). This miracle-worker will now sing to you."

Fortunately, the young lady entered into the full enjoyment of the pun, but the discomfiture of her mate, and the ecstasy of the audience continued for the rest of the programme. The Dominie had his revenge.

The Cave of the Spirit

A Traditional Legend of Indian War and Love and Hate

Chapter I.

The Flight of Ke-ke-a-mik

An Indian band of warriors sat on the shore of the Wah-sah-ko-sing, at the place where the river enters the bay. They were Iroquois. Behind them, at a little distance, a gallant Huron youth was pinioned to a tree. They sat in council deliberating the nature of the tortures that would be used in disposing of him.

This captive belonged to a small band of Hurons that had been peacefully dwelling a few miles inland, at the junction of the river with the first inland lake. On the side of the hill, with the lake to their left, and the river flowing at their feet, they had found an ideal place of encampment. The near-by bay teemed with fish, the rocks around abounded with berries, and the woods with game. They supposed themselves, also, far removed from the possible encroachment of an enemy tribe. But this Iroquois band of warriors, lusting for blood, found them, and soon nothing remained of the camp but the ashes of their former wigwams.

It was the goodly appearance of the young Huron that had saved him from the fate of the other members of the encampment. He was a young man who had not yet seen a score of summers, but who was already fabled among the lake tribes as a prodigy of size, strength and grace. Legend claimed him an Ojibway, although found in a Huron band. Indeed, his graceful stride and martial air, his handsome height and full-chested vigour, his efficiency as a huntsman, canoeist and runner, all seemed to point conclusively to the truthfulness of the legend. In the attack, he came in contact with the Iroquois chief, who, impressed with his favorable appearance, gave command that he should be captured, not killed. This goodly appearance that saved him from the tomahawk was once again to stand him in good stead.

The Chief sat pensive as he watched the flames of the fire that burned in their midst. That night he dreamed he saw a running competition, in which the young Huron out-distanced two of his own tribe, and a voice seemed to say to him:

"Let the boy free. He can outrun any of you."

The next morning the Council deliberated. All preparations for their embarkation were made, and it only remained to conclude what should be done with their captive. Ke-ke-ah-mik, for such was the name the Huron youth was known by amongst the neighboring Ojibway and Ottawa hunters, saw one of the Iroquois place his canoe in the water behind a clump of alders, wherein also he had placed his gun, knife, and arrows. The others, also, had their canoes located at similarly convenient places. The kettles, wherein the body of the Huron youth was to be cooked, were being brought up and placed. Each brave was in eager expectancy, looking forward to receiving a supplement of grace, strength and swiftness, from the eating of this well-favored Huron youth.

Their expectations, however, were to receive a delay. The Chief rose up and asked the band:

"Is there an Iroquois that is stronger than this boy? Is there one that is swifter?"

A young Iroquois, noted for his swiftness, jumped up, and beating his breast with his hand, called out in a loud tone of voice:

"This Iroquois is stronger than the Huron. This Iroquois is swifter."

As soon as he sat down, a second jumped up:

"There is no Huron that is swifter than this Iroquois. There is none that can escape this axe."

With that he gave his tomahawk a swing in the air, and looking toward the Huron, yelled their familiar war-whoop.

Thus the chief led the band to agree that a chance for his life would be given Ke-ke-ah-mik, and if he could outrun the swiftest of their runners, his life would be spared, and he would be adopted into their band as one of their number, and become the son of the Chief.

On the farther side of the bay, a race course was chosen. The height of each runner was measured. The slowest Iroquois was placed at the head. Three lengths of his body behind was stationed the second Iroquois. The Huron took his place two lengths of his body behind the second, while one length of his body behind the Huron stood the last and swiftest Iroquois.

"This," said the Chief, "will give the Iroquois five points in their favor, and to the Huron one."

HE RAN UP THE HILL THAT BORDERED THE SHORE."

The Iroquois runner following Ke-ke-ah-mik was much swifter than the Huron at the start, and soon he overtook and passed him. But Ke-ke-ah-mik, the longer he ran the better speed he made in comparison with the others. The course was long and thus well suited to him. Soon the race was narrowed down to one Iroquois and the Huron. On they came, the Iroquois still leading. But as they neared the goal, Ke-ke-ah-mik moved swiftly and came abreast of him, passed him, and increased in swiftness his running, the more apparent his success. The warrior crowd, seeing the kettle being robbed of its festal flesh, began to dance and howl, making the rocks around echo with their terrific roar.

As Ke-ke-ah-mik near approached, the warriors were amazed to see him swerve to the right and strike for the shore, where the canoe lay behind the black alders. When he reached the canoe, he shot it out into the water, and leaped after it himself into the bay. He swam out after it, and climbed in and was reaching down to the bottom for a paddle before the surprised spectators gained enough possession of themselves to see what had happened.

Down to the shore the whole band came running.

"Catch him! Catch him!" they yelled in the Iroquois language at the top of their voice.

The three defeated runners made for a second canoe, and all three embarked in one large one, resolutely determined to prevent the Huron's escape. The Huron, acquainted with the bay, with its numerous islands and narrow channels, made straight for the shore of an island that lay at the mouth of the bay. But, apparently, his well-meant effort to gain his liberty was to fail. The three Iroquois pulled strongly together, and with every stroke made shorter the distance between themselves and the fleeing Huron. Ke-ke-ah-mik guided his canoe to a narrow channel that led to an inland lake, followed by the fast approaching and successful Iroquois.

The two canoes were soon coursing swiftly across this lake. Only a canoe's length behind him, but Ke-ke-ah-mik had reached the farther shore. He jumped into the water, and shot his canoe back against the pursuing one, with such success that he precipitated the three into the water. This gave him sufficient time to wade to the shore before they had straightened themselves up to follow him. He ran up the hill that bordered the shore. Here the trees were sparsely growing, so that his course was plainly visible. They bounded up the side of the hill after him.

When Ke-ke-ah-mik reached the top of the hill, he turned to his left, and doubled back on the course which

he had come with the canoe. He reached the shore of the bay, where the island was separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, bounded on the near side to him by a perpendicular cliff. On the edge of this Ke-ke-ah-mik stood. Twenty feet below him lay the bay in placid sleep. He lifted his hands over his head and dived into the water, coming up to the surface thirty feet from the shore. Then with swift and dog-like strokes he swam to the farther side. The three Iroquois watched him from the top of the cliff. They saw him reach the mainland. He was as the doe chased by hounds, but they did not assay to follow him.

It is now two days since his village was burned, and he has eaten nothing. This fast, followed by the great exertions demanded of him by the race and his subsequent attempt to escape, produced a feeling of weakness, as well as of hunger. But he knows he must push on. He enters the thick woodland, coming soon after to a trail, which was well-known by him, and which would lead him back in the direction where the Iroquois were encamped. He judged, and rightly, that they had come from the south. He deems it likely that they will return in the direction from which they came. As he is now south of them, he resolves that he will reconnoitre his way past them to the north, where there would be much likelihood of his falling in with some friendly Ojibways or Ottawas.

He followed the trail until he came to an opening, which in former years had been the place of encampment of a band of his own people. He could hear the murmuring waters of the river near by, as it swiftly flowed down its rocky channel to the bay. A partridge ran across the trail, and jumped up on a fallen tree, the better, as it were, to keep in view the fugitive. Ke-ke-ah-mik reached for a stone in hopes to put the partridge between himself and starvation. The grouse, apparently judging his intentions, stretched its neck, lifted its wings, and whirred away off into the swampy woods near the river.

But nature is good to her children. Where there are birds, there are berries, or some other kind of food. He saw signs of thimbleberry bushes, and he went out in quest of fruit. He found several well-loaded bushes. He ate hastily and greedily, soon eating enough to satisfy his present need. He hastened that he might get to the farther side of the Iroquois camp, before the three had returned to announce to them his escape, and perhaps institute a general look-out for him. He travelled cautiously until he got beyond them, knowing that every step afterwards travelled would put him that much nearer safety. After he had made some considerable distance beyond, he crawled into the hollow of a large upturned tree, and from this place of hiding spent his first night as a fugitive seeking only the privilege to live.

Early the next morning he continued his journey northward. When several miles of shore-line had been left behind, he came to the point on the farther side of the bay. He moved out to its head for the purposes of observation. Unobserved by him, the Iroquois, who had been the day before at Wah-so-kosing, and who in the meantime had paddled up to this point, were encamped on the farther shore. As Ke-ke-ah-mik moved towards the head of this peninsular cape, he came out under their clear observation. They stealthily formed a line across the point, and placed an unbroken front between him and his return to the woods. With their war-whoop as his first warning, Ke-ke-ah-mik found himself surrounded and soon again a captive in the hands of the all-conquering Iroquois, with little chance of any mediation now in his favor.

(To be continued).

Wireless Message

The following story in connection with our last Governor-General is well worth preserving:

On a visit to this country as Prince Arthur, he was travelling by steamer along one of our rivers. As he, with his suite, were standing together admiring the varied and beautiful scenery through which they passed, their attention was attracted by a man on the bank waving a handkerchief tied to a stick. He was an ex-soldier signalling the message to the Prince, "Welcome to Canada!"

The Prince showed his tactful appreciation, as well as his efficiency as a signaller, by taking out his own handkerchief and waving back, "Thank you!"

The expression of good-will in any kind of way is always a pleasing service.

A priest one day was showing off his class and proceeded to ask one little boy in the presence of the archbishop: "What is matrimony?"

The little boy's eyes bulged out at the suddenness with which the question was put, and then he said mechancially: "Matrimony is a state of punishment to which some souls are condemned to suffer for a while before they are considered good enough to go to heaven."

"Tut, tut," said the priest. "That is the definition of purgatory."

"Let him alone," said the archbishop. "He may be right—what do you and I know about it, anyway?"

—Scrap-book.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man."

—Scriptures.

Georgian Bay Historical Society

Officers 1920-1.

President—W. J. Beatty, Esq., Parry Sound.

Vice-Presidents—First, R. W. Shaw, M.D. Manitowaning; Second, Rev. Fr. Papineau, Little Current; Third, John Parker, Esq., Owen Sound; Fourth, Dr. W. H. Fell, Gore Bay, Ont.

Secretary-Treasurer—Rev. Hugh Cowan, B.D., Toronto, Ont.

CONSTITUTION.

This Society shall be called "THE GEORGIAN BAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

Its object is to secure an historical society of research and study for the whole of the Georgian Bay district, establishing branches in different localities, these co-operating in the collection and preservation of materials dealing with the native races and the early settlers, with biographies of men of achievement, and of families connected with the pioneer days of the district; with the history of its transportation, education, industries, and all other matters lending themselves to a complete history of the district.

MEMBERS: This Society shall be composed of the following members:

(a) Affiliated, those who are bona-fide members of good standing of any branch of the Society.

(b) Life, who become such by the contribution at one time of a sum of not less than fifteen dollars; or who shall have been a member and shall have paid an annual fee of one dollar for twenty consecutive years.

(c) Annual, those resident in Ontario, who pay an annual fee of one dollar.

(d) Corresponding members are those living outside of the Province of Ontario.

(e) Honorary members are elected on the recommendation of the Executive by the unanimous vote of any regular meeting.

OFFICERS: The officers of the Society shall be: President, Vice-Presidents and Secretary-Treasurer.

The affairs of the Society shall be managed, subject to the by-laws and constitution of the Society, by an Executive, made up of the President, the Vice-Presidents, the Secretary-Treasurer, and a representative of the annual members, chosen from their number by ballot.

The president of each branch shall be vice-president of the Society. Priority as first, second, etc., shall pass around and in rotation, according to a roll on which the names of the Societies shall be put down in the order of the organization of each branch.

The first vice-president of one year shall be the president of the Society the following year.

The secretary-treasurer shall be a permanent official, appointed by the Executive, and holding office at their pleasure.

THE PRINCIPAL DUTIES of the President shall be to convene and preside at all meetings of the Society, and perform all the functions of the Society as its official head.

The first vice-president shall perform the functions of the president when absent or otherwise unable to perform them. When both are unable, the vice-president next in order shall do so. All failing, a pro tempore substitute shall be appointed from the membership.

The secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society, conduct its correspondence, keep a roll of members; receive, keep in custody, and pay out as authorized all its moneys, rendering a proper account thereof. He shall edit and supervise publications under the direction of the Executive, and be the custodian of all its papers, records, documents, photographs, and all of its other property.

An annual business meeting shall be held at the close of each year, to review the work of the year, and to receive the report of the different officers of the Society.

A meeting of the Society shall be called by the Secretary or President; but a meeting can be convened at the request of three members in writing.

Every branch of this Society shall pay into its funds, if deemed by the Executive in the interests of the work to do so, such annual or other sum (if any) as may be from time to time determined by resolution of the Executive; provided that such sum shall not in any year exceed ten cents from each member of the branch, nor the sum of ten dollars in all.

Every branch shall retain its own independent identity, although co-operating with every other branch in the common object of all.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of any meeting, of which all the members have been duly notified, but a notice of motion of such amendment must have been given in writing at a previous meeting.

This Society shall be in affiliation with the Ontario Historical Society.

Then and Now

The Indian a Century Ago.

A distinguished Pottawattomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed, and a good friend of the Longknives (Americans), requested a dram of whisky. The agent replied that he never gave whisky to good men—good men never asked for whisky, and never drank it. It was only bad Indians who asked for whisky, or liked to drink it.

"Then," replied the Indian quickly, in his broken English, "Me a damn rascal."

—Schoolcraft, 1793-1864.

The Whiteman in Toronto, 1920

A very busy Toronto physician, after a night's broken rest, was awakened at grey dawn by the frantic ringing of the door bell. He hastened down in his nightly attire, and was met at the door by a little girl, who thrust this note into his hand:

dr.——dear sur will you please let me Have a pricr (prescription) To get a cart (quart) of likeer, as i am all done upp with Broon citter (bronchitis) the smorning and oBlige W. J. T.

The doctor went to his desk and scribbled out a prescription: "Take a hot lemonade, a mustard foot bath, and go to bed and stay there until you get better."

"MER DOUCE"

The Georgian Bay Magazine

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We aim to issue this Magazine the middle of the month in which it is dated. This number has been unavoidably delayed, but the consideration of our readers will be cheerfully granted, when they learn that we hope to do better as we grow older.

As this number is in the process of being printed, the Editor is visiting the district known as "New," though well-known historically as "Old" Ontario, the district of the French River, the Mattawa, and the Upper Ottawa, among other reasons, in quest of first hand information of Indian and pioneer life in this section of the Province. Our readers will, doubtless be interested to read in a future issue of the Magazine some of his impressions of this land of great rocks, great clay belts and great hopes.

The different branches of the Georgian Bay Historical Society have been visited since the appearance of the first number of the Magazine, and they all speak commendably of the effort to bring the story of the district before the public, and are anxious to see it established on a safe basis.

This Historical Society is anxious to direct the literary talent, found in our Public and High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, to the wealth of material for story writing found in this district. They are, therefore, purposing to select themes and offer monthly prizes to be awarded for the best written stories on these themes. The Public and High Schools will not come into competition against each other, the prizes being given to each alternately. The first theme will be announced in the next issue.

The Story of Our People

A Story of Supreme Interest

The Story of Our People! Are You Interested In It?

There is no field of research more important, there is none more interesting than is that which has to do with man and his development. There are forces that make him what he ought to be; there are others that mar him. As we study these forces in the concrete examples of the men living to-day, or the men who have lived on our shores during the last three centuries, the only years when we have been making history, we find a field of research and study, surpassing in interest any other field. We explore the bosom of the earth, and its undiscovered fields, in search of its precious metals, if so be that any can be found; we explore the air to find out its electricity. But man is greater than the forces of nature, and his development of more value than the discovery of precious metals. We ought therefore to study and know the story of our own people, in so far as that story can be discovered and recorded.

The Man of To-Day is the Tree: The Generations of Yesterday, the Roots of the Tree

We study the men of to-day in the light of what they were yesterday. The present is rooted in the past. The Psalmist said, "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made," having reference, of course, to his physical body. It is said that Henry Ford declared the cow to be a rude machine. Perhaps so; but in what class would he place the human body, the machine which the Psalmist declared to be so marvellous in its mechanism. Yet the most wonderful thing about this marvellous mechanism, is its relation to the past. The past are the roots of the tree, and the tree of to-day is what its roots have determined it. Were our parents of Zacchean stature? We cannot escape it; we are the same. Were our parents giants? We cannot escape it; we are giants also. Did our parents turn the scales at two hundred pounds avoirdupois? We cannot escape it; we turn the scale in the same figures.

Our body is a gift, a gift that has passed down through many generations in coming down to us. The impress of the strength or weakness of the generations through which it has passed is marked on our forehead. There is no escape from this law.

The Human Mind, The Greater Wonder, a Gift Also

The human body is a great machine, but the human mind is greater. It also bears the marks of the quality of the generations through which we have passed in receiving our present being. If our parents were intellectual; of necessity we are intellectual also. If we came into being through a stream of sluggish minds, we can never become second Edisons. It takes the seventh son of the seventh son, to be a good glass blower.

We cannot go beyond our gifts. We may fall below them and fail to reach the heights of possibility that might have been ours, because of laziness, evil habit, or other cause, but we can never rise above them. According to our gifts, so is our life. There are some men who have the power to acquire knowledge to a certain degree; there are others who have this power to a greater degree. There are some who have the power to impart this knowledge that they have acquired to others; there are others, again, who lack this power.

Unlike Our Body, We Can Add to the Stature of Our Mind

"Who, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" That challenge, made by the greatest of minds, which holds good with regard to the body, does not hold good in regard to the mind. The power to impart knowledge is increased with its use, as is also the power to acquire it. We can add to our intellectuality. We can increase the power of our gifts. If we can not add any new gift, we can wonderfully advance the powers of those we already have.

Our Achievement Here Is the Measure of Our Usefulness to the World:

It is the power to supply an added something to the world's discoveries, an added something to the world's attainments, that makes man of value to the world. The more of this added something that comes from any one life, the more of value is that life to the community. But there is a higher good than even this to which man can and ought to attain. It is to add something to himself; to go out of this world, a man of higher standard than when he came into it. This is man's highest aim, as the realization of it is his highest achievement. This higher standard attained by one generation by effort, becomes in the generation following, a higher standard as a gift. The story of the struggle of men upward is always of interest, and if to any one it ceases to have any interest, the fault is not with the story. To receive as a gift, what the generation before had to purchase at a great price, the story of the purchase price is always, and will continue to be, of interest to the generations following.

If such a gift has come down to us, and it has, then upon us is the responsibility to pass it on, not diminished, but advanced in quality. It is a sacred trust imposed upon us. Let us rightly discharge it.

HISTORIC SECTION

The Deserted Mother and Her Babe

The Story of The Wreck of the "Alice Hackett" at Horse Island

THE Devil's Gap! Have you ever passed through it in a storm? If not, you have not experienced all of the dangers connected with sailing on the Great Lakes of Canada.

This neck of water connects the Georgian Bay with Lake Huron, bounded on the south side by the Bruce peninsula, and on the north by the Manitoulin Island. The strait received this local name because of the malevolence of its waters. Here the sea is always restless. With the full sweep upon it of either an east or west wind, in size and strength its waves surpass any other place in a storm. Dangerous reefs also lie near the shoreline, and these increase its dangers.

In the early history of navigation, it was represented as unnavigable, and a portage across the peninsula was charted on the first maps indicating the only safe way of going from one body of water to the other. But with the progress of the country, vessels able to withstand its storms now ply on its waters every month of open navigation. The fears of the early sailors have no place in the history of present-day navigation.

Writers on the subject of the navigation of the great lakes are accustomed to congratulate themselves on the fewness of the tragedies that have occurred in the course of its long history. But this is only partially true. No season passes without some misadventure occurring. To-day it is a settler's effects that are lost; to-morrow it is a

trader's vessel. Now it is only the drowning of a child; then, it is a whole family that is wiped out. Again, though the incident may have not reached the stage of tragedy, yet so closely bordering, its story would afford interesting reading, if only a record of it had been made and kept.

Among those bordering on the tragical is the story of the wreck of the "Alice Hackett," which occurred while she was seeking to cross the Devil's Gap in the month of November, 1828. The orders had been given for the dismantling of the British military post on Drummond Island, the most westerly of the Manitoulin group, as by arrangement in regard to the survey of the boundary waters after the war of 1812, this place was now to pass over into the possession of the United States of America. The flag, that has so far defied the battle and the breeze of every water of the planet, was hauled down; the batteries were dismantled; every arrangement was completed for the removal of the station to Penetanguishene, on the south-eastern shore of the Georgian Bay. The "Alice Hackett," with another vessel, was requisitioned, for the transportation of the soldiers, their equipment, their food, and all of their other property, to their new post. So long were they in getting in readiness for the journey, that before the vessel set sail, the closing days of navigation were upon them. It is not to be wondered at, then, that they were soon overtaken by one of those storms, which are a common occurrence on these waters at this season of the year.

They had sailed along in safety the whole length of the Manitoulin group, on their south shore, and although the storm was increasing in intensity, they had high hopes that they would get through the Gap without mis-adventure. After that, they would follow the shore-line on the eastern side of the Manitoulin, and passing Killarney, and through Thirty Thousand Islands, reach Penetanguishene by way of the usual course then followed across the Bay.

When they reached the Gap, the Captain, fearsome of the passage, as he saw the billows increase in size, and the wind tearing with increased violence at the sails, determined to beach the vessel on Fitzwilliam island, and there seek a landing for the soldiers, passengers and crew. Indeed, he was forced to this course by the incapacity of his crew to do anything to assist him.

Among the passengers, was a man by the name of Fraser, who was on his way to Penetanguishene to establish there its first tavern. The use of intoxicants as a beverage, was, at these times, a common practise. The need of houses of accommodation for the travelling public was a necessity of the times. These two businesses were conducted under the same roof, and continued to be until very recent times. One of the first businesses to be established in a new settlement, or budding village, was one of these 'taverns' as they were then called. Fraser had on board the "Alice Hackett" fourteen barrels of whiskey with which to commence his business. As the sale of intoxicants was very loosely regulated in the early periods of the country's history, Fraser had no hesitation in carrying on the sale of the intoxicants on board of the vessel. The consequence was, that soldiers, crew and passengers, were in an advanced state of intoxication, before they were long started on their journey. It might have fared all right with them if the weather was calm, but the Devil's Gap can certainly not be depended upon to provide a calm sea in the month of November. The Captain, as he saw the helpless condition of the crew, deemed the only wise course to get all on board, if possible, safely on land.

This he successfully effected in the case of all, excepting two, a half-breed mother and her babe. Her husband, Pierre Lepine, was too intoxicated to remember her presence or realise her absence, and none of the others apparently either knew or cared about her. So these two were left on the doomed vessel, with the freightage, among which were four horses, eight cows, twelve sheep and some pigs.

All night long, the storm kept raging. The vessel was rolled and pounded on the rocky shore. To the whistling of the winds, and the roar of the breakers, there was added the pawing of the horses, the bawling of the cows, the bleating of the sheep, and the squealing of the pigs. Eventually, the freight began to move about, as the vessel rolled from side to side. Finally, a big cannon that was part of the military equipment, rolled over into the hatchway, and in its fall punctured a large hole in the bottom of the vessel. This proved to be the final incident required to bring about the complete destruction of the vessel.

In the meantime, what had become of the half-breed woman and her child? After the yawl boat had gone off with the last of the passengers, she looked for its return to rescue herself and little babe. As the time elapsed, and none returned, she began to take measures for their safety.

At first they huddled amongst the freight, enjoying there protection from the wind. When the boxes began to move about, she had to seek another place for safety. Wrapping her little babe in a blanket to keep her warm, for the night was bitterly cold as well as dark and stormy, she then strapped her firmly on her back, as the easiest way to carry and protect her. As the tossing of the vessel continued to increase, she made her way, as best she could, to the mast to which, with a rope from

the rigging, she fastened herself and child. All night she clung to this instrument of safety, waiting anxiously and hopefully for the return of the morning. Once through the night the babe cried with hunger but she dared not let go her hold. Sleeping or waking, the child must remain where she was on her mother's back.

Early the next morning, the tavern-keeper was astir. He seems to have been the only sober man among them, for he alone had any of his goods salvaged. Of the fourteen barrels of whiskey with which they started out from Drummond Island, thirteen of them he saved, and forwarded them later to Penetanguishene, with which to commence his business there. He is said to be the person through whom the half-breed woman and her child were rescued. Aware, somehow, that she was missing, he unceremoniously awoke her husband, and demanded to know of him where was his wife.

"Pierre Lepine, where's your woman?"

After some more ungentle shaking, he was able to get the answer.

"Don't know; guess she's here."

"Guess she's not, old man; she's on the boat or drowned."

The French half-breed was now excitedly aroused. With an officer of the soldiers and the hotelkeeper, he started out to rescue her by means of the yawl boat that had saved the others the night before. It was yet early, being about five o'clock in the morning. The storm was not fully abated; darkness still hovered over the waters; but they were determined to make a gallant, though late attempt at a rescue. When they drew up near the vessel, which was still floating, though greatly rolling about, Lepine called out to his wife if she were still living.

"Oui, Oui," (Yes, yes), came the answer.

The woman, notwithstanding the all-night beating she got against the mast, was able to untie the rope, and make her way to the railing on the side of the vessel, near to which the yawl boat was seeking to reach. Her movements had to be quick if she were to be rescued. It was only for a moment that they could get to the side of the doomed boat, when a wave or the rolling of the boat would send them off again. The half-breed woman was equal to the occasion. At the opportune time, she slipped over the side and into the yawl boat. This done, she soon was rowed back in safety to the landing and place of their encampment.

But the rescue of the half-breed woman, and her child was not the only rescue made that day. Of the four horses on the vessel, one, somehow or other reached a landing. It was a valuable roadster owned by one of the officers of the military post. This horse was never taken away from the island. For several years it lived there, subsisting on the leaves and branches of small trees and other vegetation. The owner offered a large payment for its removal, but no one accepted the offer, and the animal eventually died there.

Whether the loss of the vessel was due to the storm or to the intoxicated condition of the crew, at this distance in time from the event, it cannot be fully determined. The fact that the vessel stood the pounding of the sea throughout the entire night, remaining intact until the hole was made in its bottom by the cannon's fall, lends color to the belief, that were the vessel manned by a sober crew, the wreck would not have occurred. Be that as it may, the desertion of the mother and her child by her husband and all others can be attributed to but one cause.

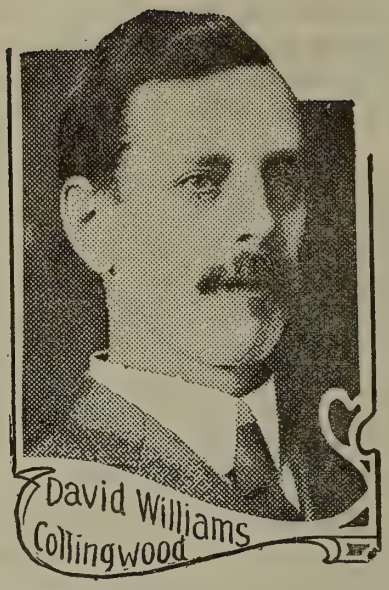
"A tragedy was averted," says one writing in connection with this incident. But surely it were a tragedy that human nature, because of a dry taste in its mouth, could so degrade itself with intoxicants, that a vessel load of able-bodied men, some in soldier's uniform, would so desert a woman and her helpless child in the hour of their supremest need.

In the survey of the Bay, this island was named Fitzwilliam, after Captain William Fitzwilliam Owen, R.N., and it is so named on the map. By the residents and sailors of the district, it is known only as Horse Island, in memory of the lonely years spent on its barren rocks by the horse rescued from the wreck of the "Alice Hackett." We suggest that both names be now changed, and it be named Lepine island, in memory of the greater incident, the desertion and subsequent rescue of the half-breed woman and her babe.

To the Public School and High School Pupils of Ontario the Georgian Bay Historical Society will a Ten Dollar Prize for the Best Story on a Given Theme Suited to This Magazine. The First Theme Will Be Announced in Next Issue.

The Huron Institute

Collingwood



The Huron Institute enjoys the proud distinction of being the first historical society in the Georgian Bay district. It also possesses the largest historical collection, and in this respect sets the standard for other societies to copy. It is situated at Collingwood, the first port on the Bay to have a railway, and the first also where a grain elevator was erected.

The Society was organised on April 26th, 1904, and has done excellent work ever since.

The Huron Institute has had no regular publication in connection with its work, but it has published its "Records and Papers" at different times, and in this way has preserved much interesting material pertaining to the local history of the district.

It is, however, in its collection of historical material, where the Institute has done its most excellent work. This was first undertaken in the autumn of 1904, and before five years had completely elapsed, they had collected no less than 3,907 specimens, to which about 2,000 more have since been added.

These collections are housed in the public library of the town, a building which was erected with the aid of the Carnegie fund, at a cost of $14,500, the site having been donated by two former respected residents of the town, J. J. and Thos. Long. The housing of this collection in the library building facilitates its use by the pupils of the public and separate schools, and the students of the Collegiate Institute, to whom it has become an indispensable aid for nature study and themes for English composition. As long as this use is made of the collection, it cannot be other than of lasting benefit to the attainment of knowledge and the spread of culture in the community.

In every room of the library, some portions of this collection are found. As you enter the building, your attention is first attracted to the portraits hanging on the sides of the entrance hall. On the one side are the portraits of all the Canadian premiers since Confederation, while on the other side, all the provincial premiers are to be found. This is your first introduction to a collection including oil paintings, portraits, drawings and photographs covering a very wide field, a most valuable asset in the compiling of local history. There are about two thousand pictures illustrating the town, and of persons and places connected with its history, among which is a valuable collection of 150 photographs of "Old Boys," persons who now occupy important spheres in other parts of the country.

In the Zoological department, the most valuable collection are two large cases of mounted wild birds containing many specimens of native birds and others that make their summer home as far north as Hudson Bay. Here is to be found a mounted wood-pigeon, a bird which occupied so prominent a place in the food supply of the Indians and the early pioneers, but which has now, most unfortunately, become extinct.

The Institute has also a valuable collection of Indian relics. This was to be expected, as the Blue Mountains and Nottawasaga township in the near neighborhood, and in which the Petun Indians lived, have been a fertile field for the discovery of these. A splendid specimen of birch-bark canoe hangs from the ceiling of one of the rooms of the hall, the forerunner of a collection giving concrete examples of Indian life, dress, their utensils in use at different times, and the state of efficiency to which they had attained in the mechanical trades. These, supplemented by drawings and sketches of Indian homes and activities, are all excellent aids to the realising of a correct conception of the historic Indian.

In this collection, the early pioneer life of the community also, is not forgotten. Here are to be found specimens of the old-time spinning wheel, one of which is known to have been in use 150 years ago

The Library Hall, Collingwood.

Collingwood town—the home of the Huron Institute.

at the side of which, in the Old Country, the industrious owner sat and spun her wool and hemp into yarn and thread for the household's apparel and linen.

A valuable relic, which serves to show with what thoroughness and extent the search for historical materials has been conducted, is a bamboo fishing rod, and its bamboo holder, owned and used by the famous statesman, Warren Hastings, in India.

There are also, carefully cased miniatures of the passenger boats which plied up and down on the Georgian Bay at different periods of its history. These exact models will remain for all time to come, illustrations of the class of boats in use at these different times.

The library is well-stocked with valuable books, and its mural decorations illustrate the different periods of history in the life of our young country, the days of the Indian, the fur-trader, the pioneer, and the present more advanced and settled life of the country.

It has a children's department. No official instructor has yet been appointed, to supervise their studies, but the story hour is conducted by a committee of ladies of the town interested in the work, who devote regularly a portion of their time to this branch of the children's education. As the children pass in and out, and walk around among these many concrete aids to knowledge and culture, it cannot but be to their young and plastic minds a source of enduring good.

The leading spirit in effecting this collection, during all these years of their work, has been Mr. David Williams, the editor of the Collingwood Bulletin. As secretary of the Institute, he has devoted himself energetically, perseveringly, and untiringly to the achievement of a valuable undertaking. There are men whose lives are invested in the exploitation of that which will minister to their own personal interests, and if a public good results, it is more of accident than of set purpose or intention. But there are others again who devote themselves to the achievement of good for the general community, and although it does not net for themselves any commensurate returns, they have the satisfaction of knowing they have accomplished a worthy mission. Whatever other achievements may fall to the lot of Mr. Williams, and he is still a young man, he has already achieved in this magnificient collection a work of enduring benefit for his town and country.

Although the work has fallen mainly on his own shoulders, he has behind him a community who greatly appreciates his efforts, and that appreciation will increase the more the value of the collection is realized. We would recommend every person who has official connection with the work of historical societies to pay a visit to the Huron Institute at Collingwood.

Canada's Greatest Archipelago

The Story of

The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay

In this article we continue the story of "The Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay." This is a large field, for there is hardly a single island in the whole group that has not some interesting historical event. Indian legend, or lake tragedy associated with it. In addition the surveys of the lakes, the names of the bays, islands, channels and other places, and why given to them, supply an unlimited scope for interesting study and research. Besides, Nature's wonderful works abound here, as in the "Flower Pots," the "Sacred Turtle," and other sources The story will be taken up in due order.

The Ottawa Indians of The Manitoulin

Pere Rene Menard's Attempt to Christianise Them

WHETHER the Ottawa Indians came originally from the Mississippi country, as one tradition claims, or from the region of the Ottawa River, as another tradition maintains, their occupation of the Manitoulin Island for several centuries before the European discovered it, is an historic claim disputed by no one. Here, for several centuries they lived, comparatively free from attack by any outside enemy.

Their first enemy seems to have been the Wenebagoes from Michigan. These attacked their inland village, and carried away a noted chief, (Kaw-be-naw), who stands very high in their traditions as a noted prophet and warrior. His successor, (Shaw-ko-we-sy), avenged his death by a wholesale slaughter of the Wenebagoes some time later. These successes were followed up by Saw-ge-maw, another great leader and warrior, who lived about the time the white man began to explore America.

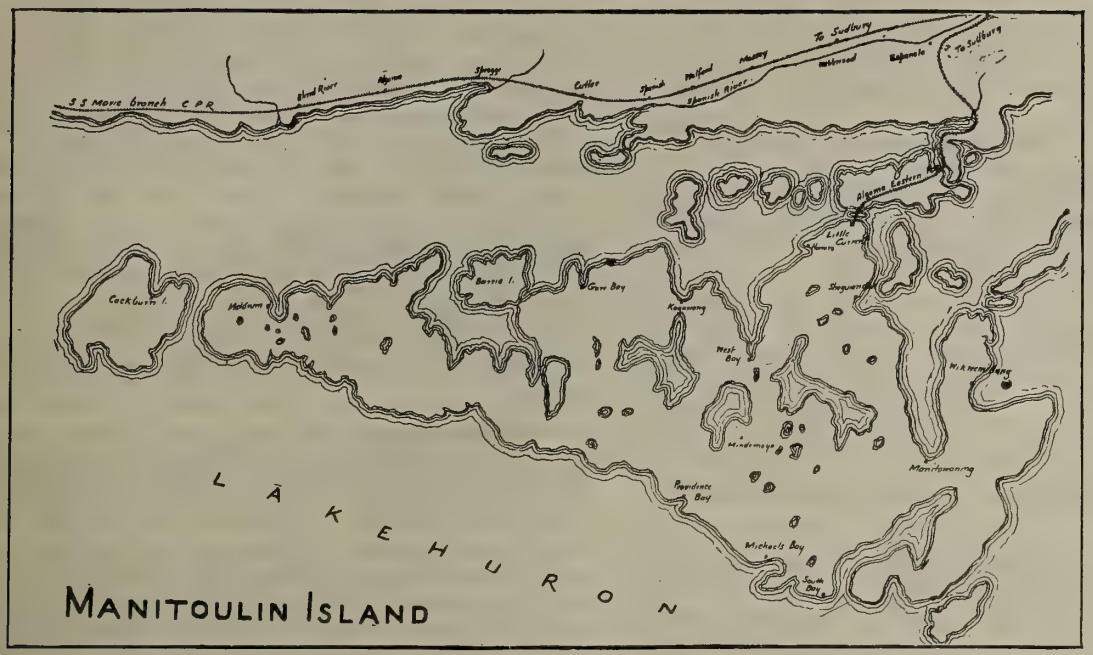
In historic times, the warriors which the Ottawas had most to fear, were the same against which their kinsfolk, the Ojibways, and their allies, the Hurons, had to contend. These were the Iroquois, the boldest and fiercest, the most politic and ambitious, of all the savages to which the forest of North America have given birth. They occupied the regions south of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the peninsula east of Lake Huron.

They were a confederation, rather than a single nation, made up, first, of five, and later of six tribes. They were the dread of all neighbouring tribes. They fought against the Ottawas when they lived in the Nipissing district, and with such success that the Ottawas came to the conclusion that the face of the Great Spirit of Nipissing district was against them. On this account, they determined therefore to leave it, and so moved to the Manitoulin, where for many years they lived free from any attack from the Iroquois.

After their general massacre of the Hurons, originated and carried out in the years 1648 and 1649, these revengeful and ferocious savages, turned their attention again towards the Ottawas, now on the Manitoulin Island, and sought here other fields of conquest.

"A general terror seized the Huron nation," says Kingsford, in his 'History of Canada,' when writing of this massacre. "Whole villages, remaining undestroyed were abandoned, while the unhappy exiles roamed through the country, homeless and destitute. Many entirely left the territory, to seek a home with other tribes. Some found their way to the Manitoulin Island."

It would seem then that it was because these Hurons sought a refuge among the Ottawas, and because also they were all along in friendly alliance with the Hurons, and now also with their new neighbors, the French, that the Iroquois, in revenge, determined to attack them. The Ottawas claim that in this attack the Iroquois were not successful. Nevertheless, the Ottawas determined to abandon the island, urged to this by prudential reasons, and by the



The largest of the Manitoulin group, lying on the north shore of Lake Huron, and the home of the Ottawa Indians when Champlain discovered the Bay. The first Missionary to these Indians was Father Poncet, who spent two winters with them on the Island before they fled to Keeweenaw Bay. The second was Father Menard, whose mission is sketched in this issue.

fears of the Huron refugees. The place for security and shelter sought were the islands at the entrance to Green Bay, Michigan. This was the land of the Pottawatomies, one of the tribes, like the Ottawas, belonging to the great family of the Algonquins. These received their kindred with open arms, and granted to them, and to the Hurons with them, the liberty of making this country their home.

They remained here, however, only a short time, when they rose up and travelled farther westward. A part of them settled at Keeweenaw Bay, on the south shore of Lake Superior, a distance by canoe of about 250 miles from Sault Ste Marie, where, later, the first Jesuit Missionary to the Ottawas sought to establish a Christian Mission amongst them. Another portion of them accompanied the fleeing Hurons to the Mississippi country and settled on an island near Lake Pepin. They were driven from this place by the Sioux, the great warriors of the west, whom they unwisely attacked. They returned to the Lake Superior region, and settled at Chaquamegon Bay. Here they were found by the Sioux and again compelled to move out. Now, at the suggestion of the French, who promised to protect them, they returned to the Manitoulin Island. (1670-1671). But on this occasion they stayed only about ten years, when they went back to the Mackinac, and rejoined the Huron fugitives, who had now settled there, and who were now known by the name of the Wyandots.

From this time on their life was as unsettled as the country in which they lived. They moved about in Michigan, sometimes dwelling in the north at Mackinac, and sometimes now in the south, in the vicinity of Detroit. They took an active part in all the wars of that region, up to the close of the war of 1812, the famous Pontiac being one of them.

After the final defeat of the French, and after the war of the American Independence, a band of the Ottawas, fearing that they might be sent by the American government to the country on the other side of the Mississippi, returned to the Manitoulin, their original home. Here, then on the island originally called the Ottawa, but now named after their great Spirit, and a few miles from the cave where he was traditionally said to dwell, they took up their final abode. On this island, which had fed and sheltered their fore-fathers for centuries, the forests are now departed, and the streams and lakes are depleted of their fish, but the descendants of these aboriginal savages are living in homes of comfort, their physical wants plentifully supplied by the products of their well-kept farms, and their souls instructed in the laws of a truly religious life, by that church, which for three centuries, has perseveringly laboured to produce these commendable results.

WITH the discovery of America, and the coming of the Europeans to this continent, influences were brought to bear on the lives of the Indians that were destined to effect a complete transformation in their methods and manner of living, and to produce a commendable advance-

ment in their characters. Of these life changing influences, the four chiefs were, first, example; second, changed environment; third, intermarriages; and fourth, the direct instruction of the Church for their betterment, both educational and religious.

The influence of example is said to be contagious. Yet the mind of the primitive Indian was not so active, nor his willingness to change so pronounced, that he would readily cast aside his former methods of living, simply because he saw that the Europeans lived and did some things differently from himself. But as, from day to day, he saw firsthand these differences, in regard to food, clothing, and comforts of life, he was not so devoid of imagination as to fail to see that it was desirable that he should copy many of their ways. Though with him, as with the civilized nations, habit is a second nature, yet the ways of the new-comers were slowly copied, and became a part of his own method and manner of living.

He was, in addition, compelled to the adoption of this change, by reason of the changed environment, which the coming of the Europeans forced upon him. Fields had come in the place of forests; palaces rose up in places which knew before nothing better than wigwams; steam-boats had taken the place of canoes; fishing-nets, miles in length, had taken the place of their three-inch spears; rifles had taken the place of their bows and arrows. The Indian could not remain as he was before, because the country was not allowed to remain as it was before.

But greater than either of these two, compelling a transformation in the habits and character of the Indian, has been the influence of intermarriages.

From the discovery of America by Columbus, (1492), until the coming of Champlain (1603), a period of one hundred and eleven years has to be accounted for. Was the northern part of this continent lying in forgotten solitude all these years? There came early in the history of this period, Basques, Boulanges and Normans, who did considerable fishing along the coast. These, later, added to this industry, a trade in furs. They discovered that the Indian would supply these to them in large quantities at a trifling cost. A ready market for their product was soon found. This trade with the natives began fully a century before the history of the country began to be written. Many of these original fur-traders, or wood-runners, as they were sometimes called, found their way far inland, became affiliated with the natives, took Indian women for their wives, and dwelt as one of themselves amongst them.

There can be no question that one motive which induced these early voyageurs to associate with the Indians, was to secure these furs, seeing they could buy them so cheaply, and sell them so profitably in an always ready market. To say that this was the sole reason for their being there, would be to state less than the truth. These were men who loved adventure, to whom the novelty of the life, the risk and danger of it, especially appealed. They loved the canoe, and the exhilirating sensation of shooting the rapid. They loved the excitement of tracking the bear to his den, and outstripping the Indian in his own pursuit, procuring their winter's supply of food with a few weeks' use of their gun. There was a fascination to this life of freedom in the woods, which could not be got from the myriad limitations surrounding their existence in the Old Land. They found themselves also, looked up to by the natives, admired and imitated. This also had its appeal. They lived as the Indians lived, took to themselves Indian women for their wives, and if they took more than one, the Indians saw examples of the same practise amongst themselves. Only in the readiness with which they could desert their wives, were they different in their practises from the native Indian.

When Champlain wanted an interpreter, in order that he might hold ready communication with the different tribes whom he would meet in the course of his first journey to the Georgian Bay, he did not have to go outside of his own countrymen to find one. Brule was well-versed in the dialect of all the varying tribes of Indians in this region, and doubtless there were many equally as capable, although their life-story has not been written. The wood-runner was an indispensible intermediary between the native Indians and the first White settlers or colonists of the country.

To realize the far-reaching influence of the intermarriage of these with the natives, we have only to reckon the diffusion of blood that is effected by it, in a few generations. If the descendants of the offspring of a mixed marriage continued for several generations, and if the average family of each succeeding generation were three, there would be no less than 243 descendants from one of these offspring at the end of the fifth generation, that is in a period of about one century. The marriage of the Whiteman with an Indian in these early days was not an occasional incident, but a common practise, limited only by the fewness of the numbers of these wood-runners, or voyagers. None of them remained any length of time among the natives without setting up their own tent or household, and their offspring continued a part of the Indian population.

When Captain Anderson was sent as the first British Indian Agent to the Manitoulin Island, in 1838, he reports 900 families of mixed blood among the 6000 individuals that came to him for Government presents. Some of these would without doubt marry in the direction of the White population, and become classified later, as Whites, but many of them would marry and become absorbed in the Indian population. The policy of keeping the Indians apart from the Whites on their own Reserves, has retarded the progress of this assimilation, but in a measure, it is still going on. It has been said that with the passing of the forests, there would be the disappearance of the Indian also. He has disappeared. Taking into consideration the rapidity with which diffusion of blood takes place, and the prevalence of their mixed marriages with Whites for three centuries, it doubtless would be no exaggeration to say that in

the whole of the Georgian Bay district, there is not to-day a single individual of unmixed Indian blood. But this is not to be regretted, for it is only by the process of assimilation that this nation of nations can become one whole and united people. The advanced condition of the present-day Indian is due in no small measure to the influence of these inter-marriages with Whites during these last three centuries of their history.

INSTRUMENTAL as this cause was in bringing about a change in the condition of the Indian, we must now turn from it to consider another, and perhaps a more important influence than any of these other three, in effecting this transformation. We cannot too highly appreciate the place of importance which his education, both secular and religious has occupied as a transforming power in his life. We cannot too highly praise the services of the first Christian Missionaries in their efforts to raise the Indian up to a higher standard of living.

After the Mission of Father Poncet, who wintered among the Ottawas on the Manitoulin Island, 1648-9, and 1649-50, and the ill-starred attempt of Father Garreau, 1656, to follow up his work, but murdered on the way thither by Iroquois the name which is first associated with this work among the Ottawa Indians from the Manitoulin Island, is that of Pere Rene Menard, who spent nine months with them, when in their flight from the Iroquois, they settled at Keeweenaw Bay, on the south shore of Lake Superior, two hundred and fifty miles by canoe from Sault Ste Marie. What could induce so high-born a European to take upon himself the duties and hardships of the life of the early missionary?

When Champlain was making his historic voyage down the French River to the country of the Hurons Father Menard was a young lad of ten playing on the streets of his native city of Paris. He was a young man of twenty-two, with a high reputation as a Latin scholar, when he turned aside to become a Jesuit priest. He spent nine years of preparation for that ecclesiastic order, followed by three years of teaching, after which he gave himself up to a year's meditation and prayer, before setting out in 1640 for this land, then covered with forests and peopled by Pagan savages. A distinguished graduate in theology, philosophy, and literature, a teacher of teachers, what could he have in common with these naked savages?

On his arrival at Quebec, he spent a year in the study of the Algonquin language. This gave him access to missionary work among the Hurons, the Ojibways, and the Ottawas, to all of whom he devoted himself in turn.

He was a spectator of the fires that burned the villages of the Hurons (1649), lighted up by the torches of the fierce Iroquois. He saw their tomahawks brandished over his own head, as well as over the heads of his companions in the work, and yet he escaped the fate of the others, and was one of the few who got back in safety to Three Rivers.

Six years later, he was sent to the country of this warrior nation to teach them the love of man and the fear of God. The manner of his life among the Iroquois, he thus describes:

"We walk with our heads uplifted amidst of dangers, through insults, hooting, and calumnies. Brandishing hatchets and knives, the savages often ran after us to put us to death. Almost daily, we are on the point of being put to death."

Under these unfavorable circumstances he continued his work, with such success, that although single-handed to do it, he succeeded in baptising four hundred of them. But the treacherous Iroquois with whom the burning and devouring of men was then a common practise, laid plot to massacre all the French, both colonists and missionaries. Father Menard had therefore to abandon the work, and again flee for safety to Quebec. Here he remained as Superior of the Jesuit residence at Three Rivers, until he was sent as a missionary to the Ottawas.

When Raddison and his brother-in-law on their first trip westward first explored the Lake Superior district, they discovered at Keeweenaw Bay, the Ottawas who had just arrived there from the Manitoulin. A brigade of 60 canoes, loaded with furs, they took back to Montreal with them from this newly-formed settlement. Father Menard was ordered to return with these Ottawas and establish a Mission amongst them. He was now fifty-five years of age, but old for his years, by reason of what he endured. His hair was white, his body stooped, and his physical health impaired. On the eve of his departure, he wrote to a friend.

"I write you probably the last word, and I desire it to be the seal of our friendship unto eternity. In three or four months you may put me into the Memento of the dead, considering the manner of living of these people, and my age and weak constitution. Notwithstanding all this, I have felt such a powerful attraction, and have seen so little of nature in this undertaking, that I cannot doubt I would have had eternal remorse, had I missed this opportunity. We were taken a little by surprise, so that we were unable to provide ourselves with clothing and other necessary things. But he who feeds the little birds, and clothes the lilies of the fields, will take care of his servants."

We can see from this letter, the impelling force, the high motives that led him to this work. That he was a successful missionary is warranted from the fact, that when among the Algonquins in the Nipissing district, these used to follow him from camp to camp to hear him. But he was now appointed to an undertaking that would tax all the physical strength and divine grace which he possessed.

The treatment that these Ottawas accorded to Father Menard and his companion, Albanel, indicate that they were not anxious to have the Missionary accompany them back to their new home. The latter they put off on the shore after they had made but a short distance of the journey from Montreal, and compelled him to go back. No serious objection was apparently made to the company of fur-traders, seven of whom were accompanying them back, but they lost no oppor-

A map showing the Indian canoe route from the Georgian Bay to Montreal by way of the French, Mattawa and Ottawa Rivers.

tunity in increasing the hardships of the journey for Menard. They made light of his physical disability to keep up with them, and showed no consideration for him when he was hungered or weary.

They went back as usual by the only travelled route from Montreal to the west, by way of the Ottawa River, the Mattawa, Lake Nipissing and the French River to the Georgian Bay. Thence they travelled westward north of the Manitoulin, up the St. Mary's river to Lake Superior, and then skirting the southern shore of the lake to Keeweenaw Bay.

Though it was a route now much-travelled, it was no less rocky and dangerous than when Le Caron and his companions travelled over it for the first time in 1615. It had no fewer rapids and no shorter portages. But these Indians did not show the same consideration for Father Menard that the Hurons forty-five years before showed to Le Caron. He was compelled to carry heavy packs over the portages, paddle from early morning to late every night, sometimes without having had anything to eat. On many occasions he had to disembark, and walk through the shallow, though cold water, and drag the canoe after him. Once, they obliged him to disembark, and walk on the shore, in order that the three Indians that were with him might find it lighter canoeing. He had great difficulty over this rocky and precipitous shore-line in keeping up with them. In his effort to keep up, he so hurt his feet that they remained sore and swollen for the rest of the journey.

Their greatest hardship seems to have been lack of food for the journey. One small fish to be divided among the four was the usual allowance for a day, and sometimes even this was wanting. They were very glad when they could get a certain kind of moss which grew in some places on the rocks, which they boiled with water and out of it made a black, sticky broth, but having apparently some virtue in appeasing the craving for food.

Through this region, where now the whistle of the steam railway is heard, where the woodman's axe has well-nigh depleted the country of its forests, and where are found many rapids and swift-flowing waters which the ambitious are hoping to harness for electrical development, these nimble denizens of the forest travelled, and Father Menard hobbled after them, when compelled to walk on shore, or paddled when in their canoe, his physical strength taxed to its utmost limit. They were swift runners, expert canoeists, capable of long fasts and well-nigh incapable of fatigue. He journeyed with them in a weakened condition of body; his age incapacitated him for great and long-continued exertion, his impaired health made him unfit to withstand the weakening effect of the lack of sufficient food for so long a journey.

The worst incident on the route happened when they reached Lake Superior. The canoe in which he travelled was here broken by a falling tree, and he and the three Indians that were with him in the canoe were abandoned on the shore of the lake. Here they remained for six days without food, and would have perished for its lack, but that they found some old bones at an abandoned lodge, out of which they made soup by pounding them fine and mixing the powder with water. One of them constantly watched the shore to beg food of passing Indians, but so callous were they towards the sufferings even of their own people, that many of them passed by without offering any assistance. One canoe gave them some slices of dried meat which alone was the means of saving them from starvation. At last, one more considerate than any of the others, picked

them up and took them to the end of their journey.

Father Menard arrived there on St. Theresa's day, October the 15th, 1660, and put in a winter there of unparalleled hardship. The cabin where he was to stay was owned by a chief, named 'The Pike,' who was said to be "excessively proud, extremely vicious, and troubled with four or five wives." This chief treated him shamefully, and eventually refused to allow him the use of the cabin. With the aid of the fur-traders, he built for himself a hut made of fir-tree branches, which could not be a protection from the wind, to say nothing of the rigorous cold of a Lake Superior winter.

His chief food during the winter was the pulverised bark of the birch tree or whitewood, either boiled in water in which a fish had been cooked, or else mixed with fish-oil. Fish and acorns were added luxuries which he got on occasions through the kindness of his country-men, the fur-traders, one of which, named Guerin, seemed to have been especially kind to him.

In the face of all these hardships, he labored away in the proclamation of the Gospel, and was rewarded after nine months work, by the conversion of fifty adults besides the baptism of some children.

In the summer of 1661, he received an invitation from some converted Hurons, to come to their village, and establish there a mission. These fugitives had reached the head-waters of the Black River in Wisconsin, and probably were acquainted with Father Menard at their former home country in Simcoe County. Some of these Hurons were on a visit to the Ottawas at Keeweenaw Bay, and they assured Father Menard, if he would go back with them, their countrymen would embrace his faith. The Priest sent three Frenchmen ahead, to ascertain the condition of these Hurons, and to report upon the possibility of establishing a Mission among them. These found the village in a starving condition, and the journey there fraught with innumerable difficulties and dangers, for one so impaired in health and so old in years as Menard. But in the face of their report he determined to attempt the journey, believing that a bountiful harvest would result from a missionary among these Hurons. They tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, but without avail. On the 16th of June, 1661, taking with him Guerin, and in company with the visiting Hurons, he started forth on the perilous journey required of him to reach their village.

Illustrating the undependable nature of the primitive Indian, as the Ottawas did the autumn before on the south shores of Lake Superior, so now on another shore during their journey, these presumably friendly Huron Indians, abandoned Father Menard and Guerin, and although they waited there for a fortnight, expecting they would return, the Priest and his companion had seen the last of them. The aged missionary did not survive the journey. About August the 7th, while Guerin was making a portage around a rapid, he lost the trail, and "there was killed or died from exhaustion." Some of his belongings were afterwards found in the hands of some Sioux, but Father Menard himself was "seen no more of men."

Thus perished in the heart of the forest, a scholar, a theologian, a great preacher. He died on a journey, the sole object of which was the good of the Pagan savage. Search was made for him but he passed out of sight as completely as Enoch, who walked with God and was not, and Moses, who passed unseen to his unknown grave on Nebo's Mountain. He lived for his church; he died for the Pagan. His was the beginning of a ministry, which has been continued practically unabated for two hundred and fifty years, and which the thriving Christian Indians of Wikwemikong are at least one result.

Picturesque Old Quebec from which the First Contingent set sail, Sept. 25, 1914, for the Great World War.

OUR COUNTRY
in the
Great World War
From Start to Finish

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER II.

AN HISTORIC OCEAN VOYAGE

THE twenty-fifth day of September, 1914, will go down in future records as an historic day in the annals of our country. It was on this day that the First Contingent of the Canadian Army set sail from Quebec for Overseas' service. Hardly had six weeks elapsed from the declaration of war by Great Britain, when preparations began to be made for the embarkation of the first instalment. These comprised thirty five thousand men, the first to take their place by the side of the armies of the great nations of Europe, in their defensive warfare against the cunning and malevolent, yet over-sanguine attempts of the German peoples to establish themselves as masters of the world. It was at seven o'clock in the evening of the above date, when the last of our men stepped on board the Scotian, the transport vessel on which we had the honour of making this historic ocean voyage.

The units that were to comprise the total of her human cargo, were gathered in various formations on the dock. Their numbers began to rapidly diminish, when the process of embarkation began, until only two files of men were left, formed on either side, and extending from the gangway, describing a passage through which the other men had passed into the ship. As soon as this double file was left alone on the dock, the farthest two stepped up together, and started for the gang plank, followed by the next two in order, and so continuing until all came on board. When the two final men stepped into the ship, and the gang plank began to be drawn in, the band sounded forth the soul-stirring strains of our National Anthem, "God save our King!" Other times, these strains have been heard and appreciated, but it is doubtful if the words were fraught with greater meaning to any body of men, than to those of us on board this vessel, when the ropes were cast off, and the boat began to move slowly down stream. As the picturesque city of Abraham's plains, beyond which the setting sun was dipping down into the western horizon, was being left behind, he were callous-minded indeed, through whose thought there did not permeate at that time, some inkling of the great significance of the event. That familiar air, with its equally familiar words, spoke to our hearts of British traditions, British idealism and British character, and we were going forth, not to impose these on other nations, but to safeguard and defend their existence in our own.

Farther and farther, we moved away from this strongly fortified city, founded more than three centuries before by a man who combined elevated sentiments with persevering and indomitable achievements and who dreamed of a New France, and this its capital. The river widened as we moved down until rounding the Cape, we entered the Gaspe Basin, the best sheltered harbour of the coast. There, along with the other vessels of the convoy, we rested a little. In the late afternoon of the second day, we began to move out, and as the different vessels cleared the basin, they dropped into their allotted places.

The convoy was lined up in three columns, twelve in each of the outer ones, and eleven in the centre, with one ship on either side and two in the

"The convoy lined up in three columns."

LEFT ROW— H.M.S. Eclipse, H.M.S. Megantic, Ruthania, Ansonia, Alunia, Ivernia, Scandivanian, Sicilian, Montizumer, Lapland, Cassandra, Florizel.

MIDDLE ROW— H.M.S. Diana, H.M.S. Carribean, Athenia, Royal Edward, Franconia, Canada, Monmouth, Manitou, Tyrolia, Tunision, Laurentic.

RIGHT ROW— H.M.S. Charybdis, H.M.S. Scotian, Arcadian, Zuland, Corinthian, Virginian, Laconia, Grampian, Manhatton, Saxonia, Bermudian, Royal George.

TWO IN REAR— H.M.S. Talbot, H.M.S. Majestic.

TWO ON SIDE— H.M.S. Princess Royal, H.M.S. Glory.

rear. These positions they held throughout the voyage, with the exception of one or two which were slower, and were compelled to drop to the rear, and one or two speedy ones sometimes venturing a little ahead through the day. The Scotian took her place, the second in the right hand column. She was a staunch vessel, and has been crossing the Atlantic continuously throughout the war, and also as a transport to bring home the demobilised Canadians.

The importance of the shipping service to the war, and its place in the final victory, cannot be over-estimated. It is creditably estimated that in the beginning of the war, before efficiency was brought to as high a state as at thê close, and in places like Gallipoli, where water as well as food had to be supplied by transportation, the amount of shipping required for each individual soldier was five or six tons. Food, clothing, ammunition, machine guns, artillery, locomotives, ambulances and other acessories had to be transported by ships. To supply the particular need of each soldier, whether in training or in hospital, in base camp or on active duty, this amount of shipping set apart for his use, would have to be on the constant move, month in and month out, through storm and calm, through every season of the year, and every hour of every day, halting not for a single moment in its service. A fleet of vessels, comprising an equivalent to many ships the size of the Scotian, would be required for the Canadian Army alone. In estimating the forces that combined to bring about the successful issue of the war, Great Britain's transport shipping, as well as its war vessels, must find a large place in the count.

The convoy arrived safely in England on the twentieth day after our setting sail, landing us at Plymouth on the fourteenth day of October.

The weather on the whole was fine and the sea calm, and although we voyaged slowly, taking precautions against possible dangers, nothing unusual or extraordinary happened.

BUT while the trip was uneventful, it was not, by any means, uninteresting. The immense, the mobile, the powerful ocean is always interesting, and the occasion of this voyage increased that interest. It brings home to the heart, the littleness of man, but it reminds you also of his bigness. The immensity of it, the knowledge of man has compassed; the power of it, his courage has tested; the wealth of it, his venture has explored. Upon it, the sun rises and sets differently. Over it the clouds chase themselves differently. Every new day, some new feature of its immensity and power and wealth is revealed.

Perhaps not the least interesting of all these features is found in the greatest of its currents, the famous Gulf Stream. Passing by the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, we would be unmindful of our heritage, if we forgot its fertile fisheries, its cod, and herring, and salmon, which we owe to the vagaries of this wonderful natural phenomenon. But more than this, we are reminded that it is this force of nature that makes the difference in climatic conditions between our own bleak Labrador coast, which an early explorer describes as the place to which Heaven had banished Cain, and the exhilirating climate and fertile lands of Western Europe, giving to Liverpool, England, a climate in moderation equal to Washington, a city a thousand miles south of it. We were leaving a country, in its geographical extent, equal to the whole of Europe, yet the one tract of land was peopled by four hundred and fifty millions of people, and the other by

SUNSET ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

"The setting sun was dipping down into the western horizon" when the "Original Firsts" set sail from Quebec.

eight millions. While this disparity would in some measure be accounted for by the newness of the one part of the globe in comparison with the oldness of the other, yet we doubt not the chief cause of this difference is found in the influence on climate produced by this great ocean current. We could boast of latitude and geographical bigness, but the Gulf Stream placed the climatic conditions beyond comparison.

To this Gulf Stream we owe the main difference between ourselves as an army, and the Europeans with whom we were to associate in war for the next four years. We were their children; they were our fathers. Not a single one of those European nations, not even Germany, but were represented, if not by the khaki-clad men conveyed by those thirty-nine British transports, certainly were by the citizenship of the country from which we came. But although we were of the same stock, and descended from the same race, yet having to contend against a less kindly climate and soil, these new conditions bred in their children something which their parents did not possess. The Gulf Stream, by reason of its deflection from our shores to Europe, had robbed us of something of climate, but left behind an environment that produced a moral sinew which was to stand us in good stead in a war, where the ability to improvise for an immediate and unexpected occasion was oftimes the alone element to snatch victory from apparent defeat. The Canadian, compelled to wrestle against forces of nature, not too generous in their gifts, develops a spirit of self-reliance and independence and other qualities which marks him out as distinctly different from the original race from which he sprung. The new enviroment of a new continent, had produced in us a new race of people.

BUT this Canadian spirit, for, after all, it is a spirit, is not conductive to old-time army discipline. When we arrived at Plymouth, and were landed, we were detrained to various stations near Salisbury Plains, usually arriving there at night. Most of the units began at once to march to their tents in Salisbury Plains. But information began to leak out, that a leaky tent and a bed on the ground was all the preparation that had been made for their arrival. Objection began then to be registered against the night march, and many wanted accommodation allotted in the town until daylight. Usually they were persuaded on the promise of a warm meal and good bed to leave the station, and having left it there was nothing other to do than to plod along to the Plains. Some units refused to be so persuaded and simply lay down on the station platform, or in the station house, and slept until morning, when they marched cheerily forth regardless of the authorities, who threatened revenge on all the Senior Officers for "direct disobedience of an order."

The mention of Salisbury Plains produces in the mind of an 'Original First,' no enthusiastic memory. It was to France that his expectations led him. He was eager to enter into a trial of strength with the enemy. Instead, he was doomed to a weary, tedious, monotonous halt of several months during one of the worst winters that England had ever experienced in a place least suited for such weather. From this discomfort, our unit was fortunately saved. We were ordered to France, the forerunners of that four-years' steady stream of our countrymen, who continued going to France and Flanders withholding nothing of their strength or life, in answer to Humanity's call and need.

(To be continued in next issue)

The Son of a Man of "Pairts"

The Link Between the Present and the Past

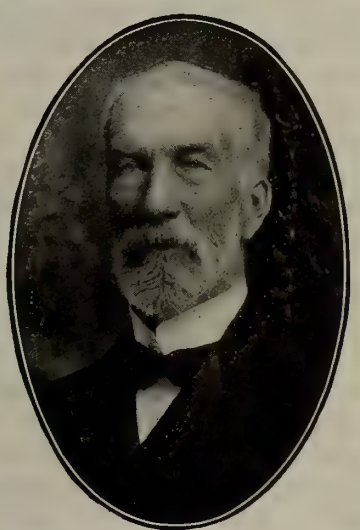
WILLIAM P. TELFORD, SR.,
OWEN SOUND

Four Generations of Successive Educationists

WILLIAM P. TELFORD
(deceased
First teacher of the Public School, Annan, Grey County

ROBERT TELFORD
Ottawa

MISS ELOISE TELFORD
Daughter of William P. Telford, Jr.,
Toronto University Student



WILLIAM P. TELFORD, Sr.
Manager
Grey & Bruce Co.,
Owen Sound.
A successful business man at 85 years of age.

AS we study the history, whether of an individual, a family, a business, or an industry, one is deeply impressed with the inseparable connection of the present with the past, of to-day with yesterday. The conditions of to-day find the causes that produced them in the things of yesterday. The story of the past is so closely related with the affairs and men of to-day, that you must read that story if you would know why things and men are, as they are, to-day.

In following up the story of Owen Sound, and the causes and conditions that produced it, we

sought to find some link of connection between the city of to-day and the village founded eighty years ago. We found that link in the person of William P. Telford, Sr., sitting in his office and dispensing business for the Grey and Bruce Loan Company, as its manager. Eighty-five years of age, he is now easily the oldest business man in the city. There may be another just as old as he in active business, but, if so, we were not able to discover him.

"My mother gave me a good body, and I have held it a sacred trust to her memory to take care of it," was the statement made by another in explanation of the strength of years which he possessed. No man can live and do business at eighty-five, without having had taken care of himself, without having had regard to the moral and physical laws of the universe, be his original body whatever it may.

Mr. Telford is a son and namesake of the first school teacher at Annan, that suburb of Owen Sound that has given so many men of merit to the country. It would not be unexpected if some of these owe what they have become in a great measure to this first country school-master of the district. We have been fortunately able to secure a work of art executed by him, a fac-simile engraving of which we have had reproduced for this issue of our magazine.

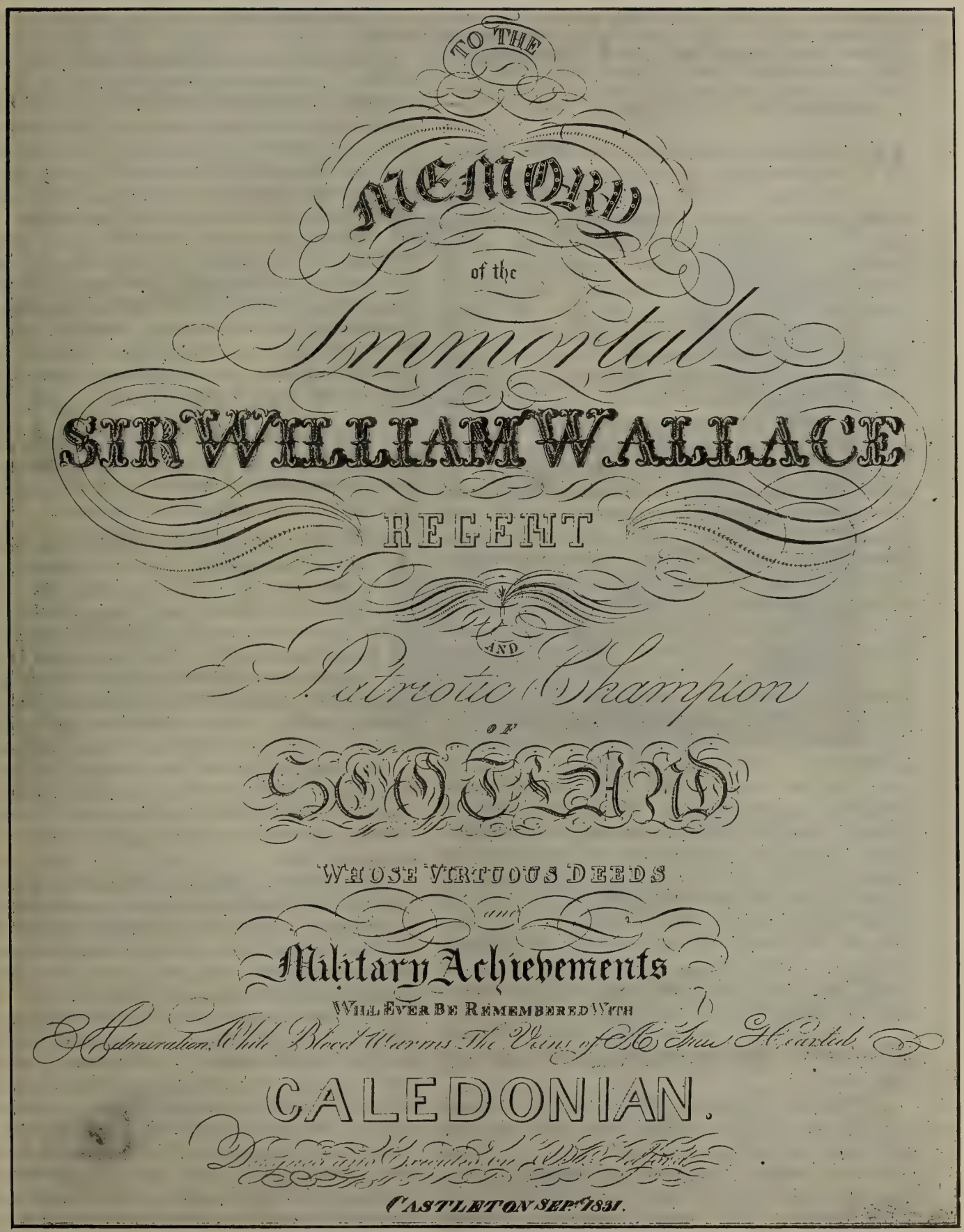
THE author of this work of penmanship was a native of Scotland and came out to this country in the first year of Owen Sound's history. He settled first at Dumfries, near Galt, and after teaching a few years there came to Annan. Here he taught seven years, making a record of fifty years spent in teaching, both here and in his native shire in Scotland. He occupied a small land holding in Sydenham, where he and his family suffered the usual hardships coincident with the early pioneer life of the country.

We are interested in this work of his, here reproduced, partly because of its age, but principally because of what it reveals of the first-rate qualities of the pioneers who laid the foundation of the new life of the people of this district. There are several estimable qualities of mind illustrated in this work. There is first the power of initiative. Did he have a copy, a model, which he reproduced? Even if so, the power to reproduce the model was a great achievement. If we go far enough back in the accomplishment of any man, we will of necessity come to one who had to work without a model. He had to produce what no one produced before him, he had to create the model, because he was the first in the field. The power to create, and the power to reproduce a model, both are gifts. The power to do what man has done, to achieve what others achieved, this is a gift not to be despised. But the power to do something that others did not do, the power to discover something that others did not discover, sets one apart as possessing a mind above the ordinary. There are evidences in this work of penmanship that the first school teacher of Annan was a man of initiative, a man with the gift to discover and work in new fields.

But the other qualities of mind illustrated are equally important. There is the virtue of industry written on the pages of this monument of his past life. Tell me how the boy spends his leisure, and I will tell you what he will become. It took time and training to discipline the hand to reproduce these lines and figures. Here also is seen the artist. A man that lacked the artist's touch could not reach to this attainment. The patriot and the artist, the man of parts and the man of industry, are all illustrated in this work of penmanship, executed ninety years ago by the first school teacher of the first school in Annan district. We who like to boast of the superiority of the present over the past might well pause a moment or two to consider the mental equipment and training of this country school master.

IF then we have found in this first school teacher of Annan, a man of superior mind, and if the law of hereditary gifts exemplified all around us holds good in this case, we ought to be able to give a good account of the generations following. We have followed these down, until now, eighty years since, four generations fill the gap, the original and three following ones. A photographic engraving illustrating a member of each of these generations, is set before you on the first page.

The pupils of the first school-teacher were housed in a log school-house. The conditions of life improve; the log school-house becomes a commodious frame one; and the son of the first teacher, William P. Telford, now Manager of the Grey and Bruce Loan Company, follows the calling of his father and continues its teacher for fourteen years, making the long period of twenty-one years of consecutive teaching by these two members of the family. Again, the conditions change, and the frame school-house gives place to a substantial brick, and the direct descendant of the second generation, Robert Telford, a distinguished graduate of Toronto University, now of the Customs Department at Ottawa, becomes its teacher. The qualities of mind of the fourth generation are still to be proved, but already we have promise of what will be in the person of Miss Eloise Telford, whom we have chosen to illustrate this generation, though there are many others whom we could have equally chosen. Miss Telford is the great-grand-daughter



A fac-simile reproduction of the penmanship of Wm. P. Telford (deceased) the first school teacher of Annan, Grey Co.

of the original school teacher of Annan, and granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Somerville, the revered pastor for many years of Division Street Presbyterian church, Owen Sound, and is now passing successfully a creditable course of studies in Toronto University. Ample evidence is surely here, that there is no achievement without a reason.

WILLIAM P. Telford, the link of the present with the past, was born in Roxboroughshire, Scotland, in 1836, and came out to this country with his father's family, when five years of age. In what calling did he spend the years of his manhood? It would be more correct to ask 'in what callings,' for in the long period of his life's activities, he has spent a portion of it on several. After qualifying for a school teacher under the tuition of his father, while still a youth, he joined himself to a stone mason and learned this trade. After spending three years at this work, he followed his father as teacher of the Annan school, relinquishing it, as we have seen, after fourteen years, to become a cheese-maker. This he dropped at the end of a year, and became a building-contractor, which he gave up after three years' trial to become an accountant for R. J. Doyle, with whom he continued for five years. It was at this period he turned his attention to finance, a field which was to constitute the chief part of his life's work and where he may be said to have found himself. He established a private bank in 1883 under the firm name of Telford & Company, and for twenty-three years carried it on with such success that the capital of the shareholders was doubled every five years. The only exception to this success was one year when the profits to the shareholders fell down to fifteen percent., but for that one year only. In 1906, this business was purchased by the Sovereign Bank of Toronto, but Mr. Telford continued as Manager, which position he held during the period of this bank's solvency. In 1889, he was instrumental in founding another financial institution, the Grey & Bruce Loan Company, with William Roy as president, S. B. Parker as vice-president, and himself as manager. After the passing out of the Sovereign Bank, he devoted his whole time to its interests. Now, at eighty-five years of age, he is still manager of this flourishing firm, capitalised at half a million dollars, with a paid up capital of more than half that sum.

While his connection with these two financial interests constitute his chief life's work, he was also connected with the establishment of three other institutions, The Sydenham Mutual Fire Insurance Company, The Sun Cement Company, and The Georgian Bay Power Company, Limited. Throughout all this time he has won, and still maintains, the good-will and confidence of all those who were associated with him in these financial affairs.

This good-will and confidence of the general public in his integrity, was evidenced on two occasions by his election to the office of alderman at one period of his career, and to that of a representative of the North Grey constituency at another. The Montreal Herald of October 6, 1908, voices the sentiment of the community in reference to his election, which we quote in the following paragraph:

"Among the newer members of the House of Commons, whose return will be a distinct gain to the country, are such men as William P. Telford, of Owen Sound, a member for North Grey since 1904, president of the Sun Cement Company, and manager of the Grey and Bruce Loan Company, one of the best business men in Northern Ontario, and a man of the highest type of public and private virtues."

This estimate of his worth as a public servant will continue to be his record for he has won it, and still maintains it by the rectitude of his principles and the integrity of his character.

THE basis of this high standard is to be found in his religious life. As to be expected from one of his nativity, he is a Presbyterian, and the churches at both Annan and Owen Sound, with which he has been so long identified, owe much to his support and loyalty. The viewpoint of God and the interpretation of the Scriptures which he was taught in his youth, he still maintains with undiminished fidelity. His is a faith not easily shaken, and a mind not soon lured away from the teachings in which he was rooted and grounded in his boyhood days. In the field of practical Christianity, were the story of his life written out in detail, his deeds of generosity to men in need would occupy an important place.

The standard which he set before his own life was well illustrated by a recent communication to a local paper, in answer to a request for suggestions as what was best to do to maintain and advance the progressive interests of the young city. This he epitomised in two word—INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY—the conservation of our resources, and the exercise of our gifts in the way that will secure the best possible returns for the longest period of time. By his own adherence to this standard, he has made himself a valuable factor accounting for some of the prosperity of the past. If each individual that comprises the 12,000 units of the present population of the city, will live out their lives on the basis of this standard, we doubt not but that the city will see for the next eighty years, a greater prosperity than it saw for even the last eighty.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By
A SCOUTMASTER

CHAPTER II.

Scout Sol meets with Foul Play and is left drifting helpless on the Bay.

"Sol Was Lost."

THE whirring sensation in Sol's head continued for a little after he lay back in his weakened and fevered condition on the mat. Fortunately, he soon fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know for day and night, and length of time was blotted out by his sickness out of his consciousness. He was not again awakened until he heard a "Yap, Yap," in the forest. He listened. The sound became more distinct as the animal approached nearer to the hut.

Were there wolves in these woodlands? He remembered now that the old fisherman had bade them be on the lookout, for a few had been discovered on the adjacent mainland. It would be an easy matter for them to cross the narrow channel on the ice in winter, and find there a quieter resort, and a better hunting ground, than on the mainland. Soon he heard a snuffing at the door, and a scratching, as if the yapper was seeking entrance. He listened intently to see if he could identify his visitor. The more he listened, the surer he was that it was none other than his pet Beagle, the mascot of the camp.

The Beagle continued her efforts to get to her master. In a little while she had made an entrance and Sol had his pet by his side, now licking his hand, and now jumping and dancing about in mad glee. He put out his hand to caress her. It rested on her head, while she sat quietly enjoying his touch. The feverish slumber again took possession of him, and his hand dropped off and rested on the mat. The Beagle nosed under it, and took her place lying by his side on the mat.

Later, he awoke, and began to put piece to piece together in his memory. By degrees he came to realize that he had strayed away from the camp.

that he was in a refuge hut, and that he would soon have to put his wits together to get back again.

While he was meditating on the probable activities of the camp, and wondering how it had fared with the four out on the water, he was surprised to see his dog rise up and leave the hut. Had she deserted him, or only gone back to the camp to tell of her discovery? He had not long to wait for his answer.

Soon the Beagle returned, but carrying in her mouth a young rabbit. The sight of it made Sol hungry, for the fever having now left his body, it began to manifest its need of food. But how could he manage to dress and cook it? He had his scout knife. This would help. He felt around in his pocket for his flint. Luckily he found it there. A bundle of dry cedar in the corner of the hut, and some pulp on a ledge above it, made him conclude that a fire was now an assured possibility. Having dressed the animal, and having secured sufficient water from a birch-bark vessel sitting at the foot of a maple tree, he soon had a sugar-kettle in its place, and the hut filled with the odour of the cooking rabbit.

In a short time, his food was ready. As he ate, the Beagle sat on her haunches by his side, looking on with beaming pleasure. The bones, with a generous supply of the venison still upon them, were handed to her, while she, as her custom was, stood on her hind legs to receive them from his hand. Hers was a great companionship, and Sol, though lost, did not feel himself entirely alone.

Afterwards, he went out to explore his surroundings.

Examining the trail, he saw that the one which led from the hut in the opposite direction from which he came, was the one most travelled. He deemed it wise to follow this. He had not gone far, when he observed an opening which proved to be, the waters of the Bay.

As he reached the shore, there before him were the waters of the Georgian Bay, stretching westward as far as his eyes could see. At his feet lay a beautiful inlet, gradually widening as it stretched itself outward to meet the main waters of the Bay. On either side, were hills of considerable eminence.

It was a typical October day. Here and there were trees covered with crimson red; others a golden yellow; while the lighter green of the beeches, not yet discoloured, was over-matched by the deeper green of the firs, towering far above the rest. Near him, was a grove of silver birch, and Sol could see that this was a favourite Indian camping ground. The plaintive cry of a loon, on the far side of the inlet, and the gentle whine of the mascot at his feet, added a tinge of loneliness to the place, which, even the beauty of Nature could not take away.

Looking around, not more than five rods to his right, he observed two swarthy Indians. They were sitting on the bank, eyeing him in silence, exchanging to each other no word of comment concerning his arrival. When he made as it were to approach them, they arose and went over to the beach, where were their canoes. Sol noticed an empty bottle left, where they had been sitting.

Behind their own canoe, he now noticed another, which at first, was partially hidden from him. What was his surprise to see that this canoe was the one that belonged to their camp.

"Where did you get that canoe?" he asked, abruptly.

The Indian, always suspicious, was made doubly so by Sol's tone of voice, due to his surprise at seeing the canoe in their possession. They apparently resented his intrusion, which was a dangerous condition of temper, seeing that both were under the influence of intoxicants.

"Who are you?" asked the younger of the two, in good English.

"That's our canoe. Where did you get it?"

Sol continued his interrogation in the same peremptory tone.

The Indians had apparently picked it up floating. The abrupt appearance of Sol, and the still more abrupt speech, caused by his excitement in seeing the canoe in their possession, incensed them. They concluded that he was accusing them of stealing it. Both of them looked at him angrily. The younger of the two, made bold by fire-water, moved forward and answered him with heat.

"What you do here, anyway? This is Indian Reserve. You get off here."

Before Sol was aware of his intention, he struck out and dealt him a heavy blow on the forehead. The blow of itself was sufficient to have stunned him, but his weakened condition accentuated the likelihood of it. He dropped down, an unconscious heap upon the sand.

When he came to himself, he found that he was lying at the bottom of their own canoe, pinioned hand and foot with cords. The two Indians were paddling hurriedly over the waters of the Bay, towing Sol's canoe behind them. Which way they would take him, or where they would land him, he had no way of knowing.

Observing the canoe, he noticed that two holes were punctured on its left side, as if it had been smashed against the rock by the storm. At the bottom of the canoe, by his side, lay the two guns of the boys, their sweater coats, and their fishing tackle. Two ducks, that they apparently had shot, were there also.

But where were the boys? Had the canoe capsized, and been kept adrift by the air-tight com-

partments at its bow and stern? The thought of a catastrophe, and the treachery of the waters of the Bay, filled his mind with uneasy concern. He stirred in the canoe, and attracted the attention of the Indians.

Noticing that he had recovered, or because they deemed they were far enough out on the water, the young Indian, who had struck the blow that felled Sol, whipped a knife out of his belt, cut the rope that attached Sol's canoe to theirs, and let him drift, helpless in hand or foot to save himself.

As the Indians paddled off, he could hear their hysterical laugh, punctuated by an occasional yell. Had he the free use of his hands, there would be no difficulty in getting to shore. With the guns and the fishing tackle, he could provide himself with sufficient food until he got back to the encampment. But he was as helpless as a new-born babe to do anything for himself, unless he got rid of these cords that bound him.

The canoe was beginning to move about more restlessly, the presage of a coming storm. Had he a stone, or some rough surface against which to rub the rope on his hands, he might by friction, and in the course of time, wear them through and thus free himself. Sufficient time for this, however, was not to be allowed him. He looked up to the sky to see if he could glean any information of what kind of a night the Fates had determined for him.

So intent was he on this that he did not hear the dipping of a paddle coming nearer him. Before he was aware of its approach, a canoe had pulled up alongside of him. It was occupied by one person alone, an Indian from an Odahwah tribe much farther north. At the sight of the occupant and his plight, the Indian uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Who tied?" he enquired. "Ojibway?"

His supposition was that Sol was one arrested by the tribe for some grave misdemeanor and were adopting this method of punishing him.

Sol shook his head. "No," he answered, "drunk Indian."

"Drunk Indian!" he repeated in surprise. "One or two?'

"Two. Went over, I think, towards the village on the Island."

"Yes, me know. They get sorry for that some day."

After this, the Indian paused for some considerable time, as if he were doubting the wisdom of interfering with the current of events in Sol's life, before he followed up with his next question.

"Where you from?"

"Parry Island. My home is in Toronto."

"Toronto far away. You sick, long time hungry?"

Sol nodded.

"Me take you to Pleasant Island, give you tea and fish."

He pointed to some fine specimen of trout lying at the bottom of his own canoe, apparently gotten by trawl on his way there. Reaching forth with a knife, he cut the cords that bound Sol to helplessness. Sol thanked the Indian heartily. The gladness that lighted up his face, was answered back by the Indian with a broad smile.

"Don't like that." He pointed to the western sky, where ribbon clouds thickly floated.

He fastened the bow of Sol's canoe to the stern of his own, and changing his course, began paddling directly for Pleasant Island. In a short while he had reached the shore, and beached on a point of the Island facing almost due west.

Unloading his equipment, he drew out first a blanket, and folding it double, spread it on the ground, asking Sol to be seated on it. Sol gladly availed himself of its comfort, which was further augmented by the Indian's taking off his coat, and placing it folded on the blanket for a pillow. The Indian then built a fire near to where Sol lay, and prepared their supper, erecting also, between times, their tent for the night.

Sol closed his eyes as these preparations went on, wondering what the meaning and the issue of it all would be. Before him, in day dream, passed his mother, the old home, Opie and the boys in the camp, one by one in turn. He was roused from his reverie by the Indian's invitation to supper.

Sol ate sparingly, though no meal he had ever eaten was more relished, nothing more appetising than those fresh trout, roasted in jackets of clay in the coals of the fire. He was too wise to eat more than a fraction of what his hunger craved. But if Sol limited his eating, his companion did not. No remnant of the generous meal was left, when their eating was finished.

After supper, they both withdrew into the tent, to the bed made of the small branches of the evergreen boughs. There, under the one blanket, the boy and man slept side by side. Neither heard the raging of the waters, as they beat against the rocks of the near shore, or knew how great was the tempest from which they escaped. Both slept soundly, the one because of his little strength, the other because of his great eating.

Through the night there was a crash, as if the whole woods had fallen. Their hut shook, the ground trembled, and their bed with it.

"Ouch!" said the Indian, and he rolled over.

Sol sat up hurriedly.

(To be continued in next issue.)

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

Reminiscences of Cameron McLeod

II.

A TRUE SPORT

"AND you never saw a speckled trout?"

"No, I have to admit that I never have."

"And you never fished?"

"No. You see we lived on the good farm lands down below, and there was no water there in which to fish; all farm lands, good farm lands, you know."

"Ah, if only Joe Poynter would come next week as he said he would, I 'low you would see speckled trout. And he might indeed, take you and show you how to fish." This she said as an after-thought.

"That would be very enjoyable. I do hope that he may come. It would be quite a new experience for me to spend a day fishing."

"It's the fine lad that Joe was; and many's the fish that me and my mate got from him and his father. That was the good times, when we two families were alone in the Green Bush. There is the pan that I used to cook them in, and Joe seemed to know its size and its shape, and when he goed to fish, and he goed often, that pan was full. The big one lay in the middle, its beautiful black back, its yellow belly, and the red spots all laid in regular rows along it. Then the next smallest along side of that until the pan was chuck full. My, how I would like to hear them sputtering and frying in that pan as they used to do. But these days are gone, years ago. The people are not the same; the Blue Jay is not the same; the bush is not the same. There is nothing the same as it used to be, everything is changed, except me and my mate there."

The mate sat on the other side of the cook-stove, his legs crossed, a short clay pipe in his mouth. Once and again, he would take this instrument of joyful solace out, poise it in the air, and from his lips spit a little gray puff, which by a carefully blown whiff, spread itself in the immediate atmosphere around his face, not so unlike the birch broom of the Mate's partner that sat in the corner. When this had fully disappeared, another would be shot out after it, giving to a dreamer of dreams, the fantasy of the regular recurrence of the going forth to a better land of the spirits of the departed.

The other occupant of the room was a young man with a sentimental face, and soft hands. He was the Missionary student, and had come to this Northland, partly to help the people how to live, but principally to secure the finance that would see him through another season in the theological hall in the country down south. He was neatly dressed in black, and his collars and cuffs, and he had both in his apparel, were inscrutably white. He had received them by mail from a Chinese laundry in the Southland, whither they went on their weekly journey, and had put them on for the especial occasion of this pastoral call. There he sat, so stiff and starched, that it deepened the impression on the simple-minded people of this Northland, of the possibility of obtaining an immaculate white life in that goodly land away across the channel.

There was considerable pause after this last remark of the Mistress, when she again took up her reveries.

"These were the good days, and Joe knew how to fish. If he comes back, we'll have fish."

"Be not so sure of that, Mistress," her spouse warned. They always called themselves 'Mistress' and 'Mate' when any one was around. What they called themselves at other times, no one seemed to know, as there was no one there to tell.

"The Missionary student rubbed his soft white hands together, and looked with a pleasant smile first at one and then towards the other."

"Be not so sure of that. Times are changed. And the Creek is changed. There's no specks there since they cleaned out the Jay for their saw-logs. There are no holes where they can hide, no trees to shade them. Joe, nor nobody else can't get fish where there ain't any."

"Strange to me if Joe wouldn't find some in the black hole in Bill Porter's swamp. They haven't taken away the water, and they haven't taken away the swamp," the Mistress answered. After a pause, "Joe'll get fish, Mate, mind you that;" and she looked wistfully at the frying-pan sitting on the top of the high oven of their cook-stove.

In answer the old man simply shook his head incredulously, and the Missionary student rubbed his soft white hands together, and looked with a pleasant smile first towards the one and then towards the other for further light, on the disputed subject.

The Blue Jay had surely changed since the arrival of the whiteman on the island of the Great Spirit. The beautiful hardwood forest at its source was the favorite camping ground of migratory Odahwah Indians ever since they had come to this island from the Mississippi. Its cool, fresh waters supplied the best drink that whiteman or Indian could find. It was always clean, always clear, always cold in summer, warm in winter. Frost did not affect it as the rapidity of its flow from the Manitou Lake to the Lake of the Hurons prevented it from being affected by the rigourous winters of this northern clime. It was therefore sweet and clear and cold in summer, and sweet and clean and clear and warm in winter. It was the great haven of the speckled trout. Every environment that makes for the happiness and enjoyment of their fish-life was there. The coolness of the stream, the swiftness and clearness of its waters, filtered by the three miles of lime-stone rock, through which it passed as it coursed underground for the first three miles of its journey, and the darkness of its shades, made it a congenial home for the sportive brook trout in the early days of its history. But the

Whiteman came, and he took away everything but the water and the lake from which it came. Instead of the forest domain on either side, there came the Amer farm, the Bryant farm, the Porter farm, the grist mill, and all the other requirements of the Whiteman's life, so that the trout which teemed its waters, decreased in numbers with every new addition of the Whiteman's cleared acres.

When Joe arrived according to his pre-arranged intentions, Mrs. Blew requested that he spend one of the three days, all the time he could afford to visit the haunts of his youth, fishing for Specks in the Jay.

"It's no use," the Mate protested. "The Jay is not the same. Joe will not know one of the old spots, they are so changed. The old beech, where he and his chums used to spend so many play hours when tired of fishing, was gone. The big cedar, which shaded the hole, where his father caught that whale of a trout for which the Yankee gave him five dollars, and told in Chicago it was his own catch, that is gone also. The logs and holes everywhere are gone. I tell you, Mistress, it's no use. Joe'd better see his old chums, and let us know all about this far north where he has been all these years."

"But, Mate," answered his wife, as Joe sat listening, "there's Bill Porter's swamp. It's there still. And the canoe; sure, Brown will give him the canoe, and he'll see Bess as he passes. Joe hasn't forgotten Bess yet, I'll warrant. Besides we promised the Preacher-man, Poor Soul, that he would take him, and show him fish and how to fish. It would be a pity that he should go to heaven and never see a trout."

And, again, she looked wistfully at her frying pan.

"That's what makes me sure, he'll not catch any," continued the Mate. "If he were alone, he would come home with the basket full, forbye that Brown will give him the canoe. But that preacher-man will scare them away. You and me, we like to look at these white things around his neck and wrists, but Specks don't like that. Let Joe go alone, if he's going."

When Joe heard of Brown's he made up his mind in a trice that he would take the Preacher-man for a fishing trip down the Jay. He remembered the days of Baird and Builder and Thompson, and how much good it used to do to see and hear them. It was like the whiff of the south wind in the spring to be with one of them. He would take this preacher-man down this stream for their sakes, and give him a good day's sport. Besides, he would see Bessie. Was she changed? How did she look? And what kind was her man?

The canoe was got, and Joe sat in the stern, with the paddle in his hand. He liked the paddle, perhaps as much as he liked the rod, especially in running swift rapids. To-day, it was Bessie's canoe, and Bessie's paddle, or her man's, which was the same. It made him think cheerfully of the days of the past. He guided it down the swift waters of the Jay without a sound or a swish. He reached the swamp. He knew where every hole ought to be. Some of them were gone, but some of them were there still. The Preacher-man offered to take the canoe, and let Joe finish.

"Were you ever in a canoe before?"

"No. This is my first. You see we were brought up on good farm land down below, all farm land, good farm land, and I didn't learn to fish. There were no waters."

"Well, if you were never in a canoe, we could not fish with you here in the back. The Speck has ears as well as eyes, and we must creep up like as an Indian creeps up on the deer in the forest. The swish of this paddle would send them skeltering, frightened away for a week."

Jos knew more about a canoe than the preacher-man knew about good farming away down east. He had run every stream of the farther north, and when it was a dangerous rapid, it was Joe that was at the stern. He had dropped the eighteen and a half feet that was between the Superior and the Huron in height at the Soo rapids, and guided it swiftly and safely between the ice-floes and rock boulders, at times when others would have drowned. He had coursed the whole of the Rainy River and its rapids, and had saved a party of Green Jacks from going over the Falls at Fort Frances, so close were they to the top that the women clasped their hands tight, and the men said that he would never reach them or fetch them back. He had run the Ragged rapids, the Sandy Gray, and every other one of the dangerous Muskosh. It was therefore a small thing for him to creep up on the wily trout in the deep holes in Bill Porter's swamp. He held the canoe aright, with his left hand holding on to an overhanging alder, while with his right hand he showed the preacher-man how to cast and how to lift. It gave him great pain when he saw his companion pulling hard when he ought to be lifting slow, and lifting slow when he ought to be pulling hard. It gave him still greater pain to see some beauties come to the surface, hang to the hook awhile, and then splash back again through the lack of skill in the hand that held the rod. But, all in all, the day was an ideal trout day. The worm beguiled. The smaller ones rushed in groups of half a dozen, snapped at the hook, and took it and hook together into their

mouths, while the preacher-man in his turn lifted them up, took them off the hook, and put them in his basket. Once or twice the sport became too tempting for Joe, to sit still as a mere spectator. He, too, threw in his line, and landed beauties, which also found their way into the preacher-man's basket. But after a while, either the trout day was over, or the fish were done, the biting and catching ceased, but two or three dozen of varying sizes had found their way into the basket. Joe paddled back and moored the canoe at its usual landing. He drew it up on the shore, and went over to Brown's to speak a word to Bess.

As he was about to start, the preacher-man took up the basket and said.

"Shall we divide these fish, that I caught?"

"Oh, no," Joe immediately answered. "Take them to your landlady. She'll be pleased to know what a good trout fisher you have become in a day."

"Well, that is very kind of you. Since it is your wish, I'll do it."

He shouldered the rod, took up the basket, and started off in the direction of the road, while Joe went to tender his thanks to the owner of the canoe.

"It was awfully good of you, Bess, to give us that canoe. This was a regular old-time trout day."

"Oh, the canoe! That was nothing. It made me feel good all day to think that you were sitting in it. I am glad that you got a good catch."

"But I didn't. It was the Preacher-man."

"And you, what did you do?"

"Paddled; just as good, you know, seeing it was your canoe. Say, Bess, do you remember the times I used to carry your books home for you from school?"

"Indeed I do, as if it were only yesterday."

"Calf's love, I suppose."

"That's what the kids called it."

"But I have never had any other, Bess."

"Nor I either, Joe, for the matter of that."

"But them's your kids?"

"Yes, Dave's and mine. The biggest, the boy, we've called him Joe, I've called him after you, but no one knows that. Fourteen years to be away is a long time, Joe."

"It's more'n twenty, Bess."

"When Lias Craig came back and said that you were away north, and married to a squaw, and Dave was always kind, I said, 'If he can marry a squaw, then I can marry a Whiteman,' and I did, Joe."

"Married a squaw? I'm not married Bess."

"No, now, is that true?"

"Never was, never is, and never will be. You can't take a family of kids to explore and hunt and fish in the woods. A squaw is all right for Lias Craig, but not for me."

Further conversation was interrupted by the appearing of Bess's successful other half.

"Is he O.K.?" he managed to ask as he looked in his direction as he approached.

"Very," was the brief answer.

"Joe's meeting with Brown was cordial. He promised to return and spend the evening with them. Before leaving, he asked,

"The Old Folks in the Glen, how are they faring?"

"Oh, just as the neighbour's help them."

"Nothing, eh, and they must be near ninety."

"Not quite, but climbing that way."

"Pshaw, I wish I had kept those fish from the Preacher-man. They'd feel good, I'll warrant, to the old folks."

"Mrs. Blew was sure you would bring some home. How many did you catch?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I caught a half a dozen beauties, but he caught twenty or thirty minnows besides." He was so tickled over them that I hadn't the heart to take away the real fish from him."

Joe overtook his partner in the fishing expedition sitting on the fence. They crossed through the fields, and came to the road, where their ways parted.

When Joe arrived, the Mistress was sitting at the window, awaiting his coming. The frying pan was cleaned and battered ready for the fish that she knew would come. The Mate was on the other side of the stove, in his accustomed place, and the accustomed clap pipe in his mouth. When Joe stepped in, he poised it in the air, and held it there, awaiting the verdict as to whether the Mate or the Mistress were the truer prophets.

When she saw Joe's hands and they were empty, she looked at the frying pan, and then at the Mate. His face was radiant with a smile. Complete satisfaction beamed over his whole countenance. Getting her breath, she managed to utter the question that was nearest her heart all the day,

"The Specks, Joe, where are they?"

"Gone with the Preacher-man, Mrs. Blew; and there were half a dozen dandies."

"Now, Mistress, I told you," came exultingly from the Mate. "If Joe had gone alone as I trowed, the fish would now be sputtering in the pan. If they isn't, and I can't see them," and he looked teasingly at the place prepared for the mess that never came, "it was as I told you, afore, because of that Preacher-man."

The old man had just had his little enjoyment at the expense of his spouse, when she, looking out of the window, saw a boy coming from the direction of the Browns towards their house. He seemed to carry a bundle and a string of fish. Was Joe playing a trick on her, or, had the Preacher-man taken

a second thought, and was returning them? "He laughs best who laughs last," was all she said, and continued sitting at the window.

The Mistress continued at the window looking out through the corner of her eye. The fish were getting nearer the pan; there could be no mistaking it. The little lad burst into the door.

"Here, Mrs. Blew, Joe Poynter's fish."

"Laws now, and how did you get them?"

"Mamma sent me after them, and I got them from the Preacher-man."

"But how did you know them?"

"They were the fish; the others were minnows."

When the fish were spread out on the plate, the Mistress laughed outright with very glee. And the Mate came over, laying aside the pipe on the window sill, and joined her in her approbation of Joe's skill.

Joe patted his namesake on the head, and the little fellow looked up and smiled, and somehow felt that here was one who in some way belonged to him. He put his hand into his pocket, slipped a small lump into the hand of the youngster, as he went away. When he got home, he found a valuable nugget from the far north land, where he had been buried these many years, and which is now opened out as a source of wealth, because of his untiring energy and exploration. To this land Joe went back, his dreams of riches realized for another not for himself. He is now no more. A miner's cartridge did it.

The Preacher-man in due time went south. In his best moods, he relates how in his youthful days, he beat the crack fisher of the olden days of the Blue Jay at his own game, and he just a raw sport, one day old.

"We caught not less than thirty. He caught six, and I caught the rest."

And he passes through the world in happy delusion, just as a fisher of fish so now as a fisher of men, he still believes that it is quantity and not quality that counts.

Fishing for specks of quality is always good sport but you have got to go north to get them.

The Cave of the Spirit

A Traditional Legend of Indian War and Love and Hate

CHAPTER II.

The Extermination of the Iroquois War Party by an Ojlbway Hunting Camp

THE canoes of the Iroquois were all loaded, and every preparation for embarking on their homeward journey was made, when the mischance of Ke-ke-ah-mik occurred. Had he delayed his arrival at the point another ten minutes, his discovery and capture would have not taken place. But now he is captured and the Iroquois delay to consider the disposition they will now make of him.

The three runners who had been defeated in the race against Ke-ke-ah-mik, all counsel that he be tomahawked at once, and so prevent the possibility of another escape. But the Chief would have none of it.

"That boy belongs to me. I won him. He tried to escape, but the Great Spirit brought him back to me, for he wants him to be my son."

The argument was on the side of the Chief. In addition, there were influences at work in his mind directing him to this course. Another vision the previous night had followed this first one, wherein he saw the Huron youth saving him from death. In this dream, which was still troubling him, he saw fire and smoke and death. His men were lying round about him, but they were corpses, fallen by the tomahawk of unseen hands. As these are about to descend on himself also, Ke-ke-ah-mik rushes in and effects a rescue. Here now, and as it were in preparation for the fulfilment of his dream, Ke-ke-ah-mik is again with him. Surely the spirits have spoken truly to him through the night.

"Put him in my canoe," he repeated, "he belongs to me."

The remaining Indians reluctantly obeyed. They pinioned his hands and weighted his feet, and thus safeguarded, they placed him in the bow of the Chief's canoe, in a sitting posture.

BUT another incident occurred which affected the minds of the Iroquois uneasily, and made them eager to quit the neighborhood. It was the appearance of a little white gull which came on the scene co-incident with the capture of Ke-ke-ah-mik. This phenomenon was as surprising to the captured Huron as it was to his captors. Although he knew

it was a tame bird which belonged to the destroyed village, he could not reason out how it had found him on this opportune occasion, and why follow him for several miles from his former home. As the Iroquois were busied pinioning their captive, the bird arrived and perched on a limb a few feet above their head. And when, later, they placed him in the canoe, the gull flew over and sat on the bow by his side.

This confirmed the Chief's mind in the reality of his dream, and the certainty that the spirits were out on some serious errand. The warrior band could not free themselves from the uneasy feeling that Ke-ke-ah-mik was being protected. They were all one now with the Chief in the conviction that to do him harm would be to court disaster, and that to avoid this they would have to treat him with consideration and kindness.

To Ke-ke-ah-mik's great surprise, when the brigade of canoes started out, he saw them strike northward and continue their journey in that direction. He was the more surprised at this, as he knew that this but led them farther away from their own territory, and the season was not only late, but there were ominous signs of an early winter. Why should they overlook these forecastings, and run the risk of spending the winter in an enemy territory? At the late close of the day, they came to a group of islands, where they disembarked and made preparations to spend the night. Here they found a shoal of fish, and so they remained the following day feasting on their discovery, and also laying in a supply for their future need.

When they started out the second time, as they embarked, the gull started ahead and flew southward, giving unmistakeable signs that she wished them to follow her. The men took their cue from this omen, and turned southward. As more suitable weather for crossing the Bay could not have been provided, the Iroquois came to the conclusion that the gull was a bird of good, not of evil omen. Once or twice, she was followed by other gulls, but in course of time they deserted her, and she continued her solitary flight now southward, now westward, as the position from island to island seemed to direct her. Occasionally she alighted on the bow of the canoe by the side of Ke-ke-ah-mik, leaving the direction of their route to their own judgment. The day was not ended when they were sighting the mainland on the farther side of the Bay.

ON their approach though they did not see her, there emerged from the forest, which thickly covered the farthest point of the mainland stretching out northward into Lake Huron, a young Indian woman. Her hair was tied up in that fashion peculiar to the Odahwahs, which caused the French to style them "The Indians of the standing hair." Her feet were moccassined with deer skin, on each of which, with porcupine quills, the figure of a beaver was worked. Instead of the usual loose leggings, her lower limbs were swathed in the same kind of skin, held in place with thongs dyed red. These were crossed at regular intervals, making a decorative effect of diamond figures about an inch square. An apron of beaver skin, with the fur turned towards her body, was fastened to her waist. Her outer garment was a tight-sleeved cloak, covering in length about two-thirds of her height. She wore no ornaments, save some pearls about her ears. If her sex had been differently denominated, she might have been chosen a chief for her carriage, a runner for her swiftness, or a hunter because of her strength. These traits of physique were all met in this prodigy of nature, the offspring of a Basque fur-trader and an Odahwah mother.

Wemikong, for such was her name, moved out to the furthest point of the cape, and gazed steadily towards the north-west. The sun was dipping into the western lake, leaving behind a light grey cloud, tinted in purple and red and yellow, which was mirrored in sublime beauty by the smooth waters of the lake. A flock of wild geese were passing over her head, forming in their flight the shape of the letter V. They were flying low, as they were looking for a resting place for the night. Their medley cries were a prophecy of the coming winter, which even already had arrived in the far north from which they had just come. The brown and russet and red foliage of the thick woodland lining the shore, was further evidence that the days of snow-shoes and fur packs were drawing near. She was looking earnestly across the channel in the direction of the Isle of the Great Spirit, the home of her people.

As Wemikong gazed across the channel towards the island where her tribal people roamed its woods, hunted its beaver and deer, and fished in its numerous streams and lakes and bays, she was startled to hear the swish of paddles to her right. Turning, she saw a flotilla of canoes bearing swiftly down on the cape. Wemikong crept back under cover of the closely-grown undergrowth of the woodland, to a point where she might observe unnoticed the occupants, and learn whether they were the canoes of friends or of foes. As they drew near, she saw they were Iroquois. Her attention was first attracted to the captive in the Chief's canoe, and beside whom the gull was now sitting. She noticed also a Huron scalp uplifted on a short pole in the bow of each other canoe, indicating that this band of

braves had achieved another victory over that unhappy tribe, the extinction of whom they had now so vigorously undertaken.

They did not land on the cape as she deemed they would, but sought a sheltered and secluded bay on this side of the point, which served both as a hiding place from any stalking Hurons or their confederates the Ojibways, and also as a shelter from a rising north-west wind, which was just beginning to sway the tall and stately pines that grew on this promontory. Wemikong stealthily followed them, watched their movements, noted their strength, saw them erect their shelters, build their fires, until every preparation for the night was completed. A luckless deer crept out to the point. The crack of a Dutch rifle in the hand of an Iroquois, and soon this gentle habitant of the wood was being transformed into Indian energy and life. In a short time these triumphant Iroquois were asleep, around their dying fires, danger unscented, unexpected.

WEMIKONG crept back through the darkness and the forest to the encampment of the Ojibways with whom she was sojourning. These had recently come from the north shore of the lake by way of the Manitoulin, where they had paid a friendly visit to the Odahwahs residing there. They were preparing themselves for a winter encampment in this neighborhood because of the abundance of game in the woods and of fish in its near waters. Wemikong was brought back with them with a view to her becoming the bride of Wah-wic, a runner of their band, and a son of their Chief. She was given by her people in exchange for an Ojibway, both of these being given as pledges of the friendly relations existing between these two tribes, who were said never to have lifted the axe, the one against the other. But in the meantime Wemikong enjoyed the freedom of virgin life, as she had not yet avowed herself in complete reconciliation with the proposal.

In a short time she reached the encampment, gave the alarm, and was soon returning through the darkness of the night, and with her forty Ojibways ready to rid themselves of the danger of an immediate enemy. The situation of each Iroquois was easily discernible by the bright light of the shining moon. The Ojibways crept up until each one stood over a sleeping Iroquois, when, with their customary war-whoop, forty tomahawks were uplifted over the heads of forty sleeping Iroquois, and the deadly axe fell fatally on the head of each. Two only escaped the doom that befell the rest, Ke-ke-ah-mik and the Chief.

These two were marched back to the camp, and an orgy of dancing, feasting and singing began, which continued throughout the whole of the remaining night and the following day. Ke-ke-ah-mik and the Iroquois Chief looked on as silent spectators.

The Ojibways were too much engrossed in their festivities to take time to conclude what disposition they were going to make of the two captives.

Wemikong, however, kept aloof from the feast-makers, and so found opportunity to enter into conversation with Ke-ke-ah-mik unobserved by any others, the similarity in their dialects making conversation quite easy.

"You are Ke-ke-ah-mik from Wah-so-ko-sing. I have heard of you," she observed. "How did you come to be taken captive?"

"The Iroquois saw some of our fishermen, and they followed them through the woods to the village. We did not know they were there until we heard them yell, and saw them running towards us."

"Did your men fight?" she asked.

"Some," was his answer; "but some others were afraid."

"Afraid! Why were they afraid "

"Because they were Iroquois."

"You Hurons are now all afraid of the Iroquois."

"Yes, but I'm not a Huron."

"You have the Huron clothes."

"My father was an Ojibway, and my mother an Odahwah. I just lived with the Hurons because my father lived there."

"My mother was an Odahwah," Wemikong informed her companion.

"And your father?'

"Out in the bush; never saw him."

"Coeur de bois?"

"I guess. Was your father killed by the Iroquois?"

"Yes, and my mother and brother and two sisters."

"Didn't your father and you fight for your mother?"

"Yes. I killed four or five. My father killed two. My mother killed the Iroquois that killed my little sisters. All the village killed twenty Iroquois but they were too many."

"Your mother did well, but why did they not kill and burn you?'

Ke-ke-ah-mik pointed to the Chief, and related how he, who was now a captive, had twice saved his life. When Wemikong heard this, she said:

"He, they'll kill and cook; but you, they'll let go to-morrow."

"Perhaps, but I don't care."

"Where were you going when you ran away from them?"

"North, and north, and north, to the Odahwahs, to my mother's home at the Cave of the Spirit."

"She from there?"

"Yes."

"So am I. Some day I'll go back."

"So will I. Perhaps we'll go together."

She shook her head and walked away.

AS Wemikong meditated on the good offices of the Iroquois Chief towards Ke-ke-ah-mik, she resolved she would bring about his escape, if at all possible. Ke-ke-ah-mik she knew would soon be free. It only remained that the slaughter of the Iroquois should first be duly celebrated, and then the Council, she was sure, would grant him his liberty.

That night, the whole camp being heavy in sleep, she provisioned and prepared a canoe for the Chief's escape. She cut the thongs that bound him to the tree, and led him away stealthily and quietly to the place where she had secreted it. Then pointing to the moon, she bade him depart.

On the shore she stood in the dim moonlight, and watched him disappear as a shadow southward to his own people. She knew that he would come back and wreak vengeance for this massacre of his men.

She warned him, as the Good Spirit had now saved him, never to risk his scalp again in the land of the Chippewas. Her warning, she knew by the gleam of hate in his eye, to be falling on deafened ears.

When the camp became astir the next morning, there was great consternation when they learned that the Iroquois Chief had made good his escape. But they did not suspect treachery, for sitting on the limb of a tree above Ke-ke-ah-mik sat a white gull. The escape of the Chief, they in their superstition thought, linked with this omen. Ke-ke-ah-mik was set free with great jubilation, and adopted into their tribe as one of their own people, with the privilege of all the rights belonging to any one other of their tribe.

His dexterity in hunting, the male members of the camp desired to test immediately, and so well did he acquit himself, that he was considered a valuable addition to their camp.

But there was one of their number that did not so view him. Instinctively, Wahwic realized that here was a rival. His observant eyes were not long in detecting signs of attention on the part of Wemikong towards Ke-ke-ah-mik, and of Ke-ke-ah-mik towards Wemikong. Dark thoughts crept into his mind, a fertile field for treacherous purpose.

His sullen mood did not affect the courageous Wemikong. Approaching him on one occasion, as he sat in one of his sullen moods under a great tree, she asked,

"Why are you not rising up and going for deer? Are you afraid of Iroquois? Why are you sitting, sitting under the trees?"

(To be continued)

The Garafraxa Road in 1851

By Robert Crichton, Owen Sound.

The Garafraxa Road that connects the town of Fergus in Wellington County, with the Georgian Bay at Owen Sound, and has lately been selected as one of the Provincial Highways under the Good Road system of Ontario, has a history extending back more than eighty years. It was in 1839 that Mr. Chas. Rankin, P.L.S., was commissioned by the Government to locate a highway from the village of Fergus to the head of Owen Sound, and to survey a town-plot there. In locating the road, Mr. Rankin selected as much as possible the high lying land, and avoided the swamp, so the road has numerous bends that seem unreasonable to the modern observer, but was a wise foresight from the pioneer's standpoint.

Some of the first settlers penetrated over the trail thus made through to Owen Sound in the summer of 1840, among the first was Mr. John Telfer, who had been appointed Crown Land Agent.

In the succeeding winter Mr. A. M. Stephens made the journey from near Norval, with a yoke of oxen and a "jumper." The road extended through the townships of Nicol, Peel, and Arthur to the county line at a point on the Maitland river where Mt. Forest now stands, and in Grey Co. it is bounded on the west by the townships of Normandy, Bentinck, Sullivan and Derby, and on the east by Egremont, Glenelg, Holland and Sydenham, and nearly the entire way was then, a dense wilderness. In Grey County the land adjoining the road on either side was given to actual settlers in free grants of 50 acres, and was quickly settled, and the holdings being small, the clearings soon joined and gave the road an open appearance. It was not till 1851 that I first made its acquaintance. I was then twelve years old, and in company with my brother who was some years older. We were driving six head of cattle, and had a horse that we rode alternately. We left Caledon, Peel county, making a short stage the first day, and reached Fergus the second evening, and put up at the Wellington Hotel, a comfortable stone building with good stables.

Fergus was then a compact village, and the number of substantial stone buildings impressed me as unusual at that time. Next morning we struck the Garafraxa road and journeyed north to Wright's tavern, our objective, near the head of Arthur township. Wright's was a comfortable log building, well provided for comforts and accommodation. Mrs. Wright during a former marriage had been a near neighbor of our relatives in Erin, and I, being by mother's boy was royally entertained.

Next morning, five miles driving brought us to Mount Forest. There was the mount, and the forest, but no houses as yet, but a little way into the wood on the east side of the road was an Indian wigwam, the first I ever saw. Three years later, passing there again, there were new houses, trees, brush piles, and piles of cordwood intermixed, Mount Forest in embryo. Five miles further we reached the forty mile swamp. How many of my readers have ever heard of the forty mile swamp? The story was current in the old days (I'll not vouch for it), of a party of land seekers who reached it about 4 p.m., and very prudently struck camp for the night, deeming it unwise to enter such a swamp so late in the day. Next morning, entering boldly, they very soon emerged into dry, hardwood bush land on the other side. It may have dawned then upon them that the swamp was forty miles from Owen Sound. This day was damp and chilly. The winter tracks breaking up as we came north, made traveling more tedious.

My brother was very sick all day, and growing worse, I had to trudge after the cattle most of the time and let him ride, so that we were glad to reach the hospitable shelter of Hunter's hotel in Durham. Mrs. Hunter, motherly woman, had my brother off to bed, plied with hot drinks and in two hours he was blooming red with measles.

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Being thus stalled on the way, it was decided that the cattle should be left in Durham and that I should ride through to the new home, that my father should return with the mare, leave her for my brother and drive the cattle home. Accordingly, the program thus arranged, and instructions as to the road fully given, in the morning I again took to the road for a thirty mile ride. I was not interested in the topography, or the sights by the way. My one objective was to get there. On this part of the road, in places where it passed through woods, the winter track was still unbroken, and in these places I could make good speed, so that about 11 a.m. the "twenty mile swamp," McIntosh's tavern, now Dornoch, was reached. Here I was told to feed and have dinner.

Old Mr. McIntosh was much interested in my story and I have ever since cherished warm respect for his kindness to me, a boy. There were no villages on this part of the way. There was Elliott's Mills at the Sauble, now Williamsford. Chatsworth had its origin many years later it was represented then by Devine's tavern, a hostelry. Passing Thompson's tavern, I knew I was nearing my goal. A mile further I met an old man walking, his coat over his arm and hat in hand. When he came near, knowing the mare he said, "Ah! my wee chappie, I've jist cam frae yer faither's an your mither'll be a prood woman this nicht." After hearing my story, he directed me to "gang doun ower the brae, an' the first reekin' lum ye come tae is Doctor Mowbray's," telling me to turn to my right there, but I did not need his direction. The old mare knew it all. My drooping spirits warmed by the old man's talk in my mother tongue, I pressed on, turned at the reekin' lum," on through the woods, a jumper track along the blaze. We finally came to a clearing, the mare turned in at an open gap, and took me to Mr. John Goodal's door, where a rousing welcome and a warm supper awaited me. After which Mr. Goodal led the way to my new home. There ended my first trip over the Garafraxu road in 1851.

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"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man."

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The Ideal That Should Govern a Conscientious Editor

as stated by

C. P. SCOTT

on his fiftieth anniversary as Editor of the Manchester "Guardian"

IN ALL living things there must be a certain unity, a principle of vitality and growth. It is so with a newspaper, and the more complete and clear this unity, the more vigorous and fruitful the growth. I ask myself what the paper stood for when I first knew it, what it has stood for since, and what it stands for now. A newspaper has two sides to it. It is a business, like any other, and has to pay in the material sense in order to live. But it is much more than a business; it is an institution; it reflects and influences the life of a whole community; it may affect even wider destinies. It is, in its way, an instrument of government. It plays on the minds and consciences of men. It may educate, stimulate, assist or it may do the very opposite. It has therefore, a moral as well as a material existence, and its character and influence are in the main determined by the balance of these two forces. It may make profit or power its first object, or it may conceive itself as fulfilling a higher and more exacting function.

I think that I may honestly say that, from the day of its foundation, there has not been much doubt as to which way the balance tipped so far as regards the conduct of the paper whose fine tradition I inherited, and which I had the honour to serve through all my working life. Had it not been so, personally I could not have served it. Character is a subtle affair, and has many shades and sides to it. It is not a thing to be much talked about, but rather to be felt. It is the slow deposit of past actions and ideals. It is for each man his most precious possession, and so it is for that latest growth of time, the newspaper. Fundamentally it implies HONESTY, COURAGE, FAIRNESS, A SENSE OF DUTY TO THE READER AND TO THE COMMUNITY.

A newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. . . . This is an IDEAL. Achievement in such matters is hardly given to man. Perhaps none of us can attain to it in the desirable measure. We can but try, ask pardon for shortcomings, and there leave the matter.

Greater Ontario

A Midsummer Trip through the Eldorado of the North.

By A VARSITY UNDERGRAD

YOU go to bed in Toronto, and you wake up the next morning at North Bay, two hundred and thirty miles north of the place where you crawled into your berth. You are anxious to see the dwelling place three hundred years ago of the Nipissing Indians and the lake around which the Ottawas are supposed to have rested on their migration westward to the Manitoulin Island. The clear waters of the lake are there, sparklingly bright, as they were to Le Caron and his brigade of Pagan Hurons, but the solitude of the wilderness is gone, as is also the primitive conditions of life of the Pagan Indian.

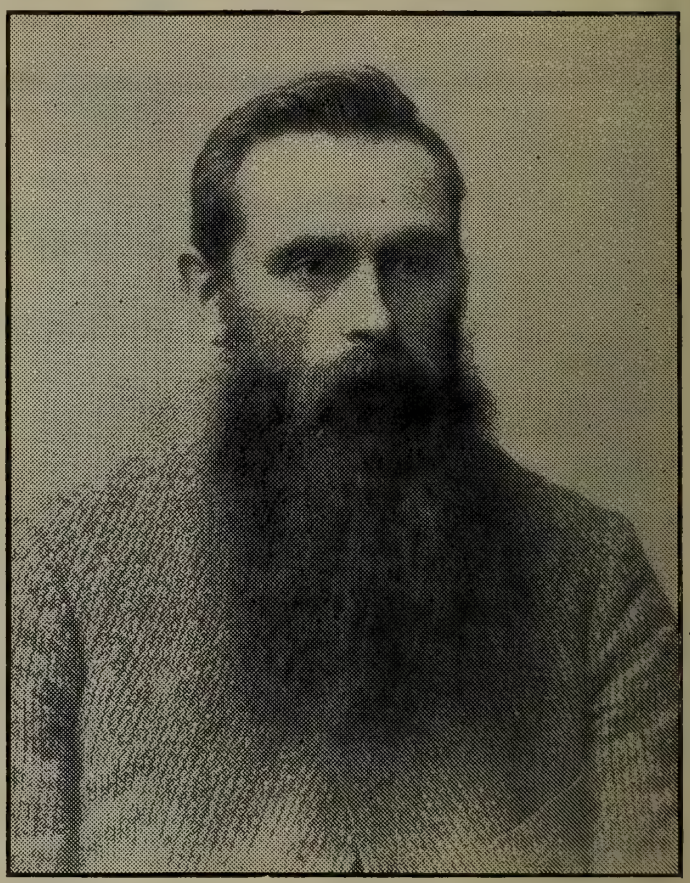
The stream and lake and the portage, these which once constituted the highways of the pagan, the fur-trader, and the pioneer, are still here, but they are no longer the highways by means of which the modern world passes through these regions. Running parallel with them and crossing them, pushing its way in every direction through these regions is the steel rail, and if not for this great World War, would have by this time got us one thousand miles nearer Europe by way of the James Bay. The whistling, rattling, racing railway-engine is civilization's greatest servant, and since it has made its advent into this country, the solitude of the past days is gone away forever. Instead of the bear and moose and beaver of the past, we have here now only man—man making railways, man making towns, man making power plants, man hacking and hewing down everything in the shape of a tree that can be turned into any kind of a marketable product.

But there is one kind of man in this Northland, who greatly impresses you. He is a man clothed in a brown duck suit, and a heavy pack by his side, and shod with high-top, heavy-soled, laced boots. You know him when you see him. He is the geologist of the north.

"Is this New Ontario?" I timidly asked one of these on an occasion, hesitating to display too great an ignorance concerning my own country.

"'New' Ontario!" he ejaculated, with a contemptuous emphasis on the 'New.' "No, sir, this is 'Old' Ontario. This country is the oldest in the world, older than Jerusalem, older than China, older than any other part of the earth. The rock you stand on, sir, is the oldest rock in the world."

"Is this Archean formation then?" I picked up a chip to examine it.



JOHN ARMSTRONG

FIRST CROWN LANDS' AGENT, TEMISCAMING, AND FOUNDER OF NEW LISKEARD.

"Archean! Whoever heard tell of Archean formation? This is Pre-Cambrian, the first of all the rocks."

The fellow with the pack and heavy boots is a knowing chap. As you listen to him, you become filled with great expectations. He puts ambition into the will of the stupidest, and hope into the heart of the poorest. According to this sage, the man who casts in his lot with this land of great rocks, great clay belts and great streams cannot do other than die rich.

"McMartins and Timmins, Tretheway and Leonard, and hundreds of others, they were all one day as poor as you are. Look at them now! Giving away millions, and every month digging out more millions."

"Were they once as poor as I?" I ask under my breath, half afraid, yet anxious to believe that some day I should sit with them on a high seat, far removed from the ragged edge of poverty.

"Just as poor. They kicked over a piece of rock, and, Jiminy crackers, it was gold; and they are kicking it over and picking it up ever since."

So he goes out into the bush to fight mosquitoes and black flies, gnats and horse flies, the pestiferous multitude of little life that make the gold when you find it a valuable asset. When the black cloud floats above his head, and the tall tree sways heavily, when the sky rumbles with a deep, rolling, basso voice, and flashes with a quick, sharp light which tells you to draw your skin a little tighter around your nervous system, then he sits under a tree to await developments. When the clouds have rolled away up yonder, he comes out from under the tree, but he is soaked to the skin and deeper. Then he goes in and finishes his explorations and also his victuals, while he is yet half a hundred miles from any cache. The gold is there, but he hasn't found it. He stakes a claim, however, and then comes out and incorporates a corporation, and hands the shares over to a financial agent, who readily sells them, for there are others besides he and I that would die rich if they could. The quest and the claim were worth while, but it was to the other fellow, expert in the ways of high finance.

Thus the game goes merrily on, but one day someone strikes the reality, then a flagging interest is aroused to a renewed enthusiasm, and continues in heat until it has reached the top-notch of an excited boom.

AS THE ENGINE stood at a backwoods station, to take water, I saw one of these geologists strike out into the woods.

"Will he get anything?" I asked of another of my picked-up acquaintances on the journey, as I pointed to the man with the pack disappearing along the path into the thick undergrowth of the woods.

"Will he ever come back, you mean?" The fellow had overheard my conversation with the other chap, and he was doubtless afraid I would get too roseate a view of the prospects of the prospector.

"Surely nothing so dire as that would happen."

"Just as likely to as not. Do you remember that station, Latchford, we passed?"

"That lumbering town? Oh, yes."

"In the spring of the year, when I was up here on a former trip, a party went out fifty miles from there towards the Montreal river, when one of them took desperately sick. He was a student from the S.P.S., Toronto, a bright chap, a graduate of Pickering College. He had just finished his examinations, and was coming up for a summer's experience in this north country, as many of these students do. His people lived in Toronto, tailors on Yonge street, I believe. Well, he kept getting sicker and sicker. They tried pain-killer, ginger tea, and even Old Scotch, but no good. It was his appendix. They hiked back, the snow yet in the swamps and woods, in some places two feet deep. The guides carried him sometimes on their shoulders, and sometimes drawing him after them on a hand-sleigh, keeping it up without rest, and stopping only to eat, and sometimes not for that. On the third day they reached Latchford, and his chum went with him on the train to Toronto. He reached the hospital alive, but he never came out the same way."

"A man, unless he is in the pink of health, and has had experience, has no business going so far into the woods," I suggested.

"Experience or no experience, it's just the same. Why, there was a fellow the name of Parsons who sat for eight years on a mining claim, which he called the Lady Maude, back of Haileybury, and when the great fire of five years ago swept that country, they found his dead body after on the claim, and it is the only thing of value that they will ever discover on it."

"But occurrences of that kind don't very often happen."

"Often? Why there are more happenings of that kind than there are mining claims, and of these, the maps are dotted thick with them. It isn't that all these who have claims are going to get anything, but they all think they are. Why, I remember three fellows fourteen years ago, yes, it is just fourteen years ago last June, and they were crossing Mountain lake, and their canoe shipped a heavy wave, and they went over. The one was a Swede, Jack Engstrom, the other an Englishman by the name of Milkman, and the third, Charlie, a Frenchman. The Englishman clung to the canoe and was picked up afterwards by two other prospectors that were passing that way, but the other two went down and stayed there."

I made no other remark, and our conversation ended.

After a while the train gave a whistle, and a puff. We both boarded it to be pulled still farther forward towards the pole.

"Where you heading for?" he asked as he passed my seat.

"Abitibi," I answered.

He handed me a printed slip, evidently a clipping from some newspaper.

"The trip to Abitibi is a dangerous one to those using shallow Peterborough canoes. The number of drowning accidents is large and swelling every day. The trip is made from McDougall's Chute, fifteen miles down the Black river, and thirty miles on the Abitibi river. This trip embraces five portages. In June, on the third, and fourth, and fifth days of the month, we encountered plenty of snow and ice on the lakes, and on the sixth and seventh days of the month we were held up on account of heavy rains."

This was not very encouraging, but as I read on I got hold of something more to my liking.

"It is evident that gold is deposited in conjunction with iron pyrites. There are evidences of it everywhere in the Abitibi region."

And so I am off to Abitibi to examine the evidences and to discover the gold.

(Continued in next issue.)

TEMISKAMING DISTRICT

This is the first of a series of articles on this great district, whose history goes back to the year 1670, as far as the Hudson Bay fur trade is concerned. The development of its vast agricultural lands, its great water powers and its mineral resources goes back only, however, to a period of not more than thirty-five years.

Cobalt

The Greatest Mining Camp of the Temiskaming District

The following article appeared in the Christmas number of the New Liskeard "Speaker," 1907, and was contributed by a mining engineer, formerly of Haileybury, but now of Toronto. The Temiskaming and Hudson Bay mine, and several other important mines, are not touched upon in this sketch. Arrangements are being made to have a history of the discovery and development of these other mines appear in our next issue.

THIS widely known and wonderful silver camp was discovered by accident by a railway blacksmith named La Rose, and was christened by Dr. W. G. Miller, "Cobalt Camp," and a more fitting or appropriate name could not have been given, as I am certain that no other camp in the globe is so well known today, and we all attribute this fact to its wonderful production, and its name.

THE FIRST mine was christened the "La Rose," and it was purchased by John and Duncan McMartin, D. Dunlap and Noah and Henry Timmins. The mine was purchased by these gentlemen for a mere song. The story is that only a few hundred were put down. The ore taken from the mine paid the balance. Mining at this mine started before the present steel was laid, and the first ore was taken down by several sleighs to Red Water and there shipped by rail to the United States.

La Rose, the finder of the first nugget of silver, retained a share in the northern half of the 80 acres, but unfortunately his share as yet has not produced many returns. The La Rose mine has now been working for over three years, and it is one of the very few mines that has been developed as it should be, and today it is in a position to stope out more ore than any other mine of the camp. Altogether the La Rose has produced over a million and a half dollars, and is capable of producing a very considerable amount of ore. It is authoritatively stated that there are five million dollars in sight, and as I know the shaft is down about three hundred feet, and there are thousands of feet of driving upon its numerous ledges, I do not think the above estimate is very far wrong.

THE McKINLEY AND DARRAGH was the next mine to be discovered, and it is said the owners shipped the first car of ore as Cobalt ore. Until the present company took over the mine, only a small wince was sunk and surface understoping was done from one open cut 205 feet long, average 14 feet deep. $205,000 were taken out in ten months. This return was sworn to by the owners to myself. The old owners of this mine thought the mine was no good, as the winze sunk upon the ore proved it to pinch, and being inexperienced men, they abandoned the mine and became anxious sellers.

Mr. Chapin one day appeared at Ottawa with a large credit from multimillionaire Sibley, of Rochester, and he purchased the mine for $400,000, and he immediately floated the mine into a company of two and a half millions of dollars, the shares soaring from par, one dollar, to three-fifty. It can only be conjectured what Mr. Chapin & Co. made out of the public. Half a dozen other leads have been discovered by the present company and dividends have been paid and will be paid in the future.

CHAMBERS, FERLAND, LAIRD AND GALBRAITH then took up and purchased a very large acreage now known as the Nipissing Mine. They discovered the little silver mine, and worked it to a depth of 30 feet or so when it pinched out, and

THE LA ROSE MINE, COBALT.

This is the main property of the Company, where Fred La Rose, the railway blacksmith, found silver in 1903, *during the construction of the T. & N.O. railway. The La Rose Company also controls several other valuable properties. The total production of these to the end of* 1915 *has enabled the shareholders to receive* $6,907,409.56 *in dividends, including profits to the original owners.*

Mr. Laird got very cold feet and sold his full interest to the Russell Bros. for two thousand dollars. Think of it—a full fourth share of the wonderful Nipissing for two thousand dollars. Is there any wonder that this well-known and very highly respected surveyor walks around with a worried look, and occasionally works for his mining pals. The others sold out later on to Messrs. Earl & Co., of New York, and they delivered to the purchasers nine hundred odd acres. The Earl deal did not include the area under water of the Peterson and Cart lakes and to the great surprise of Messrs. Ferland & Co., they, some twelve months later on, were informed that they still owned the lakes and they got the trifle of $240,000 for this windfall from Messrs. Jacobs & Co., of Kerr lake fame.

The Earl syndicate took out a good many hundreds of thousands and then floated the mine into the present Nipissing Company with five million shares, par value of $4, the shares subsequently selling for thirty odd dollars per share.

W. G. TRETHEWEY then appeared very mysteriously at Haileybury, took an axe and staked out the present Coniagas and Trethewey Mines. He fought the Earl Syndicate, and won upon discovery. He has his little million or so, and, like the man he is, he is investing in model dairy and fruit farms, near Toronto, and is benefitting his fellowman with his wealth.

THE O'BRIEN syndicate then pegged out, started to work and was stopped by the La Rose owners Law suits followed and would have continued had not the government settled it by retaining twenty-five per cent. for the Ontario people, and, with a mighty left, knocked the La Rose people back to a place where they will not starve. The O'Brien mine is the mine all us honest mining people love because we can see exactly what it produces, a luxury we cannot get out of any other mine. O'Brien has shipped twelve hundred and twenty-five thousand since last December, and to-day has more than a million dollars worth of ore stored at mine, truly a marvellous return and a fitting reply to the object who is to-day writing to the mining and scientific press saying Cobalt is a fraud and lives upon a number of gullible Yankee people.

Then quickly followed the Colonial, the Nova Scotia' the Jacobs, the Drummond, the Lawson, the Central, and altogether we boast of twenty-six shipping mines, and you bet we are all proud of our great and increasing Cobalt Camp.

SOME time after KERR LAKE was opened. Prospectors strayed down to South-east Coleman and began to try to hoodwink the inspectors into passing claims, but as the chief had said that there was no silver in Keewatin, the said inspectors were very careful. However, Alex Dagle, a noted mixologist, thought he smelt silver and he took an assay, but only got a trace. After another trial he struck a few ounces, and the inspector passed the claim, and then a noted little ladylike Yankee appeared and bonded Alex's claim, and he one day appeared with well-fed Yankee coal men. They could not find any visible silver, but for pure cussedness they took up the land, and Dagle walked out. Then commenced a shovel hunt and a small cobalt vein was found.

"Stop your surface work, and get down," said the coal mine owner, and the shaft was sunk 75 feet. Very little silver was found even by assay, but nothing daunted, a drive was started along the ledge and at 110 feet the Yankees got cold feet and tried to sell the mine to some Canadian lawyers in Toronto. The Canadians came up and engaged a noted mine manager and great expert, and he pronounced the mine a copper mine and in Keewatin. The Canadians then threw the option up and three days after the richest twelve inch silver ledge was struck that has yet been found in the camp. Then things hummed, and the mine has produced $300,000 from development alone, and to-day (December, 1907) it has a shaft down 200 feet, has installed great machinery and is now driving to catch the vein at 200 feet depth. The present company of two and a half million sank a winze upon the rich shaft of ore, and it widened out to three feet. Think of this—a vein three feet wide, about 30 feet long and 2000 dollar ore 200 feet long.

THIS wealthy field is to-day suffering from over-capitalization. In my humble opinion, half of our mines are over-capitalized. Too much money has been made and far too much stock has been given away to individuals for the use of their money, and far too much money is wasted upon expensive directors and officials. I contend that all public companies should be compelled to publish returns of the ore receipts, and at least every six months a balance sheet. There are mines and wealthy mines here to-day running for three years that have never sent out a balance sheet. This camp has made far too many individuals rich at the expense of the many.

Our production and its wonderful growth should be mentioned in this article.

In 1904, 206,875 ounces.

In 1905, 2,457,358 ounces.

In 1906, 5,401,766 ounces.

In 1907, first ten months, 7,500,000 ounces.

These estimates are certainly very conservative, but they show our steady growth and are given out by the Government.

Cobalt 1916 — 12 Years Growth

Mineral Resources of Temiskaming

by A. A. COLE, M.A., B.Sc.

Mining Engineer, T. & N. O. Railway, Secretary, New Liskeard Historical Society.

Early Explorations and the Fur Trade

EARLY Canadian history is above all else a record of the fur trade or the struggle for the control of that trade. During the 17th century, British expeditions were gradually becoming more frequent to the northern parts of Canada, and when in 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company received its charter from King Charles II, British influence was firmly established in the Hudson Bay basin.

During the same period, the French were forming settlements along the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes. In both cases, however, the great interest and incentive was the lucrative fur trade. This condition of affairs continued for nearly 200 years, but gradually the settlements, agriculture and other signs of civilization kept pushing back the fur trade till at the present time this trade, while important, occupies a comparatively insignificant position among the basic industries of Canada.

The information gathered by the early explorers and traders was supplemented and rounded out by the Canadian Geological Survey, particularly by such men as Low, Bell and Tyrrell, so that a prospector going out to-day into our great Northland, has a certain amount of information to start with, even in the least accessible districts.

Geology

Stretching north-east and north-west from North Bay, forming the east and west coasts of Hudson's Bay, also all of Northern Quebec, Labrador to Ungava Bay, and north of Northern Ontario, Northern Manitoba and a large part of the North-West Territories up to the Arctic Ocean, and Alaska, the country is composed of granites or gneisses, interspersed here and there with patches of Keewatin and Huronian Rocks, the whole being known as the great CanadianPre-Cambrian Shield, the basement formation of the North American Continent.

This great inverted horseshoe, encompassing Hudson's Bay, is the land of promise for the prospector and the miner, for only a small portion of this vast area has as yet been carefully prospected. It contains thousands of square miles and offers to prospectors better chances of locating valuable mineral deposits than can likely be found in any other country in the world. The T. & N. O. Railway only taps the most southerly portion of this great area.

Silver

The first of the rich silver deposits of Cobalt were discovered in 1903, but investors were skeptical. Several small shipments of ore were made in 1904, but it was not till the following year that real mining operations commenced. Interest in the new camp rapidly increased till, in 1905, it reached the proportion of a boom. The district was easily accessible, and it was a novelty for prospective investors to be able to reach a thriving mining camp in a Pullman car in little more than twenty-four hours after leaving New York city. Apart from the boom the legitimate industry made steady progress, as may be seen from the accompanying table of production.

Year	COPPER		NICKEL		COBALT		ARSENIC		SILVER		TOTAL VALUE
	Tons	Value	Tons	Value	Tons	Value	Tons	Value	Ounces	Value	
		$		$		$		$		$	$
1904	....	.....	14	3,467	16	19,960	72	903	206,875	111,887	136,217
1905	....	.....	75	10,000	118	100,000	549	2,693	2,451,356	1,360,503	1,473,196
1906	....	.....	160	.....	321	80,704	1,440	15,858	5,401,766	3,667,551	3,764,113
1907	....	.....	370	1,174	739	104,426	2,958	40,104	10,023,311	6,155,391	6,301,095
1908	....	.....	612	.....	1,224	111,118	3,672	40,373	19,437,875	9,133,378	9,284,869
1909	....	.....	766	.....	1,553	94,965	4,294	61,039	25,897,825	12,461,576	12,617,580
1910	....	.....	504	.....	1,098	54,699	4,897	70,709	30,645,181	15,478,047	15,603,455
1911	....	.....	392	.....	852	170,890	3,806	74,609	31,507,791	15,953,847	16,199,346
1912	....	.....	429	14,220	934	314,381	4,166	80,546	30,243,859	17,408,859	17,818,082
1913	....	.....	377	13,326	821	420,386	3,663	64,146	29,681,975	16,653,981	17,051,839
1914	....	.....	90	28,978	351	590,406	2,030	116,624	25,162,841	12,765,461	13,501,469
1915	....	.....	35	28,353	206	383,261	2,490	148,379	24,746,534	12,135,816	12,695,809
1916	....	.....	79	59,380	400	805,014	2,160	200,103	19,915,090	12,643,175	13,707,672
1917	53	28,840	155	125,071	337	1,138,190	2,592	608,483	19,401,893	16,121,013	18,028,597
Total	53	28,840	4,058	283,969	8,950	4,388,400	38,789	1,524,569	274,724,172	151,950,561	158,176,339

The above silver production may be expressed in another form in the statement that the Cobalt District is now producing silver at the rate of 1¾ tons per working day, or going back 16 years, it has produced over 2 tons of pure silver for every working day since the camp was discovered in 1903.

The silver ores of Cobalt are complex and there was no place in Eastern Canada to treat them, so that all the early shipments went to smelters in the Eastern United States, only the richer ores being shipped. The ores contained other valuable constituents besides silver, and soon a number of Canadian enterprises were started, of which the two largest are now operating on an extensive scale, at Deloro and Thorold, Ontario, producing refined arsenic, cobalt and nickel, either as metals or in other saleable forms. The principal source of cobalt oxide used to be New Caledonia, but since these Canadian refineries have entered the market, they have driven out all competitors.

The silver bearing veins are narrow, but as they were taken out and mining development became more extensive, it was found that there still remained a large tonnage of low-grade silver-bearing material that could not pay the high freight and smelter charges without previous treatment. The first concentrating mill started operations in 1907, and others quickly followed, till at the present time there are fifteen operating mills. The tonnage of ore treated increased from 50,000 in 1907, to 600,000 in 1918. An important metallurgical advance has been made by the introduction of oil-flotation. This method of concentration is not superseding the standard method already in use in the camp, but in many cases it is made a valuable addition to the existing plants, and the extraction bettered with only a smal additional cost.

Cyanidation has been introduced to a greater or less degree in several of the mills, so that considerable bullion is now produced instead of a concentrate which had to be shipped out of the district for further refining.

The mills mentioned were all for the treatment of low grade ores and in the meantime all the high-grade ores including concentrates were shipped to the smelters. Two companies, the Nipissing and the Buffalo Mining Companies, determined to treat their high-grade ore at the mines, in order that they might have only bullion to ship. With this end in view each erected a high-grade mill. The method employed was combination amalgamation and cyanide treatment, about 97% of the extraction being made by amalgamation. The tendency has thus been more and more towards the complete refining of the silver at the mine, so that now four of the leading companies ship out their whole product in the form of refined silver bullion, while some of the remaining companies ship much of their product

THE NIPISSING MINE, COBALT.

This is a general view of the main buildings on the east side of Cobalt Lake. This mine comprises 840 acres in the Cobalt camp. This mine began to be worked in 1904, and, to the end of 1915, the shareholders had received $13,740,000 in dividends, and $400,000 had been paid to the original syndicate in 1905-6. From 1904 to December 31st, 1915, the Nipissing has produced 41,209,238.02 ounces of silver, valued at $22,158,065.16. It is the greatest of all the silver mines of the Cobalt camp.

as bullion. With these two high-grade mills in Cobalt, and with the Coniagas and Deloro Smelters operating in Southern Ontario, most of the Cobalt ores are now treated in Canada, leaving only about 16% for shipment to the United States smelters.

With so much unusually high-grade ore the profits were necessarily great. It has even paid some companies to pump out a whole lake, in order to recover the silver from the rich veins in the lake bottom. Twenty-four companies have paid dividends aggregating about $80,000,000 or about 50% of the gross output.

As soon as the value of the Cobalt Camp began to be understood, it was only natural that prospectors should spread out in all directions from it, seeking similar deposits. Their work bore good results for other silver districts, Gowganda, Casey Township and South Lorraine were found, though none has yet been discovered comparable to Cobalt.

Gold

As the prospectors pushed north towards the height-of-land, tales of gold discoveries began to come in. The early gold finds all proved disappointing and the old saying that "gold in paying quantities would never be found in Ontario" was often repeated.

In the Autumn of 1909, however, promising gold claims were staked in the Porcupine Lake district, 100 miles north of Cobalt, and 30 miles west of the Government Railway. In the early winter the trail was crowded with an eager throng with pack-sack and toboggan, an occasional dog team being seen, and a genuine gold rush was in progress. A sleigh road was soon cut through to the new camp and the trip from the railway, that had previously taken three or four days to walk, could be made in one day by driving. Before Spring practically every claim for miles around the early discoveries was staked. It was fortunate that the best discoveries soon passed into strong financial hands, so that in the troublous days that followed, before actual production could begin, sufficient capital was available to continue development without interruption. For some time progress was slow, but gradually difficulties and setbacks were overcome. A branch of the Government Railway reached the Camp in the summer of 1911, and from that time on progress has been steady. Production started in 1910 with $35,000 and had increased by 1918 to nearly 8 millions.

This is only the beginning. Development has been most encouraging and each year adds to the extent of the known ore reserves. Nine companies now have mills and four have already paid dividends. The three leading mines, the Hollinger, McIntyre and Dome, are making the district famous. The Hollinger mine has paid $9,424,000 in dividends to the end of 1918 and with blocked out ore reserves of 40 millions, it may well be classed as one of the greatest gold mines in the world.

Other discoveries have also been made and new districts are coming into prominence. In Munro Township, 50 miles east of Porcupine and 10 miles east of the Railway, the Croesus mine shipped two tons of ore that contained $35,500 in gold and this, along with $40,000 recovered by milling, was produced by sinking a small shaft 110 feet deep. At Kirkland Lake, 35 miles further south-east a new gold camp is developing. Four mills have already been erected and others are contemplated. The Lake Shore mill produces about $45,000 bullion per month.

Other Minerals

At some time in the not very distant future it is probable that the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway will be extended to James Bay. In that event further mineral fields will become readily accessible. Fifty miles north of the Transcontinental Railway on the Mattagami River an extensive deposit of excellent Fire and China Clay has been located. Farther north there are prospective oil-bearing formations. Dr. M. Y. Williams, of the Canadian Geological Survey, summing up his conclusions after exploring the district, states:—

"Two formations known to occur south of Moose Factory may contain oil; these are the 'Corniferous' limestone and the Salina shales. The rock structure is favorable. The Salina shale is fairly deeply buried over considerable areas and probably contains any oil which it may have held. The 'Corniferous' limestone is mainly stripped of its shale cover excepting over small areas, where the shale occurs principally in synclines in structure not favorable for oil. Drilling in suitable areas alone can give final results.

"Black Huron shales occur near the foot of the Long Rapids on the Abitibi River. Thin beds of green clay shale occur in the black shale and some highly calcareous beds also occur. The latter are in part petroliferous."

Samples of the oil shale have been submitted for examination but the results have not yet been reported.

TEN DOLLAR prize for the best story on The Waters of the Georgian Bay Ship-Canal. See page 18.

: HISTORIC SECTION :

OUR COUNTRY

in the

Great World War

From Start to Finish

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Cammanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER II.

The Ministry of a Field Hospital to the Wounded

THE WEATHER had been arranged satisfactorily for the Canadian troops for the first three or four days after their arrival at Salisbury Plains. But one morning toward the end of the first week, clouds were seen hovering over the tents, making observation as to the possibility of testing the spirits of our men, and apparently concluding that the conditions were favorable. Our tents were pitched on foundations of chalk. Between the floors of our tents and this chalk there was a thin layer of turf and clay, which a little rain could easily soak as the chalk beneath was an ideal condition for preventing the water from getting away. At first it rained on frequent occasions only. Before we were there a month, it began to come down steadily, now a drizzle and then a downpour, accompanied by cold high winds, changing sometimes into sleet, hail or snow. The little surface earth on the top of the chalk was soaked until soon our soldiers were living in mud churned knee deep. Protected by wet tents, living in wet clothes in the daytime, and sleeping in wet blankets at night, without stoves or wood or fire to dry them, it was no wonder that influenza and bronchial troubles became the order of the day. We were threatened with an epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis. The morale, the health and the spirits of the men were in peril. But this was only an earnest of what the survivors of it had to face for the next four years.

Our unit, Number Two Stationary Hospital, was ordered to France, and we started, sorry only that we were not accompanied by the whole of our contingent. Our hospital equipment was still at Plymouth. On our arrival at this port, and in process of disembarkation, all the equipment, including horses, waggons, munitions, artillery, guns, were unloaded at the station in any order, and a representative of each unit went forward as in a modern cafeteria, and helped himself with what he believed to belong to his unit. But not always was the original arrangement and ownership strictly followed out, so that for the next few weeks much horse-trading and other exchanges had to be made until a more or less satisfactory adjustment of the equipment had been made.

Our equipment, not having yet been claimed, a small party were sent back to get it, and bring it with all haste to Southampton, the place from which we were to embark. Our transport was formerly a cattle boat, but it had been requisitioned for a higher service. As the men who went for the equipment did not arrive when the boat was ready to set sail, we had to go on without them. The boat landed us at Havre, the port at which the remaining men of our contingent were later also landed. The remainder of the officers, a few men, a matron and all the nursing sisters in charge of the

This is a picture of six officers of No. 3 Company, 15th Battalion, taken on Sept. 24, 1916, in France. Only two of these six are now living. They are the two seated in the centre, Major Wilfred Mavor, who was several times wounded, and Capt. Magladery, M.P.P., who was wounded and invalided home. The officer seated on the floor in front is Lieut. Geoffrey A. Snow, killed in action, and son of Mr. A. J. Russell Snow, K.C. The upper row, left to right, is: Lieut. Haldane, killed in action; Lieut. Loudon, killed in action; and Lieut. Landers, a Nova Scotian, long ago reported missing and now supposed dead.

Capt. Magladery, Member for Temiskaming, and his brother officers.

Colonel fared better, and were put on a hospital ship running from Southampton to Boulogne. It took almost two weeks before the different parts of the unit were reunited at Boulogne.

BOULOGNE was in pre-war days about a third-rate watering place, drawing its customers from England of people who came over at the week end. In addition to these, there was a permanent population of fisher-folk, who made their homes there. Part of the present city of Boulogne consisted of what is known as the "Old town," which stands up on a hill. This is surrounded even now by the remains of the old fortifications, which consist of a brick wall fifteen or eighteen feet high and fourteen feet across. The space between the outer and inward wall is filled with earth, and the age of it is such that large trees are growing up on this earthen centre. Inside this fortified wall the old town remains very much unchanged. Many houses are still standing which the occupants tell us are four or five hundred years old, and still in a very good state of repair. Outside the fortified town, and down by the water front, a modern city is built. Since the war this has become a very busy place. There is quite a good harbour, and while not capable of accommodating the larger ocean vessels, yet medium sized vessels pass easily into the harbour at high tide.

All along the coast are dotted several very pretty summer resorts, of which are Hardelot, Paris Plage, Berk Plage and La Toquet. La Toquet was the place chosen for the establishing of our hospital.

Along the coasts of Northern France, as in Belgium, numerous pleasure resorts are dotted, the place to which the leisure classes of England spend their summer months. For the convenience of these tourists, various amusements are provided, golf being one of the popular ones. The Golf Hotel (club house) of the golf links at La Toquet became the possession of Number Two Stationary Hospital, where the first unit of the Canadian army of France was foregathered for the war work

ahead of it. This place we retained for our hospital work for some months, until the early summer of 1915, when it was removed to Outreau, a small suburb of Boulogne, where it was carrying on during the years of the war, and was about the last to leave as it was the first to reach the seat of war.

The personnel of the Hospital consisted of seven officers, one matron, 34 nursing sisters and 82 of other ranks.

THE NURSES are the representatives of the special work entrusted to the hospitals. They have to do mainly with wounds and diseases that need patient care and thorough and efficient service in order that they may not only be kept alive but their injuries as far as possible repaired, and perhaps the Canadian nurse is the truest representative of the Canadian people and the Canadian spirit.

It was in the hospital that a service was given to the soldier with the long drawn out period of inactivity brought about by the nature of his disease and wounds. The surgeon is compelled to challenge the seemingly impossible on the operating table, even as does his armed comrade of the first line trenches. And it was here also that the patience and perseverance and thorough efficiency of the nurse was also tested. The surgeon can supply the courage and skill of the initial operation, but it is the nurse that must supply the patience and perseverence and thorough efficiency of the after-care if the effort has to have a successful ending. The surgeon is as much dependent on his nurse as is the infantry on the artillery for the success of their efforts. Without the efficient nurse the surgeon's skill would avail him nothing.

This truth may be illustrated by taking one or two commonplace operations. The power of recovery is tested among other ways by a process which in the nomenclature of horticulture we would call grafting. This is not a new discovery, brought about by the conditions of war, but an old discovery pushed farther ahead and tried out in newer fields because of the newer tortures discovered and practised by a barbarism as cruel and unfeeling as it was efficient.

"In one case the soldier had his thumb shot away, and as the hand would be almost useless without it, the surgeon substituted the man's own big toe for the lost thumb. In another similar case, the thumb was replaced by the man's second toe. The patients obtained in this way movable thumbs that in every respect were practically useful and natural in appearance, especially in the case of the great toe, since this was especially small and dexterous.

"Even more wonderful was the replacement of four lost fingers by four toes. The toes were partly cut through, and the stump of the hand being attached, the periosteum (the fibrous tissue that covers the bones) of the toes was sewn to that of the finger stumps. The tendons, soft parts, and skin were also sewn together, and then the hand and feet were fixed in plaster of paris. For a month the patient lay in a very uncomfortable position. At the end of that time the toes were completely separated from the foot, and soon after the patient had a useful hand, at the same time he could walk almost as well as ever, 'with a strong and movable great toe.'"

NOTE 1.—(Medical Supplement compiled by the Medical Research Committee and issued by the War Office.)

The same process to aid recovery is used in case of burns produced by liquid fire. An ancient tyrant is represented as having heated a boiling cauldron seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, a place prepared to receive three Hebrews whom he wished to send to their eternal home. The Huns followed his spirit and purpose but reversed the order. They prepared the cauldron of fire to be thrown over those whom they wished to destroy.

"In the attack by our men on Cambrai in the last week of September, 1918, liquid fire was used by the enemy to withstand our attacks. One of the shells burst over the head of a small company, about twelve feet in the air, and spread the liquid down on a circumference of about sixty feet. A young private, apparently looking up, received a large dose of the deadly shower. His face was pockmarked with burns, a part of his nose was burned off, and in putting up his hands to protect himself, the back of his left hand, and the both sides of the right to the elbow were roasted. His clothes had been set on fire by the liquid, and before he could be stripped by two officers who flew to his rescue, his both thighs were badly stung and deeply burned."

NOTE 2.—Quoted from a letter from the Front.

Had the same thing happened to a man in civilian life, it is doubtful if he ever could have recovered. First aid by the two doctors was followed by treatment from the regimental doctor, who hastened him to the Casualty Clearing Station. From there he was pushed forward hastily to the hospital. When he emerged from the operating room, his wounds diagnosed "Liquid fire burns, multiplex," were a crazy-quilt patchwork of skins of various other people. Nurses, orderlies, patients and others, supplied him with the grafts, and he has come out of the ordeal not only a live man, but his appearance not appreciably disfigured.

IT DOES not require any vivid imagination to see what a high place in service the nurse can render in cases of this kind. Men, compelled to drag out many weary days of discomfort, if not in actual pain, need something more than bandages and cleansings for their "wounds and bruises and putrifying sores."

They need the stimulus of compassion and cheer. These the nurse supplies as can no one else. She moves in and out amongst her patients wafting into their unsheltered lives a breeze of homeliness which they could get from no other source. In the midnight watches, as the night drags its weary hours so slowly along, a light footstep comes tripping noiselessly up the aisle between the cots. A gentle touch is felt on the hand and a kindly voice says,

"Well, how is my patient?"

"Not very well."

"Why, what's the matter? Are you not comfortable?"

"It is not that, but the nights are so long."

The bandages are unloosed. The tender regard of a compassionate nature finds expression in the gentleness of touch as the fingers move deftly and rapidly round the wound. The pillow is smoothed out, the coverings on the cot are re-adjusted. He hears of the rapid recovery of companions in wounds on other cots. The miraculous skill of the surgeons is emphasized. Sometimes a letter is penned for him to the folks at home, and altogether a cheery half hour or more is passed, when she moves off to renew the application of this human stimulus to another cot in another ward.

Under the pleasant sensation created by her presence and service, he closes his eyes, and when he awakes it is clear day. Another voice and compassion and service is awaiting his need, but it is still, though in another, the same spirit of helpful cheer. Medicine and surgery is a science, applied science, but nursing is an ART, and only one hand can supply the artist's touch, the hand of a woman. It is this ministry that makes the hospital the place of pleasant recovery.

EVEN the German received his undeserved share of her ministry. In this arrogant, malevolent, boastful and rebellious patient, taking the service not as a matter of grace, but as his right, there was nothing much to attract one's respect. But the nurse had the faculty of disassociating this one from all the rest of his race, and seeing in his blue eyes and fair hair a promise of a nobler German yet to be, he shared her ministry equally with the rest. She lingered over him, hoping against hope, to minister something to his character that would make him worthy of respect. But German character is difficult to change, because like the Irishman's fault with death, "It is so permanent." But the German who passed into our hands in the closing days of 1918 was an altogether different man from those whom we met in the early days of 1915. The same spirit may have been there, but, if so, the terrible gruelling of four years' war, or the sickness of a deferred hope, enabled him to wonderfully hide it.

WHEN we consider that every ten minutes during the length of the war a Canadian fell, either wounded or killed, we can see the need of an efficient service for our men alone. And when further, we are told that the total deaths were only 5,600 during the four years out of casualties amounting to nearly a quarter of a million, allowing for the fitness of our men and other reasons, there must yet remain a large place of credit for the efficiency of the hospitals, our own and others, that were put to their service. The nursing sister will take her place in the roll of honour in equality with any other branch of the army service.

We are justly proud of this, the first Canadian hospital, served by these, the first of our Canadian nurses, more proud because we realized that they were an earnest of the noble womanhood we had left behind in our far-off Canadian homes. But the ministry of these far-off ones had also followed us and found its place in the Hospital work, taking a part in the nursing of the sick back to health. Because of our lesser wealth and fewer people, the service of other nations in Red Cross work is written much larger than ours in the Book of Doings. But knowing our limitations, we, I hope, will never be guilty of the childish folly of harbouring any jealousy because of the greater work of greater nations. The service rendered to the cause of liberty by the British Red Cross and the Red Cross work of the great country south of us can never be too much praised or too highly appreciated. The spirit and quality and quantity of it can never be surpassed. But knowing our limitations we were satisfied in seeing evidence everywhere of the diligence in its own humble way of our Canadian womanhood in Red Cross work. Wounded limbs were swathed in Canadian Red Cross bandages; broken limbs were bound in Canadian Red Cross splinters, and the weary heads of sick were laid on Canadian Red Cross pillows. The motherhood of Canada is greater than her sons, as the cause is great than its effect.

The hospital needed a service which only woman could render, and woman was provided a sphere in the hospital for her peculiar gifts. Next to the home, she renders in it her highest service.

But all things come to an end, and my connection with Number Two Stationary Hospital in the course of war needs had to be severed. The hospital was stationary, but the army, like the sea, was never at rest, and I was asked to draw a little nearer to our fighting men. Later I was attached to the work of the Second Field Ambulance, with which unit I remained to the close of war, severing my connection with it only on the banks of the Rhine, the greater World War having now ceased to exist except as a memory and a history.

(To be continued in next issue)

Canada's Greatest Archipelago

The Story of

The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay

In this article we continue the story of "The Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay." This is a large field, for there is hardly a single island in the whole group that has not some interesting historical event. Indian legend, or lake tragedy associated with it. In addition the surveys of the lakes, the names of the bays, islands, channels and other places, and why given to them, supply an unlimited scope for interesting study and research. Besides, Nature's wonderful works abound here, as the "Flower Pots," the "Sacred Turtle," and other sources. The story will be taken up in due order.

Missionary Work Among the Ojibways

The Policy of the British Governors Towards the Manitoulin and the Indian

WHEN Champlain discovered the Georgian Bay and visited the Huron Indians dwelling on the south-east of it, he found from twenty to thirty thousand of them occupying that district which now makes up five townships of the County of Simcoe. To-day, there are less than that number of Indians of all tribes to be found in the whole of the Province. Their own tribal wars, the advent of the white man, with the loss of their woods, their changed manner of living and the new method of providing for their maintenance forced upon them by these new conditions, have brought about this great depletion. In all of this northern district, from the French River to Sault Ste. Marie, a number equal to not more than a fifth of that which comprised the original Huron population will be found.

When Canada passed out of French hands and became a British possession in 1763, the attitude of the white man toward the Indian inevitably underwent a change. The French were explorers and fur-traders, but not colonizers. They exploited the country for the sake of its fur-trade, and the Indian was essential to this trade. The French would allow the Indian to choose his own place of abode, and carry on his life as a denizen of the forest, for it was as a hunter that he was of value to them. But the British were colonizers. Their policy was to reduce the forest lands of good soils into cleared farms for the peaceful industry of agriculture. What they desired for themselves, they deemed also as best for the Indian.

The policy of the British towards the Indian, as outlined by Sir Peregrine Maitland, when he was governor, was to bring them to live a settled life in places prepared for them, that they might make their living hereafter as tillers of the soil, and not as hunters in the woods. He proposed to collect them into villages and to have in each of these a clergyman and a schoolmaster, to teach them religion and supply them with a primary education, besides a farmer, a carpenter and a blacksmith to instruct them in mechanical industries. This was also the policy of Sir John Colborne, and who, to carry it out, had a Mr. McMurray, a young man of twenty-two years of age, appointed to open up a Christian Mission among the Indians at Sault Ste. Marie. This Mission was opened out in October, 1832, the first Protestant Mission in this district.

In 1835 a further policy in relation to the Indian of this north district was suggested by Captain Anderson, a superintendent of Indian affairs, and a man who had the interest of the Indian near to his heart. His proposal was, that all the Indians throughout the whole of this northern district be gathered together on the Manitoulin Island, that this place be set apart as an Indian reservation and that a mission be established at Manitowaning, where they would be taught Christianity, husbandry, and its allied industries. This proposal met with the approval of the Governor, Sir John Colborne, who authorised Captain Anderson and Rev. Adam Elliott, an Anglican clergyman, to pay a visit to all of the Indians in this district as far west as the Sault, and persuade them to fall in with the proposal. Four hundred Indians from Sault Ste. Marie promised to join the establishment, and a goodly number from other districts, so that the opening out of the project carried with it bright prospects for its future success.

Haileybury, Ont., 1887—Now the Judicial Town of Temiskaming District

The following summer, Captain Anderson, Rev. Mr. Elliott and Mr. Orr, a school teacher, visited Manitowaning and made preparations for establishing there a government mission. A band of the Ottawas had a li tle previous to this time returned from Michigan to the Manitoulin, and had started a village at Wikwemikong. But the Indians whom Captain Anderson hoped to gather at Manitowaning were the Chippewas, a tribe who dwelt on the north shore of Lake Huron for many centuries. As this part of the Island was then covered with a thick forest, the first work of Captain Anderson and his two companions was to make a clearance near the shoreline where there could be built the residences of the Government officials, who were to be located here to carry on the work of the Establishment. Two of these residences they succeeded in partially erecting that season before they left in the fall to spend the winter at their homes in Coldwater.

Manitowaning was chosen as the site for the Establishment, a later writer tells us, "because of the shelter it affords to all kinds of vessels, from the Indian fisherman's bark canoe, to the largest ship that traverses these lakes, and on account of the excellent land in its immediate neighbourhood, which is capable of producing almost any of the varied fruits of the husbandman's toil."

The name given to the place belongs to the language of the tribe who first inhabited it, the Ojibways, or Chippewas, for "Manitowaning" is an Ojibway word meaning, "The cave of the Spirit." The Indians believed that there was a certain part of the Bay that had no bottom, as they often had tried in winter to reach the bottom by letting down a decoy fish made of wood, loaded with lead, and had failed to fathom its depths, as it was inhabited by some "Manitou," or sea-god. This Ojibway village, Captain Anderson hoped to make the capital of an Indian reservation, which was to include the whole Island, where all the Indians of the District might find suitable dwelling places.

The carrying out of this policy was attended by many difficulties. In the autumn of 1836, a year after it had been begun, Sir Francis Bond Head, who had succeeded Sir John Colborne as Governor, after visiting the district, rejected the proposal to gather all of the Indians to the Manitoulin. He ordered that no further work on the Establishment at Manitowaning be undertaken. This was a great blow to the prestige of Captain Anderson in the eyes of the Indians, who, by this movement, were made to doubt his sincerity, believing that he and Rev. Mr. Elliott, in making the proposal, were only deceiving them. But a year later, Sir George

The Narrows, Lake Temiskaming, showing the former Hudson Bay Post, Lake Temiskaming, Quebec.

Arthur, who superseded Sir Francis Bond Head as Governor, reverted back to the policy of Sir John Colborne, and ordered the work of building the Establishment to be again undertaken.

In 1838 three residences were made ready for the Government officials. These comprised besides Captain Anderson, the Superintendent, a clergyman, a doctor, a school teacher, and several artisans, who were appointed to take up their residences that fall in Manitowaning and begin the carrying out of the Governmental policy in regard to the Indian. On October 9th, these with their families, making a company of thirty four persons, including women and children, one of whom was an infant a few weeks old, started out from Coldwater in an open boat to make this journey of two hundred miles to the Establishment at Manitowaning. After experiencing one of the stormiest voyages on record, notwithstanding the indescribable difficulties faced because of the storm and cold, they all arrived safely, four weeks later at the Mission, and began their appointed work.

From the very first, the barriers to progress along the lines proposed seemed insurmountable. This was due in a great measure to the impossibility of getting the Indians to fall in line with the plan. Their restless lives could not be brought into subjection to a complete revolution in their mode of living, which such a policy demanded. The Indians would continue only in the winter months at the Establishment. In the spring, as soon as the sugar-making season approached, they were off to the maple woods with which the Island at that time abounded. After this, they devoted their time to fishing, and pitched their wigwams on some shoreline, not in bands, but singly, or at most two or three families. Thus from early spring until their return to Manitowaning in the beginning of winter, their instruction in mechanical arts, or the education of their children was a practical impossibility. After twenty years' trial, the project was finally given up, and Manitowaning ceaesd to be either a government mission or an Indian village. Four hundred was the largest population that was ever gathered there, and this only in the beginnings of its history. But this number

kept dwindling down until there was not enough left to warrant its continuance. Those who had taken up their abode at Manitowaning scattered, some going back to the Sault; some settling at Garden River, and others going as far south as Colpoy's Bay and Owen Sound. An Indian village was started at Sheguindah, where a considerable number of those formerly at Manitowaning took up their abode. A small band of them went to Wiabegiwong (Little Current) and started there another village, which has since become one of the principal towns of the white man on the Manitoulin. The policy of the Government to gather all the Indians to the Manitoulin failed for the simple reason that the Indians would not consent to it.

A new policy had therefore to be discovered and undertaken. The experiments connected with the Mission at Manitowaning for the betterment of their condition proved that if any permanent work for their advancement was to be done, that it would have to be directed on the young, that only through years and generations of teaching of these could the desired civilized condition of the Indians be brought about. This was also the policy suggested by the RomanCatholic priests and teachers, located among the Ottawa Indians at Wikwemikong. The industrial school, and next to this the day school was now the medium by means of which the blessings of civilization were to be brought to the Indian. To-day, the education of the Indian boy and girl is well looked after. In a recent report, sixteen schools were said to be provided by the Government for their education, an average of one school for every forty scholars, besides the church schools which lay stress on their religious life as well as their mental education. These schools are efficient, and every Indian boy or girl that grows up without some considerable education is the exception. By dint of seventy-five years of training of the young, and the betterment of the outward conditions of their life, the Indian of to-day on the Manitoulin is capable of farming, fishing or lumbering on a scale equal to the white man.

The policy of the government of the keeping the Indians together on reservations, while it may have retarded their assimilation with the white population, has no doubt been the wisest policy that could be followed under the circumstances. It enabled a direct influence to be brought to bear upon them that would not be the case were they scattered out singly among the white population. Besides it kept up the interest of the churches and all benevolently inclined in their need. But there are evidences that another departure from previous policies is soon to take place, where each Indian will be given a right to his own land holdings, with power to sell if he desires, enfranchised, and having all the rights of other citizens, and after this division of lands no peculiar privileges. It is expected that when this policy is inaugurated, as they have already adopted the mode of living of the white man, and follow similar occupations, their complete assimilation with the people among whom they live cannot be long delayed. If seventy-five years have made so great a change, what will not a few centuries more do?

Ten Dollar Prize

to the Students of the High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, or similar Schools, for the Best Story on

The Waters of the Georgian Bay Ship-Canal

FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS SEE PAGE 32.

The Burning of the "Nancy"

By Mrs. William Tyson Moore, Meaford, Ont.

An Incident of the American War of 1812

IN 1814 Fort Michillimackinac (now known as Mackinaw) was captured and held by the British under the command of Colonel Robert McDouall, with 550 men. He was holding out against two foes, hunger, and the American sailors and soldiers, who outnumbered him three to one.

The schooner "Nancy," belonging to the Northwest Fur Company, and which had had a narrow escape on St. Clair River, being under the fire of the American guns, found her way with other schooners to Georgian Bay, where a naval post had been established, and was engaged in the war service of King George III.

She had been sent twice to Nottawasaga River for supplies for Mackinaw, which had been hauled all the way from York (Toronto), and Kingston, a long and toilsome journey. She now started on her second trip homeward to the Mackinac post laden with 300 barrels of flour for the King's soldiers and 50 bags of the same precious article as private merchandise, besides powder and shot, clothing and salt, provision for the needy garrison. Flour was $50.00 per barrel and pork 50c per pound. Lieutenant Worsley was in charge and Alexander McIntosh was sailing master with a crew of French Canadians and Newfoundland fishermen.

As the Nancy sailed along the Georgian Bay, a sail was sighted by the long brass telescope.

"It's a big canoe," said Worsley.

"What's she doing on the open lake so far from shore?"

The schooner rapidly came upon the craft and a man stood up and waved.

"Why, that's Mr. Livingston who piloted us to the Nottawasaga last voyage," exclaimed the Captain.

Robert Livingston was a daring officer of the Indian Department and was always engaged in some desperate and thrilling enterprise. He volunteered to carry this warning to the Nancy:

"The Island is blockaded. The American fleet of sloops, twenty guns in power, the brig Hunter, four armed schooners, and five gun boats were trying to capture Fort Michillimackinac. The British boats, the Mink and the Perseverence, were taken." The Nancy alone was left.

Colonel McDouall's orders were for her to return to the Nottawasaga River, and to go as far up the stream as possible for shelter. This the Nancy did. Arriving there they towed all their boats and canoes which had been left before and hastily built a rough block house.

Opposite this impromptu fortress the Nancy was moored. They mounted their guns and watched for their enemies. On the 13th of August they sighted the American boats on the open lake—three in number.

Livingston, who went to York for assistance, just returned that morning. So against 500 Americans, Worsley and Livingston held out with a little company of nine Frenchmen, twenty-one seamen of the Royal Navy and about thirty Indians, sixty all told.

Commodore Sinclair was in command of the Americans. Quite a battle ensued. When the Canadians found defense was hopeless a train of powder was laid to the Nancy from the Block House, and preparations were made for a retreat through the woods. In fact, boats and provisions had been made ready during the time of waiting for their enemies, so when brave men realized they could hold out no longer, escape could be made.

When the Americans reached the Nancy she was in flames and sank at her moorings, but no trace of her defenders could be found.

Nearly one month later a heavily laden canoe paddled briskly into the shelter of Fort Mackinaw. She was crowded with twenty-five unconquerable Canadians. The brass buttons and the stained blue and white uniform of King George marked the officer in charge. It was Worsley.

"We had to blow the Nancy up," he told the amazed Colonel McDouall. "We have rowed and sailed 360 miles. The Yankees thought we went to Heaven with the bits of the block house, but after they left, we just slipped out past the slight obstructions left to block us."

They also brought flour and provisions to the needy garrison.

Afterwards two American boats were captured and when the victors saw the British ensign proudly floating above the stars and stripes, they rejoiced that the Nancy was avenged. These boats were renamed, the "Tigress" was called His Majesty's Ship "The Surprise," and "The Scorpion" named the "Confidence." To this day the bones of the good ship Nancy may be found at the edge of an island in Nottawasaga, and the hull of the Scorpion lies in a creek mouth off the harbor of Penetanguishene. At Penetang the remains of a British fort are still to be seen.

Mrs. Moore adds this following interesting note:

In the early history of Grey County, we learn that St. Vincent is about the first settled township, and it was named for Earl St. Vincent; Meaford being called after his country seat. Charles Rankin, who surveyed this part of the country, gives valuable records, and his work commenced as early as 1834. Mr. Rankin mentions that "Zero" was originally the name for St. Vincent. Captain Workman, a retired Army Officer, is said to be the second settler in Grey. He received 900 acres of land along the Georgian Bay from the Crown Lands Department. The deed was issued in 1836 and was signed by Lieutenant Governor Bond Head. King William the Fourth then reigned. Captain Workman used to journey through the woods with a small ox sled to Barrie for his supplies. This trip could not be accomplished in less than a week, which we now make in a few hours, but he soon grew tired of this pioneer life and returned to England.

My father afterwards purchased this land.

Owen Sound's First City Council

Last year, 1920, the town of Owen Sound was declared a city. We present our readers this issue with a photographic illustration of its first Council, the twenty men who will go down in history as comprising the first governing body of the city. These are as follows:

Back Row, left to right.

ALD. J. MCNEIL, machinist ; native of Sydenham township ; thirty years a resident of Owen Sound ; elected 1920.

ALD. E. BONNELL, druggist ; member of the firm of Parker & Co.; native of Grey County ; elected 1920.

ALD. J. H. BROWNLEE, druggist ; native of Sydenham township ; four years in overseas service, machine gun section ; elected 1920.

ALD. W. E. DICKEN, cattle dealer ; native of Milton, Ontario ; elected 1920.

A. F. ARMSTRONG, City Treasurer ; a native of Sydenham township, and descendant of one of its pioneer families ; appointed 1908.

ALD. M. D. LEMON, merchant, wholesale produce ; a member of the firm of Lemon Bros.; elected 1920.

W. H. WRIGHT, City Solicitor ; member of the well-known firm of lawyers, Wright, Telford & Birne, and a long resident of the city.

ALD. RICHARD CORBET, a member of the firm of "The Corbet Foundry and Machine Co., Ltd., and a descendant of one of the early families of the city.

ALD. W. CLENDENNING, machinist ; native of Grey County ; elected 1920.

ALD. E. C. SCARROW, merchant, boot and shoe business ; a native of Derby township ; elected 1919.

Middle Row, left to right.

ALD. T. D. KENNEDY, Managing Director The William Kennedy & Sons, Ltd., and grandson of William Kennedy, the founder of this ancient firm ; President of the Canadian Malleable Iron Co., Ltd., and Manager of the "Iron Works, Ltd." Elected 1920.

ALD. E. W. MCQUAY, President and Manager of McQuay Tannery ; native of Elora, Ont.; President of Board of Trade ; elected 1919.

ALD. D. A. CHRISTIE, hardware merchant ; native of Owen Sound, and descendant of one of the pioneer families of the city ; elected 1920.

Front Row, left to right.

ALD. W. T. HARRIS, merchant, wholesale produce ; active member of Board of Trade and the Horticultural Society ; elected 1920.

ALD. C. H. THOMPSON, merchant, ice-cream and confectionery, chairman Board of Works ; elected 1919.

ALD. FREEMAN MCROBERT, foreman, Freight Department Grand Trunk Railway ; native of Middlesex, Ont.; one year, reeve ; two years, deputy-reeve ; seven years in all in the Council.

MAYOR R. W. PATTERSON, broker, real estate and insurance business ; native of Grey County ; elected 1918.

ALD. E. LEMON, founder and senior member of the firm of "Lemon Bros.;" native of Grey County and forty-six years a resident of Owen Sound ; first elected, 1887 ; mayor in 1911, and two following years.

ALD. J. F. THOMPSON, engineer ; native of King township, York, Ont.; 35 years a resident of Owen Sound ; first elected, 1914.

CHARLES GORDON, City Clerk ; native of Sydenham township ; appointed 1901, succeeding Thomas Gordon, his uncle, town clerk from 1857 to 1901, and also before that time township clerk of Sydenham including the village of Sydenham, now the city of Owen Sound.

In a recent survey of the city of Chicago, it was discovered that 59 per cent. of the manufacturers, 63 per cent. of the bankers, 71 per cent. of the merchants, 72 per cent. of the lawyers, 71 per cent. of the engineers, and 80 per cent. of the clergymen were country-bred.

A survey of the personnel of the first city council of Owen Sound indicates that the city has drawn heavily for its business material from the surrounding townships. This percentage may not be as high as sixty-seven, the Chicago standard, but it is sufficient to show that the city and the surrounding districts are inseparably associated in each other's history.

Owen Sound

A Poem

By MAY HOWELL ROBINSON

SAFE-GUARDED close by frowning heights, enshrined in living green,
Our jewel of the Northland lies where Sydenham's sunlit sheen
Entwines in errant loveliness her path toward the blue,
Where tumbled waves on green shores lave and splash their brightened hue.
All honour to those sires of ours who on a virgin soil
Have built a gem of fairest worth thru years of honest toil
That sons and daughters scattered far wherever they may roam,
May love the name and laud the fame of the dear green hills of home.

Laddies there were of Scotland's brood, boys from the Emerald Isle,
And men of merrie England, who, 'cross many a weary mile,
With faith and courage in the heart and little in the hand,
To play the game and win a name came to a far-off land.
Faith that the land held a living, courage to do and dare,
Strength in the power of ceaseless toil—these and the will was there.
These are the men who founded, these and their women too,
Sweated and toiled, and loved and moiled, when Canada was new.

Theirs, too, the simple pleasures, the raising, the husking bee,
The rollicking lilt of the fiddle, the dancers wild with glee.
To dance all night till broad daylight and follow the plough next day,
And on Sunday go to meeting in the good old-fashioned way.
For this is the breed o' men who lead the building of nations vast,
All honour to the sires who made our city's foundation fast.
Thy sons and daughters scattered far, wherever they may roam,
Still love thy name and laud the fame of the dear green hills of home.

TEN DOLLAR PRIZE, for the best Story on the The Christian Islands. See page 26.

: OUR YOUNG FOLKS :

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By
A SCOUTMASTER

Illustrated by
ROBERT ROBERTSON
TORONTO

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CHAPTER I.—Summary: A Toronto patrol of Boy Scouts are encamped on Parry Island. Warren Wilcox, whose camp name was "Sol," was left in charge of the camp, while his companions are away on a fishing and duck-hunting tour. He is lured into the woods in an effort to get a snapshot of a spruce partridge which alighted near the tent. He cannot find his way back.

CHAPTER II.—Summary: Sol, after lying for a few days sick in a hut in the woods, starts out in quest of his way back to the camp. He encounters two drunk Indians, who bind him with thongs, and send him out to drift helpless in a canoe on the Bay. He is rescued by an Odahwah Indian, and is taken to Pleasant Island to camp there for the night. Through the night something most unusual happens just outside of their tent.

"SOL WAS LOST."

CHAPTER III.

The Quest for Sol Begins

"WHAT'S that?" said Sol. "Did something happen, or was I only dreaming?"

"Kah, kah," answered his companion, and rolled back to his former position with a view to his continuing his slumbers.

Sol lay back to follow suit, though there was still the continuance of the tremour. He was sure now that it was more than a dream that disturbed his sleep.

Just then, not more than fifty feet from the tent, there rang forth a piercing cry,—

"We-ooo, we-ooo, we-ooo!"

It was something unlike Sol had ever heard before. In a sense it sounded like a very young child, yet there was a mysterious weirdness about it, which marked it out as entirely different. The Indian was now fully awake.

"What is that?" asked Sol.

"Manitou!" answered the Indian, holding his breath. He spake low for he was manifestly afraid.

"It's a beast of some kind," continued Sol, "and seems to be in pain."

"Manitou!" again repeated the Indian. "He's coming," as he heard the sound again repeated.

Sol reached forth to pull back the flap of the tent

that he might look out, encountering as he did so the limbs of an evergreen. It was outside as inside, nothing but the deepest of darkness. The Indian laid hold of him and pulled him hurriedly back.

"Keep quiet! Manitou! He's fighting the storm, he's getting hurt. Don't let him know we here."

"Can it be that someone is lost, and is being hurt?" asked Sol, ignoring the Indian's injunction to be quiet.

But the Indian refused to be drawn into any further conversation, and Sol well knew that it was unwise to go against his wishes in that mysterious moment.

The call sounded forth at intervals, but invariably from the same place, and unchangeably weird in its cry of apparent pain. Sol felt a chill pass through his own hair. If there was anything they could see, it might have lessened the tension of their minds. But there was nothing for them to do, other than to lie still and await the outcome of the morning. Gradually the cries decreased in strength, until at last they died away altogether.

After what seemed to Sol hours, though in reality it was only minutes, the Indian again opened the conversation.

"Manitou gone. We can sleep now."

Suiting the action to the word, he was soon asleep, leaving to Sol to keep up the vigil alone, and spend the remaining part of the night in his own thoughts.

It was very early in the morning when his meditations were disturbed by hearing voices on the shore. He rose to look out, though he was surprised at the darkness of the daylight in the hut. He pulled back the canvas which covered the entrance to the tent. What was his amazement when he discovered that there was a large tree lying by the side of the tent, blocking the door of entrance. A huge hemlock had been blown over by the storm, and the tent had escaped destruction by only a few inches.

As Sol looked out, he could see no one, though he could still hear their voices. He roused his companion, and informed him of their miraculous escape, and of voices that indicated the presence of people on the shore.

The Indian was immediately alert. He crept softly over the fallen tree, and listened. He saw no one, but when he came back he said,

"An Injun and a white man."

"Did you see them?"

"No, but I hear."

"Are there more than two?"

"May-be, but I hear two."

It was as he judged, two persons, a Christian missionary and his Indian guide.

These two had encamped on the other side of the island on the previous night, and were walking around

to explore the shore and view the damage the storm had done during the night. They were on their way to the Christian Islands, where the clergyman was to conduct a Mission among the Ojibways residing there.

Sol's companion moved out of the tent and made his way to the shore, where they were standing.

"B'jou," he remarked, as he appeared unexpectedly before them.

"B'jou, B'jou," both enthusiastically answered.

They were not surprised at meeting an Indian, as this may at any time be expected in these regions. But, when they saw Sol following up, a youth attired in Scout's uniform, a dress which was new to both of them, they were manifestly surprised.

"A terrible night," the missionary remarked in Ojibway.

"We near killed," Sol's guardian answered, as he pointed to the tree.

He spoke in English for Sol's benefit. The four moved up to view the fallen hemlock.

"What a miraculous escape!" ejaculated the Missionary. "It's a wonder that you were not killed."

"White boy can't be killed. Lost in the bush, two drunk Injuns try to drown him, tree fall on him, he still here."

In this way Wagoosh, for such was his name, introduced the story of Sol's adventures.

In the meantime Sol had climbed up on the tree and was walking along the trunk towards the top.

"What's this?" he exclaimed in an excited tone of voice.

The Missionary parted the branches of the tree and came over and stood beside him. He was a man above the average in weight and height. He wore a long white beard which extended far down on his breast. His hair, which he wore somewhat long, hung in disordered curls around his head and neck, and was as white as his beard. He wore no hat. As he looked down in the direction to which Sol was pointing,

"Poor thing!" he said. "It is a lynx. He was killed with the fallen tree. Perhaps he was up for shelter in its branches when it fell."

Pinioned to the ground, there lay before them one of the finest specimens of a wild-cat ever seen in this district. It was fully three feet long and in prime condition, giving evidence that it had suffered from no lack of food even on that small island. A broken limb had pierced through the flank of its hind quarters, and besides pinioning it to the ground, had eventually produced its death through loss of blood.

"It's a wonder you didn't hear it last night," continued the Missionary. "It must have lain a long time in that condition before it died."

He put down his hand to stroke the fur and examine its condition.

"Why, the body is still warm. It can be dead only a short time."

"We did hear some terrible cries last night, but we did not know what they were. That explains what we heard," said Sol, turning to his companion of the night."

"No, no, not cat we heard. We heard Manitou," answered Wagoosh, with emphasis.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," added the Missionary, knowing too well the danger of contradicting too dogmatically the superstitions of the Indian.

"We heard Manitou," he repeated, adding especial emphasis on the "Manitou."

Whether to escape further enquiry regrading the mysterious cries of the night, or in his eagerness to secure the lynx, at any rate before any further conversation was possible, Wagoosh was off to the tent to find an axe to chop away the limbs of the tree and secure the captive's body that its castor might be preserved for a mat, and its flesh secured for eating, as in the prime condition of the animal, this could not be other to the Indian taste than an approved delicacy.

While the two Indians were thus engaged in looking after the extrication of the cat, the Missionary took advantage of the opportunity to open up a conversation with Sol to discover further the circumstances that brought him to this island at this time in company with the Indian.

"How many were there of you in the camp?" he enquired.

"There were six of us. The leader of the Patrol is an undergraduate of the University—Lorne Pentland. His father is a captain on one of a line of boats that

have been running between Chicago and Duluth for a number of years. He was at one time captain of a fishing tug on th Bay, and Lorne knows all about these waters, as he used to sail with his father every summer after he got old enough."

"Captain Pentland! I remember him quite well. And your own name?"

"Warren Wilcox."

"Wilcox! There was a family of Wilcox's that once used to live on the South Shore."

"That may have been my father's family. He said they once lived on the Bay."

"Yes, it may be. There was one of them, a lad by the name of Ben, that was very clever as a boy in school. He has since become a very successful business man, I am told, and is the head manager of a large wholesale house in Toronto."

"That must have been my father. His name is Benjamin."

"Indeed, and how strange that I should meet his son after all these years on this barren island, and under such circumstances."

Hearing the Indians in animated conversation, the Missionary stopped to listen to their discussion,which was expectedly concerning Sol and his canoe.

"You have the canoe of the boys this Indian says."

"Yes, I found it in the possession of the two Indians that I encountered on the shore after I left the hut."

"And it is broken?"

"To some extent, but it rides all right yet."

"And their sweater coats, and their fishing tackle, and their guns are all there?"

THE boys had gone out to the far side of Parry Island in their search for duck, as well as to be near a shoal that supplied them with their best luck in fishing during the summer. It was not yet the best season for duck, as the migration of these birds from the far north had not yet begun, and so the large flocks that frequented the little bays and inlets as a place of rest on their journey southward had not yet arrived. But they knew where there were a few flocks of birds, as some had nested and brought up their young on that side of the island during the summer. They took their guns as well as their fishing tackle, seeing it was the first day of the shooting season, and they hoped to add the bagging of a few duck to the other achievements of their summer camp before they struck tents and journeyed homeward, which they were purposing to do in the course of a day or two.

The boys had had a measure of success, having secured a brace of teal duck, besides several large fish, and were preparing to return when they observed the storm coming up. They began to paddle hurriedly homeward, the black clouds in the south approaching nearer, and getting thicker and blacker the nearer they approached.

The boys saw that these clouds were being driven forward by a fierce wind, which was driving the waters of the Bay in white-capped waves before it. They knew they could not make the camp before the storm would be upon them. They turned and paddled hard for the shore.

They were about to land when a huge wave caught the canoe, flung it far forward, causing it to strike broadside against a rock boulder. A large hole was made in its side. As the wave receded, it sought to take the canoe back with it, but Lorne sprang to the shore with the rope in his hand and held on to it. The other four followed in quick succession. They were on shore safely. But again the canoe was struck against the rock, and again another hole was made in its side. They pulled together to drag it to shore, but the broken side got caught in an extended jagged side of the rock boulder, and made it nigh to impossible to pull it off. They pulled together, but the rope snapped, and off went the canoe, guns, duck and all.

As they saw the hole in the side they hoped it would soon fill with water, and sink near the shore, when they would be able to come back after the storm, and diving down, get at least their guns. But there were air-tight apartments, and so the canoe could not sink, as long as these remained intact.

The storm came on apace. Now it was roar after roar of thunder, not now in the distance, but over their head. They crept under the ledge of an overhanging rock, and watched the Bay lashed into its fiercest fury. They saw the tall trees, bending and creaking, and here and there one overturned and fallen. A pine near by, that had defied the changing moods of time and weather for more than a century, they saw struck by lightning, ripped and smashed and scattered, the splinters falling all around them. They were in a place of security, and so remained unhurt. For full half an hour, it poured down in torrents. It spent itself as suddenly as it arose. The clouds passed, the sky brightened, and the westerning sun shone down in its usual brightness. Every waterdrop on the trees became a sparkling diamond, holding in its little globular body the seven colours of the rainbow.

When the storm was over, they observed that the wind, which came from the south in the beginning of the storm, had now veered and was blowing from the west. The boys knew that this meant a drop in the temperature and a cold night.

They looked for the canoe, and saw it a little distance from the shore, drifting and parallel with it, but in the opposite way from the camp. One of the boys suggested swimming out to it and bringing it in, but Lorne Pentland refused to let any one of them make the attempt.

"A canoe can be replaced," he said to one who persisted more than the others, "but your life cannot be."

With this conclusion all the others agreed, so that nothing remained but that they should make their way along the difficult shoreline to the camp. They hurried along, watching betimes the canoe drifting and tossing upon the waters.

It was late before they arrived at the camp. As they approached they saw Rusty sitting down opposite the tent. He had come into the bay for shelter, as soon as he saw the storm approach, and not seeing the boys at the tent, he remained waiting their arrival.

"Where is Sol?" they asked, when they came up.

"Sol? Was he not along with the rest of you?"

"No, he remained to take charge of the camp and the supper while we went to fish."

"He hasn't been here since I came," he answered. "He may be lost in the woods. Take a gun and fire a volley."

"The guns are in the canoe," they explained, "and the guns and fish and duck and everything is gone, ven to our sweater coats."

"What, did you have an accident?"

"None to ourselves, luckily; nothing happened other than that which can be easily repaired, but Sol being away, and at this time of night, and for so long a time, is a far more serious matter. We must get to work at once to find him."

Ways and means were at once considered. Two of them were deputed to follow the shoreline to the left; and two others to the right. Rusty took his birch-bark canoe and began to patrol the shore, for although the waters were far from abated, the occasion was fraught with too great seriousness to allow him to give his own personal safety too important a consideration. Lorne took the bugle and went up to the top of the rock to sound the "Reveille," "Lights Out," and other calls. How clear to Rusty, battling with the waves out in his

canoe, the notes sounded over the water. He had come to know the number of the various calls and to discern the one from the other, though as himself said, he had "no ear for music." He knew that one to-night was missing. "The Last Post," for obvious reason, was left out by Lorne.

Soft and mellow the sound of the bugle echoed back from the far rock, so that to Rusty in the canoe, it appeared as if two or more bugles were sounding. How strange and weird. The music had the effect of unnerving him for the task of the right guidance of his canoe, and Rusty, realizing that it were dangerous for him to remain out in that mood, took advantage of the near presence of a little cove, and withdrew there into its shelter. He pulled the canoe up out of the water, and sat down on the rock to listen while the bugle continued to sound forth its calls at regular intervals. There he sat listening reverently to the variety of sounds, the bugle, the echo and the storm, until Lorne finally ceased his efforts by this means to discover Sol. When the last note died out, and no more followed Rusty got up to walk back to the camp on the shore, leaving his canoe in safety among the bushes on the shoreline of the cove. He walked away quietly and cautiously, lest he should desecrate the solitude of the darkened shore, to him never appearing so uncanny before. As he made his way along, unexpectedly he stumbled upon a flock of gray and white gulls and garnets resting on the rocks where he passed. The flutter of their wings, and their frightened squawks as they protested against this rude intrusion upon their roosting place but added to the disquietude of Rusty's mind.

After a fruitless effort, the boys were all returned to the tent. On the arrival of Rusty he counselled they build a large signal fire on the peak of the rock as further effort to assist Sol to get back to the camp, if by any chance he should be lost in the woods, and in need of such a guide to show him his way back.

In a short time the flames of a huge bon-fire mounted high up in the air, and the boys busied themselves all night in keeping it burning, and watching the fantastic figures which the flames described.

(To be continued in next issue.)

TEN DOLLAR PRIZE

To the Scholars of the Public and Separate Schools, and the First Form of High Schools and all similar Schools

— FOR —

THE BEST STORY

— ON —

THE CHRISTIAN ISLANDS, GEORGIAN BAY

The Story is to contain about 2,000 words, carefully written in own hand writing on one side of the paper only, and your real name forwarded in separate envelope. The story must be in the hands of the Editor of the 'Mer Douce', not later than November 15th.

SEE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, PAGE 32.

The Cave of the Spirit

A Traditional Legend of Indian War and Love and Hate

Summary Chapters I and II.

An Iroquois war-party discovers and exterminates a Huron village at Wah-so-ko-sing. A young man of Ojibway descent, of giant size and stature, is taken captive, but is saved from the usual torture and cannibalism by the intervention of the Chief, who, captivated by his martial appearance and fearless and courageous spirit, resolves in answer to a dream, to adopt him into his family and make him a son, a constant practice by warring Indians. The youth escapes, but is recaptured. The war-party on their home journey fall into the hands of an Ojibway hunting camp, and are surprised in their sleep and tomahawked to death, the Chief and the Huron captive alone being saved. Wemikong, an Odahwah young woman, being adopted into the Ojibway tribe to become the wife of the chief's son, permits the escape of the Iroquois chief, because of his instrumental kindness in saving the Huron youth. She is saved from suspicion by the presence of a little red-legged gull, a pet of the Huron village, which has attached itself to Ke-ke-ah-mik, the Huron youth, and which is taken by the superstitious Indians as a symbol of the presence of the Great Manitou. An apparent, growing attachment between the Huron youth and the Odahwah girl, arouses the treacherous jealousy of Wah-wic, the Chief's son. He is brought to task by Wemikong for his moodiness.

"Why are you sitting, sitting, under the trees?"

CHAPTER II (Continued)

The extermination of an Iroquois war-party by an Ojibway hunting camp.

"IT IS because I have no lodge," he answered, finding in her question an opportunity to the opening of a conversation with her on the matter of their proposed marriage.

"You not like my people. My people be brave. How many Iroquois scalps in your belt? How many deer you kill? How many canoes you get? How many traps you set?"

"I can get scalps, Wemikong, when Hurons can get only fish. I can get bears when Hurons can get only rabbits," he answered with spirit, getting a fling at his rival.

"You can get bears and scalps sitting under a tree! Some of these days the Iroquois will come back, and then what'll you do?"

"Iroquois never come back. Iroquois afraid of Ojibway."

"Iroquois will come back, Wahwic. Iroquois here after next snow."

"How you know?"

"Manitou tell me. Manitou good spirit and tell me Iroquois come back right here."

"Manitou bad spirit, Wemikong, if Iroquois come back."

"Manitou good spirit and fight with the braves. Manitou not fight with you; you no good. Let Iroquois come. Me like to see him. Me fight him and kill him."

With that she made a sudden agile movement, possessed the tomahawk that hung from his girdle, and with it poised in her hand, took three or four leaps in the air, gracefully describing a circle with each movement. Then bending forward, she flung it with all her might in the direction of Wahwic, sinking it into the tree a few inches above his head.

Wahwic sat stoically unmoved, not a limb stirred, not a muscle twitched.

"Wahwic no good. If he wants a lodge let him get up and fight Iroquois," she repeated with emphasis and left for the camp.

When she had finished this amazing acrobatic feat, and was departing, the little gull flew forward and fluttered round where Wahwic sat, and then turned and circled round Wemikong, following her to the camp.

CHAPTER III.

The coming of the first white man to the Cave of the Spirit.

A BAND of Odahwahs were encamped on the north side of that beautiful bay—the Cave of the Spirit. A dozen or more tents were clustered in an open spot in the woods. The tents were all conical shaped, made of poles overlaid with birch bark, with the usual opening at the top for the egress of smoke from the fire below. These tents, it was noticed, were not all of the same size, nor was the same care observed in their

construction. It was also noticed that to some of the larger ones was attached a smaller one which was used as a kitchen and store house.

Before one of these, two women were engaged in constructing a birch bark canoe. The ribs, neatly whittled with a knife and shaped into their place, were made from cedar, and was the workmanship of the Indians, while, to their women, was left the task of placing upon them their cover. Two new canoes were set up a little distance from their wigwams which these same two women had recently finished, and they were now nearing the completion of the third.

Of the two who worked, one was a young woman of about eighteen years, the other her mother. The elder of the two was busied sewing the pieces of birch bark with the root thongs prepared for that purpose, while the younger was following this work of the elder, by covering over the joinings and sewings with pitch, so as to make a perfectly water-tight covering for their canoe. A third woman, a very elderly squaw, was a little distance off preparing the pitch over a fire, which she was preparing from the resin gotten from the pine or fir trees.

The three women were apparelled in dressed deer skin, for European fashions had not yet made their appearance amongst them. The two younger women bore a striking resemblance to each other. They were alike tall and handsome, that of the younger being the much more striking than the other because she had youth on her side. They laughed and talked as they worked, and they all seemed to be happy in their life and work. One could not but be impressed with their industry, the agility of their movements and the efficiency of their workmanship.

Near this group of working women were three boys playing. Their resemblance, age and size led one to the rightful conclusion that they were brothers of the young woman and children and grandchildren of the other two. They were having a game of contest in the use of bow and arrow by taking a chance shot at every passing bird regardless of their size and kind. The first one to see and hit the bird was acclaimed the victor, unless failing, the second succeeded.

After a time the women at work were attracted by a disagreement that had arisen amongst the boys. It was in reference to the youngest. The two elder were scolding him, as they held up a dead woodpecker in their hand. The grandmother went over to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

"He killed it while it was sitting," exclaimed the eldest as he exhibited the dead woodpecker to the grandmother. The misdemeanour was not in the taking away of the life of the bird, but in the taking of it away under the circumstances.

"He broke the rules of the contest," added the second. "It was flying birds we were shooting, and not sitting ones."

The old woman took the bird in her hand, and speaking to the young lad, advised him as to the use of the bow.

"Birds that you cannot eat ought not to be killed except while flying. They will then get you good marksmanship. If you want to shoot a bird sitting, shoot an o-me-me (pigeon) or a she-sheeb (duck). Then you will have something to eat, and this will make it worth while for you to shoot it. But if you kill a bird sitting that you cannot eat, this will not get you good marksmanship. The good huntsman shoots the birds when they fly, and the deer when they run. If you learn to do this when you are a boy, you will be able to do it when you become a man."

The young lad expected that his grandmother would take his side. He had become impatient because the others were getting all the birds and he none. Determined to have a bird to his credit in any case, he seized the opportunity as a woodpecker lighted on the side of a near-by tree, and though a considerable distance away, shot with such precision of aim that the bird dropped to the ground, a credit in deed to the marksmanship of his age. But now he is peeved since his grandmother's usual praises are denied him. In this spirit he starts eastward along the shore, determined that he shall so practise eye and hand that he shall be second to none of his brothers. As he goes round to the point of the bend, he sees a flotilla of canoes hugging the shore some considerable distance still eastward. He rushes up the path homeward, calling out,

"Canoes! Canoes!"

The braves of the village had been away since early spring. They had joined a band of traders who had gone eastward by way of the French River, Mattawan and Ottawa to Montreal. It was their first trip and the women and boys that were left behind were anxiously awaiting their safe return home.

The three boys scampered far down the shore on learning that canoes were approaching, and soon came back with the intelligence that it was their own band. In the head canoe was Te-koom-mah, their chief, with his two sons, each with steady and strong stroke, drawing their canoe swiftly along the waters, followed by the other braves of the village. All the women and boys were down on the shore to see them land.

The braves landed with news not only of a safe but also of a profitable trip. This was of itself sufficient to put the village in a state of excitement, but there was an additional canoe, which bought from the far east, the first of the white fur-traders to visit their village. He had come because of the promise of great fur trade to be secured both from among the Odahwahs, on the Island, and from the Ojibways on the north shore of the lake. This trade he would divert to his employers at Montreal, which loomed up to him in large prospect.

Te-koom-mah took him up to his lodge. When the stranger went in, he was surprised at the neatness and

the comforts of the interior fittings of the wigwam. A couch circled round in the inside, made of furs and skins of wild animals, was made to serve both for seats and beds for the household. Hung around the walls were bags of woven grass and vessels made of birch bark. In these they kept their goods and chattels, so that the whole inside presented a very tidy and neat appearance. The inner circle of the wigwam was overlaid with mats, as the season of the year made a fire here unnecessary.

The European was a Basque, and looked a dwarf as he walked by the side of Te-koom-mah, who stood above six feet in height and straight as a forest pine. The Basque was clothed in European dress, but on his head he wore the usual red handkerchief of the voyageurs twined round and knotted in front, with the two ends tucked in under the folds. His personal effects he had left in the canoe, but he carried a parcel under his arm, which proved to be some tobacco and salt which he had brought as presents to the Indians.

On his arrival into the chief's home there was no formal introduction of any kind. He dropped the parcel he had in his hand on the couch, awaiting the opportune time to distribute its contents. He spoke the Algonquin language in very good form and was readily understood by the Odahwahs.

The daughter of Te-koom-mah had hasted to get something in readiness for them to eat, as soon as they landed. Parched corn was first passed around, which they all ate from their hands. After this, venison steak, dried hard but not cooked, was eaten, followed by white fish, roasted in jackets of clay in the hot ashes of their fire. The food was handed to the Basque by the hand of Te-koom-mah himself, for although the Odahwah women prepared the food, it was the Indian who passed it around to the guests. Perrott, for such was the name of the Basque, was impressed with the erect and handsome appearance of the women, but more outstanding than all the rest in these characteristics was Ningai, the daughter of the chief.

As soon as his eyes alighted on her, he was seized with admiration and awaited eagerly an opportunity to open a conversation with her. But this was not soon to be granted by Ningai for she was evidencing not only the diffident traits of her tribe, but she was adding to it something like aversion to Perrott, as she noted that he was singling her out for his inspection, and obtruding or trying to obtrude himself upon her presence. On every occasion that he sought to draw her into conversation, he met with no success.

His eyes continued to follow with admiration her movements on every occasion of her appearance, while the aloofness which she displayed served only as a further spur on his attempts to win her attention. When speaking to her, she only answered in monosyllables, or answered not at all. After being in the village for several weeks, he made bold to address the chief on the question that was uppermost in his mind.

The chief was reticent. He had heard of the ways of the white man towards the women of the Indians, and he was therefore suspiciously reluctant lest his daughter should be carried away into the maelstrom of moral deterioration which had already set in among the women of some of the northern and eastern tribes.

"You white men marry our women and as soon as they no longer please your eye, you leave them, and they have no lodge of their own."

"But your daughter is so handsome, so gentle and modest, I am sure she shall always be pleasing to me."

"You white men all say that. But in the spring you go away from your wives with your furs and never come back."

"But I am going to stay always here, and so will be away only when you are away with me. I will be one of your people and your daughter will not leave her people, and I will not leave her."

Still Te-koom-mah hesitated. At last he went to his daughter, and announced that he was contemplating giving her away in marriage to Perrott.

On hearing this the young woman betook herself to a sacred hill not far distant, and building a wigwam of boughs, she remained in meditation in this place of quiet solitude, calling on the Mah-ne-to to come out of his cave and direct her steps, for the more she considered it of her own accord, the greater her aversion towards it.

True to her prayer, the Mah-ne-to appeared to her in a dream. She saw Perrott taking up a little babe in his arms from her lap, and carrying it around in the tent where both dwelt alone, after a while handed it back to her, saying,

"Ningai, here is our babe. She shall be called Wemikong. She will grow up brave and handsome like you, and one day she will save her people from a great warrior band. She too will marry a brave spirit like herself, and there shall be many brave children of hers, and no people shall be able to conquer them."

After this speech, Perrott departed from her tent according to the dream, and Ningai and the babe Wemikong were left alone. She told her dream to her grandmother.

"By this dream, Ningai, the great Mah-ne-to expects you to marry Perrott."

In the face of her antipathy, and her aversion having now given place to fear, she permitted herself to be led to the lodge of Perrott, and become his wife. The following spring, after the birth of their babe, Perrott and the band of traders with him were surprised by an ambuscade of Iroquois and Perrott, along with several Indians gave up their lives in fighting a successful defence. He was so badly wounded that he later succumbed to his wounds, and the dream of his wife had literally thus far at least become true in that she was left alone in the tent with her infant, Wemikong, swinging in the basket by her side.

(Continued in next issue.)

New Liskeard

An Historical Sketch

By

E. F. STEPHENSON

Editor,

"New Liskheard Speaker"

Farm Home, New Liskeard Temiskaming,

IN CONTRIBUTING the following brief historical sketch of the past and present of New Liskeard, the Clay Belt's most important agricultural town, I hope that what I shall have to say will interest the readers of "Mer Douce."

During the summer of 1893, the Honorable Arthur S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, sent Mr. John Armstrong, of Muskoka, to pay a visit to the Clay Belt and report on the agricultural prospects of the Temiskaming region. Mr. Armstrong reported favorably and he was appointed a Crown Lands Agent, with instructions to open an office for sale of Crown Lands in this country. However, Mr. Armstrong necessarily delayed opening his office until the spring of 1894, when he selected for the site of his office the north bank of the Wabis River, about one hundred yards from Lake Temiskaming.

Knowing of Mr. Armstrong's appointment, and having heard a good report of the Northland, I paid Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong a visit in their Muskoka home, and during the winter of 1894 purchased a farm lot one-half mile from the prospective town of New Liskeard. The same year, the first week in August, I made my first trip to the country.

It was during the afternoon of the third day after leaving my Bracebridge home (about 120 miles from Toronto) that I reached the Temiskaming Agency. The steamers did not make regular runs to the Wabis River because of the shallow water at the mouth. I had to leave the steamboat at Haileybury, then a small hamlet, and paddle in a birch bark canoe along the lake shore to my bush lot, and my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

At this time what is now the Town of New Liskeard, was not even a hamlet. I found but a few acres of cleared land, one habitation, and three canvas tents. East along the lake shore were three or four resident farmers, covering a distance of three miles; south, near Haileybury, four miles distant, were a few other farmers, but there were no settlers north of the Wabis River, and but one settler west of the town site.

Such was the New Liskeard of twenty-seven years ago.

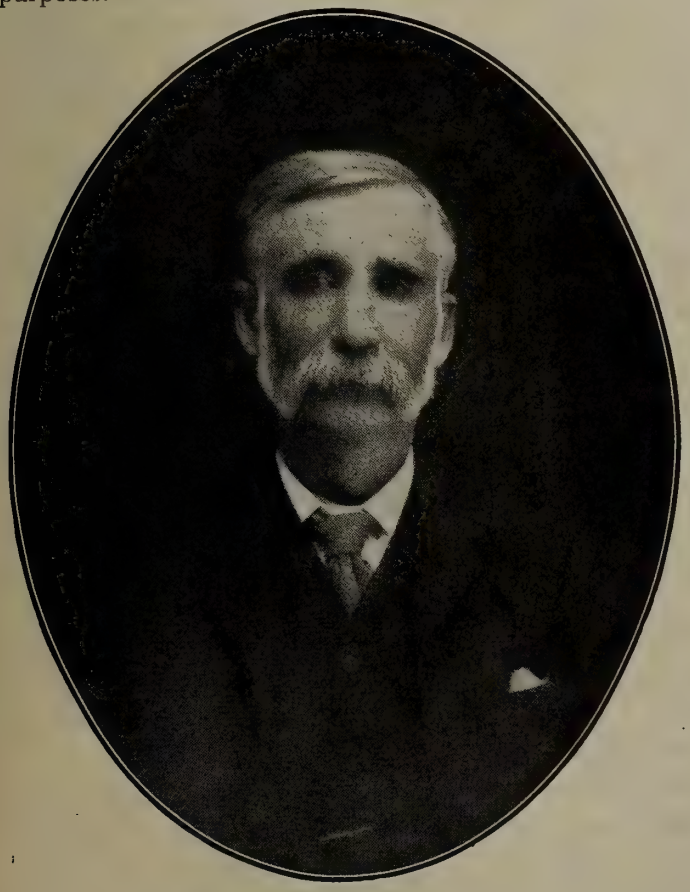
If I wished to have a walk on the south side of the river, I had to tramp through a dense forest. There was no land cleared and the trees were hanging over both sides of the river. To-day, the streets on this south side are lined with automobiles and auto-trucks; every hour an electric car stops at my office door; and every evening crowds of citizens are to be found at the Beach, Liskeard's very pretty play ground, and which is visited every week by hundreds and some times thousands of persons.

The evolution of New Liskeard seems like a dream, but it is no dream. The Town has many miles of cement sidewalks. There is a $25,000 hospital; a $20,000 opera house; large foundry and two machine shops; churches which cost from $10,000 to $30,000 each; some very pretty and costly residences; one of the most up-to-date building plants in the province; two large ice-cream manufactories; a Government creamery; a $20,000 school house which is being enlarged at an outlay of another $10,000; a Government experimental farm, and a fine Government building which is being used as a high school until such time as a technical agricultural school has been established under the direction of the Minister of Education. Some five years ago the Town Council entered into an agreement with the Ontario Government under which the town conveyed

to the Province 70 acres of very fine town land, the consideration being the establishing of the agricultural school, but owing to the war, both parties to the agreement were willing that the matter should be delayed. It will be seen, therefore, that the school must be established.

New Liskeard has excellent transportation facilities: The T. and N. O. Ry., from Toronto, runs through the town, and over this road the Grand Trunk Pacific has the right to run trains, and hence the town is on the main lines for the Great West and the Pacific Coast. Also the Nipissing Central Railway, electric line, connects New Liskeard with Haileybury, Cobalt and some Kerr Lake region. Then the town is on the lake and has a splendid government dock to which there is a railway switch.

Liskeard has been fortunate in regard to a water supply. Under the water-works system first installed, water flowed into the town reservoir by gravitation from several springs of pure water which were purchased for the purpose. However, it was subsequently thought in case of a great emergency and the need of a much larger supply, the springs might not produce all the water needed, so a well was sunk at a great depth alongside of the reservoir, and soon the water arose to within a few feet of the surface. Since then this well has supplied more than has been required for all town purposes.



E. F. Stephenson
Founder of the "New Liskeard Speaker"

The Temiskaming Telephone Company has its head office here. This is one of the largest telephone systems in the Province, as it takes in the greater part of the Temiskaming region.

New Liskeard is essentially a farmers' town, although the mining industry has been very helpful in making the town the important place it is.

The future of New Liskeard depends largely upon the future of agriculture. However, since I can truthfully say that the owners of improved farms could find ready buyers at about fifty dollars per acre for their 160 acre holdings, my readers must be convinced that the agricultural industry here has been successful. Indeed, in spring wheat field competitions a few years ago, the writer's farm took 92 per cent., the highest mark given in the Province out of 82 competitors.

CATECHISM.

Why do you call your magazine "Mer Douce?"

Because it was the first name given by European to any place in Ontario.

How do you pronounce it?

"Mer" is pronounced as it is spelled, with "e" sounded as "ai" in air. "Douce" is pronounced "doos," the same as the little child learning to speak pronounces the word goose. The final "e" is not sounded.

What does it mean?

It means "fresh-water sea." The old men of to-day tell us that when they went to school they were taught that "British North America is noted for its fresh-water lakes and its rivers." It is so. The fresh waters, the lakes, the navigable rivers, and now the rapids and falls,—these constitute for our country one of its greatest assets.

What body of water was it that was first named "Mer Douce?"

That body of water which Champlain saw stretching out before him as he stood at the mouth of the French River, in the midsummer month of the year 1615.

What is the aim of the Magazine?

Beginning with this starting point in the history of Ontario, to tell the story of its discovery, settlement, and development, discovering and preserving everything that we can that is of interest and of value for the present and future generations to know concerning our country and its people.

In this issue we feature the Temiskaming District, the latest area to feel the subduing power of the forces at work bent on producing a greater Ontario.

WHITEWOOD AVE., NEW LISKEARD,
A town of great prospects, at the foot of the Clay Belt.

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Temiskaming's Pioneer : Hardware Stores :
at
NEW LISKEARD and COBALT
COCHRANE and TIMMINS
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Temiskaming's Pioneer Store
— AND —
Greatest Mail Order House
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NEW LISKEARD
Men's, Children's and Ladies' Wear
The Best Store in the Best Town in the District.

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W. H. BECKETT & SON
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The best lines made.

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Ten Dollar Prize Competition

THE GEORGIAN BAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY is proposing to give regularly a prize for the best story on a chosen theme, for the purpose of encouraging the writing of stories on Canadian subjects, more particularly those in which the "MER DOUCE" is interested.

Scholars and students can get whatever assistance they choose in the matter of securing the materials for the story, suggestion of plans, corrections in style, spelling, punctuation, and whatever else may go in the way of helping them to obtain a good literary style, and compositions of merit. The composition, however, must be their own, and in their own handwriting, unless typewritten, which will be permissible, and it must be certified by teacher or parent as their own. They must not write from dictation from anyone, even as regards the composing of one sentence.

The aim of the society is to discover and develop literary talent, and teachers and parents are asked to co-operate to this end.

"Mer Douce"

The Georgian Bay and North Ontario Magazine

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Vol. I. SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1921 No. 4

"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man."

Editor; REV. HUGH COWAN, M.A., B.D., 938 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

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The Stream of Human Life

Individual men may come, and individual men may go, but the stream of human life goes on forever.

We are interested in this stream, more interested than in anything else. We are interested in that which makes for the comfort and happiness of human life. We want to know what will further its advancement and progress.

When we ask how this can be done, history alone can give the answer. There are certain conditions of life and forces in the world that further or hinder our happiness comfort and progress. Human experience discovers what these forces and conditions are, and history is the record of this experience.

The most valuable form of history is that of biography—the story of individual men. How did this man and that man overcome his handicaps? Was he able to make of his circumstances, stepping stones to lift him to higher things? Did he find happiness? From whence did it come? Did he make of life, a success or a failure? How? And why?

There is no life that is worth while wasting printer's ink over. There is no man in this great stream of human life that has achieved anything of which it would be worth while keeping a permanent record. There is nothing which has happened, the memory of which it would be worth while perpetuating.

If one should be found to take this attitude of mind, then to arouse the sympathy or interest of such an one in our work, would be a sheer impossibility. It takes time and labor to discover an interesting life, and to write the story of it in an interesting way. It takes money to record it in print. This time and labor and money will not be given by one who sees nothing of interest or use in recording the human element that enters so conspicuously into the world's story.

There are a number, and it is growing, who believe in our work, they believe in its great value to future generations. To those who have this faith, we appeal to them to help us put in a permanent record the story of our country in the terms of the men who have made it.

The Sweets of Historical Study

A Reprint From the Magazine of American History

"The search for knowledge is itself compensating. The way to almost every other good is simply troublesome, and the recompense in the end. But study is a joy from the beginning, onward and forever. With what genuine delight the scholar turns every new leaf! What variety and wealth and freshness ever waiting to be garnered! Other artisans do but practise on what they have learned, running in the same groove to weariness. The scholar continues to find that which is fresh and attractive. Other labors require recreation; the labors of the scholar are his perfect recreation.

There is no one subject at the present time eliciting more universal attention than that of history. It is commonly defined the sum of human events, and yet it is much more. It lies at the root of all science, and is the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature, his earliest expression of what is called thought. There has never been a nation or tribe so rude that it has not attempted history in some form, even although it had not arithmetic enough to count time. History has been engraved on stone, wrought into wood and ivory, manufactured from clay, built into pyramids and palaces, written with quipo threads, with feather pictures, and with wampum belts, and preserved in earth mounds, and in monumental stone heaps.

The talent for history is the birth-right of all. It is, indeed, our chief inheritance. In a certain sense every individual is an historian. Our very speech is curiously historical. How few persons we meet as we pass along the journey of life, who in talking do not narrate? It is not that they necessarily impart what they have had in their minds, but they disclose what they have experienced or seen, which is no small nor trifling matter. Deprived of the story how soon the stream of conversation begins to languish, even amongst the wisest! We are all constantly enacting history. In our every-day language we recite history. Our intellects are stored with history. For, strictly speaking, all knowledge is recorded experience. Memory is but the treasury house of annals.

Study, and especially historical study, opens to us a thousand avenues of pastime and happiness. If we would climb to an enviable place in scholarship, persistence, the twin companion of study, will assist materially in the achievement. The clouds shed not their rain in floods, but in drops; we are never rich, or great, or learned, all at once, though gently and by successive steps the most dizzy heights may be reached. Study may be made the whole business of life; or a part of each day may be assigned to the sweet pleasure. Three hundred and sixty-five hours in a year devoted to the accumulation of historical knowledge could not fail to bring with it bountiful results. It is a notable fact that the heaviest or severest subjects of thought are the least exhausting to the thinker. This may be a singular paradox, but it is established through the philosophy of mind, and the experience of every true learner. Mathematicians, theologians, and metaphysicians, as well as historians, have, as a rule, been able to endure more unremitting and protracted labor, with less harmful results, than poets and novelists. Isaac Newton could spend twice as many hours of the day for months in succession, in the profoundest problems of pure mathematics, as Walter Scott could give to the composition of what is called light reading. One of our modern historians has been known to devote to close study and composition from ten to twelve hours per day on an average for eighteen months in succession and suffer no injury whatever. Many great students have been accustomed when fatigued with the labor of deep researches or exhausted by a continuous train of thought on any one subject, to relax the mind with geometrical problems.

The study of history is absorbing; it comforts the lonely, it is a safeguard against lassitude, it drowns grief. For the young men and women in our schools and colleges, its usefulness can never be over-estimated, or its practical results adequately measured. Dr. Franklin traced his succesful career to Cotton Mather's essays which fell into his hands when a boy. Cicero tells us how his eloquence caught inspiration from a constant study of the Latin and Grecian poetry. Pompey never undertook any considerable enterprise without concentrating his thoughts upon the character of Achilles in the first Iliad; although he acknowledged that the enthusiasm he caught came rather from the poet than the hero. Bossuet before composing a funeral oration always retired for several days to his study and poured over the pages of Homer. Cobbett, at eleven, bought Swift's Tale of a Tub, and it produced what he called a "birth of intellect." An odd volume of Racine, picked up at a stall on the quay, made a poet of Toulon.

Original thinkers are the most ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to history, and to the wisdom which has lived in books through all the decades of the past. The sensation of well-directed study—particularly that of history—is in almost every instance one of rapture. And this rapture or enthusiasm is within the reach of every one who acquires the taste, and will cultivate continuity of attention, and the art of reading for the best possible results. We have been truly told "The greatest genius is he was consumes the most knowledge, and converts it into mind."

MATTAWA—A PENCIL DRAWING EXECUTED IN 1871 BY BISHOP HORDEN, OF MOOSONEE.

LUMBER SLIDE, BUILT BY J. R. BOOTH, NOW CALLED FARR'S CREEK.

A SQUATTER'S FARM, NOW THE TOWNSITE OF HAILEYBURY.

Temiskaming : Fifty Years Ago

Fifty years ago, the now rich and partially developed district of Temiskaming was known only to fur-traders, hunters, Indians and tourists. The nearest post was Mattawa, a little hamlet which sprung up at the junction of the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers, a place forty miles down the Upper Ottawa from Lake Temiskaming. This pen drawing, made exactly fifty years ago, shows the houses of the Hudson Bay Company in the foreground, while across the river is seen, among others, the store and dwelling of Timmins, a man who has since achieved great possessions, and these obtained honestly. The story of Timmins is the story of the discovery of the wealth of this district, and the development of its resources. He linked himself up with its history when it was an undesired country, and it has rewarded him handsomely.

The lumberman followed the trader into the woods. This lumber slide, illustrated in the second picture, was built in these early days by J. R. Booth, to let his logs out from Cobalt Lake to Temiskaming. The settler in North Ontario that borders a stream or river is favorably situated to get his pulp-wood to market. Cut into logs they are floated down the stream to one of the many pulp-mills of the district. There is said to be 300 million cords of pulp-wood along the line of the National Railway.

The third stage in the development of the district is illustrated by the third picture, a squatter's farm. First a lumber camp, then a farm, it has since become the town of Haileybury. A stack of hay, and another of peas and oats, is this squatter's harvest, grown long before a Government surveyor had reached Temiskaming.

The first persons to undertake with earnestness the settlement of the district were the Oblat Fathers of Quebec. They had a mission established in the early days on the west side of the lake, which has since been abandoned, nothing now remaining there but the dilapidated ruins of their old houses. Their headquarters are now established at Ville Marie, a considerable town on the Quebec side of the lake. The results of their activity are seen in the preponderance of French Canadians in many sections of the district.

These make good settlers, and after all, the development of a country is dependent upon the quality of the people that make up its population. Millions of acres of lands, good agricultural lands are here awaiting settlers. Over the Height of Land, there is a decline in the level, and as it, the land, becomes lower it improves. The soil is good, very fertile, and in addition to being

THE OLD MISSION OF OBLAT FATHERS, LAKE TEMISKAMING, ONT.

MAKING A LANDING FROM BATEAU

A CONVENIENT HOME OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

TOURING AMONG THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF TEMISKAMING.

VILLIE MARIE, QUEBEC—HEADQUARTERS OF THE TEMISKAMING COLONISATION COMPANY UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE OBLAT FATHERS.

cultivable, is remarkably level, level as the prairie. But it is covered with trees, and that thickly so that only a man of industry and patience need attempt building a home there. But fifty years, what changes have taken place. At New Liskeard, there is a farm area of about 35 miles square, and it is all now practically cleared, although farming in earnest did not begin until after the advent of the railway in 1903. But the rapidity with which changes are brought about must not blind us to the fact that he who would win a prize in this country must work and wait. None other need apply. A spruce swamp is not removed off a quarter section of land in a day.

Historic Chart

In order that we may have something to our credit accomplished as a result of this winter's work, we advise each Society to begin the compiling of an historic chart or calendar for each township, village, town, county or city in which the society is located. For example, the societies on the Manitoulin Island would begin something like the following:

Historic Chart: Manitoulin Island.

1615. Native Indians of the Island met by Champlain on the French River.

1648-49. Father Poncet winters on the Island.

1648-50. Huron Indians seek shelter among the Ottawas.

1651. The Ottawas threatened by the Iroquois. They flee with the Huron Indians to Green Bay.

1660. Father Menard winters with the Ottawa Indians of the Island at Keeweenaw Bay.

1671. The Manitoulin proclaimed a French possession in a great gathering of Indians at Sault Ste. Marie.

This beginning should be followed up until a complete calendar of all the historical and important events are tabulated. When this is done for the whole district it will be a splendid guide for the compiling of the complete story of the district.

Greater Ontario

A Midsummer Trip Through the Eldorado of the North

By A VARSITY UNDERGRAD

A Typical Scene of North Ontario.

Here are to be seen the bluffs of rock covered with birch and poplar and an occasional evergreen; the lonely trunk of a pine or other large tree, pointing back to the time when it was covered with a noble forest, but long since destroyed by fire; the lake for shipping; the water-fall awaiting to be harnessed to provide electric power for the necessities of our advancing times; and here also the steam-railway, the greatest factor, next to the lakes and rivers, for the opening and development of this great area, seventy miles more of which is to be added to the T. and N.O., getting us that much nearer the James Bay, and by way of it to Europe.

THE MINING GAME.

I AM still on the train and looking out through the window at this great country on either side of the T. & N. O. Railway. I have passed through three great farming districts since I left North Bay, but their development is yet hardly begun. I am still thinking of the rocks, and the prospects of this country in the terms of silver and gold. Learning by the experiences of my chance friends on the train, who are chasing after future prospects like myself, I have come to the conclusion that this mining business is a great game.

It Is First of All a Discovery.

The silver and gold are there, but who shall discover them and where? The great Cobalt camp, that sixteen years ago set the world on fire in excitement, the mineral wealth of it was brought to light by a chance discovery in 1903. Eddy's lumber brigade tramped over the Cobalt rocks, and hewed down the pines round about, season after season, and yet they made no discoverey of the riches that were under their feet. Booth's teamsters drove their mules hither and thither over its hills, but they too, saw nothing. With

faith in their adopted country, a mining company was organized at New Liskeard, but they sent their prospectors away north, not dreaming that the richest silver mine in the world was within a Sabbath Day's journey from their own firesides. It remaind for a railway blacksmith to discover all this wealth, a man who had neither training nor mining knowledge of any kind to fit him for the task. The cold metal is there, but where?

This Mining Game Is a Great Risk.

What La Rose, the blacksmith, discovered, was not a mine, but a prospect. Any mineralogist could tell what was the value of that piece of ore which he held in his hand, and what percentage of it was silver, but none could tell how much more of that same kind was there. The geologists may have wisdom, and they may set with confidence their theories before a curious public, but, in the mining game, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Thirty years ago, in the neighborhood of the Silver Mountain mine at Port Arthur, three workmen discovered what appeared to be a most valuable silver mine, one that, from outward appearance, bade fair to rival the famous Silver Islet mine. They went to Port Arthur and displayed their ore. Some local capitalists offered them $50,000 cash for their discovery. These men, who before this period of their history, and ever afterwards, lived in penury, said,

"No. We must have $200,000."

"Very well, we'll give you that, if you let us test it, and if it proves to be as good as it looks."

The test was made, and it was found to be nothing more than a rich pocket, that in the history of the earth's upheavals, had been left sitting at the surface at the base of a great rock.

This Mining Game Is a Great Industry.

When I got as far north as Cobalt town, I jumped off the train for a space, and strolled round about the Coniagas Mine. There I found buildings, immense buildings, housing machinery of all kinds. There was machinery for sinking shafts into the rocks; machinery for hoisting ore up out of the rocks; machinery for grinding the rocks and the silver in it into powder; machinery for carrying streams of water down their canvas beds for cleansing purposes. Here was a factory, needed, not to create the silver, but merely to separate it from the worthless materials with which it may be associated. There I met two university graduates, directing these great works, who promised to describe this industry on paper. When I receive that description, I will pass it on to our readers, that they may get a glimpse into the many-sidedness of this mining game.

This Mining Game Is a Great Business.

The development of these mines requires money. Where shall this be found? There are needed men wise in the ways of finance, to discover it here and there, and having aggregated it for this purpose, bring about an organization strong enough to undertake and carry out the task of testing, and developing, and if it prove valuable, of working the mine.

This may be a profitable business, or it may not. The mine is valued by men supposedly capable of rightly valuing it, but it may be worth less or more than their valuation. Hence you may pay for shares in this mine less or more than the share is worth. And like every other business also, efficient management is required to conduct its business.

There is another business attached to the mining game, which may or may not be legitimate, according to the man who is handling it. As I walked uphill and down-hill on the cement sidewalks of this Cobalt town, I saw signs freshly painted sixteen years ago. They were the signs of mining brokers, men whose business is not to develop mines, but to sell shares in mines. The business acumen of this race of men was unknown to Jacob when he tended to his father-in-law's flocks, or he might have made a better job of fleecing the old man. They were a race of men whose business came into existence with the discovery of the Cobalt camp. Their clients went to church on Sunday, and believed on that day that life was a reality, but on other days of the week, they believed that it was all a gamble. They went into the mining broker's office with this faith, and came out of it with great prospects, and most of them are to-day firmly convinced that in the mining game at least, this earth supplies no reality.

To come to history, the earnings of the Nipissing, the great mine of the Cobalt camp, is represented as $6,000 daily. The cost of producing this is said to be less than 35 cents an ounce. The price of silver is 69 cents an ounce. The amateur will come to the conclusion that the shareholders are drawing a net profit of about fifty per cent. In actual fact the payments are 12 per cent annual, with a bonus of from three to five per cent. This would appear to be a profitable business, and so it is, as far as the actual earnings of the mine are concerned. But to the men who hold shares in the mine, what was the price they paid for their shares? This is the question that first must be answered before you can tell whether it is a profitable business to them.

There is another question that has been impressed upon my mind as I passed through this country, Where has all this silver that has been taken out of the mines gone? I asked this question of an experienced trafficker in the metal, and his answer was—

"Oh, I don't know, perhaps to China or Japan?"

"And what has the country got in lieu of it?"

"Don't know; perhaps silk dresses from Japan; automobiles from Detroit; perhaps a pile of bricks and stones on Bathurst Street Hill, Toronto."

The silver has gone out of the country. It has been discovered to be carried away. What has this country got that is of permanent value in its place? I cannot answer that question. Can you?

There are farm lands, and what a vast area of them in this north country. The more you work these lands, scientifically, of course, the more valuable they are. But there are men, wise or otherwise, to whom farming does not appeal. They prefer the mining game. But in its farms, this country has great prospects. I will leave the mining business for a while then, and turn my study to the history of farming here, especially as seventy more miles in length is to be added to its area, by the further extension of the railway.

The pioneer woman. Is she prepared to put up with the conveniences of this tent home; wait patiently until these trees are cleared away one by one, by her husband; keep house in the bush alone while he is earning a livelihood till the first crop is grown. All these must precede before she can obtain the comforts of a fully-cleared Canadian farm home.

Religious Beliefs of the Pagan Indians of Canada

What were the religious beliefs, the social customs and the manner of life of the Indian tribes of North America when they were first discovered by Europeans? From La Salle's account of these published in 1672, and corroborated from other sources, we ascertain the following fact concerning their religious beliefs:

1. The Souls of Men and Beast Immortal:

"They believed in the immortality of the soul, as well those of beasts as of men. Thus they believed that as men hunt beasts, while alive, so after their death they should hunt the souls of beasts."

2. Bravery Rewarded; Cowardice Punished:

"They believe that they would be lucky or unfortunate, in their chase according as they had been brave or cowardly in this life, and firm or feeble under torture."

3. The Chief of the Spirits, the Master of Life:

"They all held in respect the chief of all spirits, whom they called the Master of Life, but they paid him no regular worship, except that they obeyed him in all that was pointed out to them in their dreams, if it were not a crime, such as the killing of one of their relatives or friends, or allies, or of the nations with whom they were at peace, or other impossible things. In these cases they contented themselves with appeasing the Master of Life by feasting their friends, which they called propitiating the spirit of the Master of Life."

4. The Master Spirit Helps, but Does Not Harm Anyone:

"They believe that this Spirit (Manitou) is the cause of all the good that happens to them, and that he is incapable of doing harm to any one, because, they say, he hates no one."

5. They Practise What They Believe:

"They observed their own customs inviolably, and acted in precise accordance with their belief."

"They were persuaded that chastity and charity were not virtues among the early Europeans, because of what they had seen. They could not understand how any who had bread enough and to spare, would refuse to give to those who were hungry, and others who had clothing refuse to give to those who were naked."

"A savage hearing a sermon upon charity said to the missionary, 'Why do you preach to me the duty of charity, since I am already charitable and you are not.'"

6. Similarity of Character Amongst All Tribes:

"All the Indian tribes were alike in this," he says, "that they have the same respect for the dead, the same care in their funeral rites, the same love for their children, their friends and those of their nation, the same manner of assemblage and warfare, the same moderation, and the same respect for one another, the same hatred for their enemies, the same cruelty for those they have taken prisoners in war, and the same patience in the endurance of the most horrible torture when taken themselves."

The Iroquois were not fiercer than other nations, and historians who picture them so, according to La Salle, are not true to fact. They were more powerful, that is all.

Canada's Greatest Archipelago

The Story of

The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay

The Journey of the First White Settlement Across the Georgian Bay

By the then MISS SOAPHY ANDERSON
One of the Thirty-four Persons Who Took Part in the Journey

We are indebted to F. W. Major, Esq., the Historian of the Little Current Society, for the possession of the narrative. Mr. Major, a former Editor of the Gore Bay Record, has had himself an interesting career, a sketch of which we are arranging to appear in a future issue of this magazine

IN the autumn of 1838 my father, the late Captain T. G. Anderson, who was an officer in the Indian Department, was ordered to an entirely new field of labor, and late as it was, our home at Coldwater was broken up and arrangements made for a long and dangerous journey by water to Manitoulin Island, a distance of some two hundred miles. A large bateau was engaged and on the eighth of October, Captain Anderson, with the other officers employed by the Indian Department, their wives, children and servants, besides mechanics, employed to teach the Indians different trades, embarked from Coldwater. The bateau was heavily laden with necessary provisions for a long, cold journey. Tents, beds and bedding, besides its precious freight of thirty-four souls, i e., the missionary, the Rev. C. C. Brough, afterwards Archdeacon of London, Ontario. Mrs. Brough, four children and two servants, Dr. Paul Darling and his wife, well known in Orillia in later years, one infant six weeks old, a nurse, the schoolmaster, Mr. Bailey, Mrs. Bailey, and three children, the Captain, his wife, four children, two young friends and one servant, the oarsmen, a pet cat and a dog. The days were short and very cold, the lake rough and freezing on the oars as the men raised them for every fresh stroke.

The females of the party were not such as are usually found in those out-of-the-way places but were highly educated, refined and delicate, heretofore shielded from every storm. From there being so many women and children on board, it was necessary to encamp early in the afternoons in order to get well under canvas before nightfall, and on account of the number of children to dress and feed; beds, etc., to unpack; tents to strike and boat to be loaded, the mornings were spent, ere we were enabled to proceed on our way. Some days we had only two or three hours in which to travel, for instance, if we arrived at a good camping ground, it was advisable to go ashore for the night, as daylight might fail before reaching another.

The nights soon became very cold and the ice had to be cut away in the morning in order to get the bateau from her moorings. One day we were lost in the channels and our supplies were well nigh exhausted. After a consultation and some "hard toda" (ship biscuit), the Captain and some of the men went ashore to look about and hearing a crow cawing fancied it was tame. My father said to one of the men—"Follow that crow and it will take you to an Indian camp." He did as directed, and strange to say, the crow would fly a short distance then stop, as if waiting for the men, then off again, till at last, they arrived at a lodge. The poor Indians gave of such as they had, and came to pilot us through the maze of islands.

Our "Evangeline" had no deck or shelter of any kind; all were exposed to the fury of the biting winds, snow and rain, and the freezing spray which frequently dashed over the edge of the boat. It is a marvel how any escaped death. After three weeks of terrible suffering we at last came in sight of the "Establishment," so called, but alas! for us, one of the three

houses was in flames, and by the time we reached the landing place, was reduced to a heap of ashes. Notwithstanding this great misfortune, all hearts were raised in gratitude to that kind Providence which had brought us through so many dangers to our journey's end and all who were able set to work with a will to make the very best of so trying a situation. My father, who never seemed to be at a loss, soon had all comfortably housed for that night, and glad we were to lay our numbed and weary bodies down on the floor of our log house, with roaring fires in the chimnies, luxuries we had not enjoyed for three weeks. Long and anxiously our father and mother talked ere closing their eyes in sleep. Arranging how best to accommodate four families in a small house, originally intended for only one. Down stairs there were three small rooms and two very narrow passages besides a kitchen with a large chimney and oven. Upstairs was all in one room, not even lathed overhead. The spans between the logs of the walls had been filled in with mud. Two of the rooms below were given to the Broughs, the Baileys occupying the other, all parties making use of the kitchen. A sail was stretched across the room upstairs for a partition, the smaller portion was occupied by the doctor and family, while we made use of the larger part. Our beds were spread on the floor at night and we lay huddled together, father, mother, children and servants, all on a level, like a flock of sheep. In the morning beds were rolled up into as small a space as possible to admit of our moving about, and served for seats.

We were frequently awakened in the night by the loud cracking of our log walls, caused by the intense frost. The ice, too, in the bay would crack with a roar like a canon, dying away in the distance like thunder.

The men, who accompanied us, made thin beds on the kitchen floor with buffalo robes and blankets and those workmen who were already at work on the Island, occupied the building which had been erected for a school house for the Indians.

The day after our arrival, hearing a loud sobbing in the room below, I put my eyes to a convenient knot-hole in the floor and peeped down in order, if possible, to discover the cause and I saw the lifeless body of little Benny Bailey, lying upon the table. The poor child, only about six or eight months old, had died from a severe cold, the effects of unavoidable exposure. This was my first sight of death. Here was trouble indeed. Where could the body be laid while the grave was being prepared? My father soon hung a blanket across a corner of one of the small passages, nailed up a few boards and upon them laid the beautiful remains of our much loved playmate, and there it lay for many days, owing to the severe frost and lack of proper implements with which to dig the tiny grave. At last all was ready. A small coffin had been made of rough boards and with many tears we followed the dear babe to his last resting place, a lonely little grave on the bleak hillside.

"Working Faithfully for the Good of the Poor Indians."

The schooner, with our winter supplies on board, was obliged to return to her winter quarters (though in sight of the island), on account of the ice, in consequence of which we were on short rations. There was a small supply of government stores, such as salt pork, tallow and peas, but no flour or butter. We had a little flour remaining after our journey and our good mother managed to make "salt rising bread," very sweet and nice when properly made. We children were limited to half a slice of bread a day. After the pork had been boiled, the fat which rose to the surface of the water when cooling, was skimmed off and when clarified, was used as butter and was far more palatable than some very high priced butter of the present day. The Indians brought us partridge, ducks, rabbits and sometimes venison.

The gentlemen soon learned the Indian mode of spearing fish in winter, through a hole in the ice. The elders alone indulged in tea, no milk, of course, but

plenty of maple sugar, and though we had any quantity of the best of wood and kept a roaring fire in the chimney, our cups would freeze to the table as we sat at meals. We were fortunate in having plenty of potatoes, grown the previous summer and stored in a root house. Such potatoes as I have never seen elsewhere—pink eyes, kidney potatoes, Sachris fingus, the latter were always roasted in the ashes.

About six weeks after our arrival, Doctor Darling's baby died from cold and its little frozen body lay for many days awaiting burial. (Mrs. Darling was my mother's sister.) During our eight years' residence at Manitoulin there were only three deaths amongst the white people. The two infants above mentioned and another beautiful child, Dr. Darling's only son, Basil, who died in his mother's arms without one moment's illness, of heart disease.

Soon the Indians came about us, seeking instruction, and the first two who desired to be baptized were an old man and his squaw. They were called Adam and Eve, and were lawfully married at the same time. Two of their sons, grown men, were also baptized. One of them was called Abel.

The larger of the two rooms occupied by the missionary and his family, served as a church, school and council room, during our first winter. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey gathered the children of our party in their room on Sunday afternoons, teaching the church catechism, collects, etc., and there I first heard and, with the others, learned to sing that grand old hymn "O God of Bethel," so appropriate to our lonely isolation. Years and years have rolled on since then, but the first words of that hymn send me back to that little room, and, in fancy, I hear again sweet voices, long since hushed in death, and see dear faces long since moldering in the dust.

My dear mother invited all who would to assemble in our kitchen on Sunday afternoons while she read aloud from the Bible, then a tract or two or a few chapters of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and talked earnestly to men and women of those things which concerned their everlasting welfare. She had a supply of French and Gaelic as well as English Tracts. French she could speak, read or write as fluently as English. Many of the workmen were "Hielanders" and mother got them to teach her to read Gaelic and she even mastered it sufficiently to read to them who were unable to do so for themselves. No earthly record was ever kept of the good done by this devout and faithful follower of Christ, other than that kept in the hearts and minds of those who were so fortunate as to come under her influence.

Some years since, while visiting friends in Toronto, an old servant of my mother, hearing where I was, came to see me. We talked of our dear ones long gone and

"It Was Necessary to Camp Early on Account of the Children."

of old times with many tears. On leaving she took both my hands in hers, saying: "An noo, Miss Soaphy, hae ye ony tract or book, a bit o' onything upon which you're mither's han' has rested. Wull ye gie it a bit o't to me? I hae heard mony a Godly mon preach, an' hae talkit' wi mony a Godly mon or woman, but I hae yet tae see the mon fit te tie your mither's shoes."

Good, faithful old Effie.

During the winter many Indians came great distances, bringing their sick to the doctor or to obtain religious instruction. Often a dozen or more would come down round our kitchen fire, utterly regardless of the inconvenience they caused, smoking and drying their wet moccasins and blanket sacks, besides the filth they left for their kind friends to clear away after them. Those of the Indians who were baptized were generally given Scripture names. We had three Peters in the sick list at one time; Peter Bank had spine disease; Peter Legs was paralyzed and Peter Throat suffered from bronchitis. One poor old woman had a broken jaw and Dr. Darling, who dearly loved a joke, nicknamed her "Old Mother Mouth," and Mother Mouth she was called to the end of the chapter.

On one occasion, Mr. Brough traded dogs with an old squaw, his reverence wanting a good sleigh dog. The trade seemed quite satisfactory for a few days when back came the old woman with her dog who was in a very bad mind and pitched into the "English Black

A modern Indian woman, a good exhibit of the beauty and strength of her ancestral race. Here we see her dressed in civilization's garb, with her birch-bark canoe manufactured by herself, and the paddle whittled out of cedar wood by her husband's skill. The bark canoe will soon be a method of travel known only through the pages of history. It is still the mode of travel by the Crees in the Abitibi and Hudson Bay region.

Coat" in no measured terms, gaining for herself the name of "Old Mother Spit-Fire.

During the sugar season, we frequently visited the camps and stuffed ourselves with fresh maple sugar. When boiled to a certain thickness and poured on the snow to cool, it is called Ginn Sugar and, if not too highly flavored with fish, is most delicious.

In spite of all we could do to enliven the monotony, time passed very slowly. At last the long, dreary winter drew to a close. With what rapture we beheld the blue waters as the ice began to break up and was carried by the soft south wind out of the bay into the open lake. As soon as possible, after navigation was safe, a bateau was sent from Penetanguishene (the then nearest point of civilization) to our relief, though they rather expected to find a lot of skeletons. With what delight we hailed the boat as she rounded the point at the head of the bay. What warm hand clasps and heartfelt thanks went up to God, for our safety can better be imagined than I can find words to describe.

As soon as possible in the spring, building operations commenced. Log houses were erected for the missionary, doctor and school master, as well as for the mechanics and Indians. A large workshop was built for carpenters and coopers, also a blacksmith shop, where the young Indians could learn the different trades from skilled workmen, employed by the Government for that purpose. There was also a shoemaker and later on a tailor. We soon had sheep, cows and oxen sent up on board a schooner, chartered by Government and we began to find ourselves not quite so much out of the world after all. Sheep did well on the stony land, and the wool was of a good quality. A woman, skilled in the art of carding and spinning, was engaged to teach the Indians. They were quick to learn and delighted at being able to knit their own socks and stockings, which they did during the long winter evenings. As many as fourteen or fifteen boys would be seated round the table, knitting and chatting, sometimes singing hymns.

The Broughs and Baileys only remained for a year or two and their places were filled by the Rev. F. A. O'Meara from the Sault and Mr. John Buckill as school-master. Mr. O'Meara and his clever young wife, a Miss Dallas, whom he had just brought from her home in Orillia, were fully imbued with the true missionary spirit, entering heart and soul into the work before them and were untiring in their efforts to instruct the poor heathen; the good "Black Coat" walking long distances on snowshoes, or with his dogs and sleigh, would hunt up the wanderers, scattered about in their miserable encampments, telling them the good news of salvation, persuading them to come to Establishment and live in the houses prepared for them and be clothed and fed and taught to live like the white people. Many gladly came and were, after due instruction, baptized. Others preferred to live and die in the old ways of their fore fathers.

It was during his residence at Manitoulin that Mr. O'Meara perfected his justly celebrated translation of the Book of Common Prayer into the Ojibway tongue, for which service the Government gave him a pension for life.

Until the number of inhabitants and converts warranted the building of a church, service was held in the upper flat of the store house, and the lamented Bishop Strachan visited Manitoulin on his first Confirmation tour of the Island. When the services were held in that room many Indians and a few of the whites were confirmed. The white china bowl which served as a "Font" is now one of my most valued relics.

In 1842 or 1843 a church was erected and is, I think I may confidently affirm, still in good repair, as not long since my friend, Miss O'Meara and myself were asked to contribute our "mite" towards repairing the church, the foundations of which our fathers had laid.

This is Joe Turner of Temagami, with his wife and little babe, whose picture is also seen on another page leading Moosie to Mattawa, once employed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company as his ancestors were before him. This picture illustrates the conditions under which the Indian babe lives its infant life. Sewed up in its cradle, it may be stood up in a corner of the tent, swung up on the limb of a tree, or carried on its mother's back, a cradle of comfort and safety in every case.

In the autumn of 1840, Captain Anderson received orders to proceed to Kingston, the then seat of Government, with as little delay as possible at attend to some important business. It being late to venture by canoe, he waited till the ice was safe for travelling meanwhile making preparations for his long trip. He made a large toboggan, having a frame of ash, braced all round, the back much higher than the sides. Deer skins were stretched upon this frame, having the hair inside, so that with a blanket and some robes, he would be quite comfortable. The toboggan was drawn by light, good dogs, in very gay trappings, their collars and back straps were covered with scarlet cloth; curved wires were fastened to stand erect above the back straps, upon which were strung several small bells, making a very stylish turn-out.

The Captain started off on the twelfth of November, having two or three Indians with him, carrying necessary provisions for the journey, there being no inns or houses of any kind on the way, and when night came they made a shelter of boughs for themselves and dogs, laid down on boughs and covered themselves with robes and blankets and oftentimes were almost covered with snow. The day after their departure it commenced to snow and kept it up for thirteen days and nights. Of course there was great anxiety as to the fate of the travellers and it was midwinter ere any news of them reached home. They did not return until the end of May. The confidential business entrusted to my father necessitated his walking upon snow-shoes (there being no other way) from a point near Kingston, out to all the small lakes back of Peterboro wherever there was an Indian encampment, coming out at length near Renna, where he found the person he was in search of.

Our family remained at Manitoulin till 1845 when my father gained promotion and was removed to Toronto, Captain George Ironsides taking his place. Dr. Darling remained till his death, which took place in 1849. Mr. and Mrs. O'Meara remained for, I think, twenty years,working faithfully for the good of the poor Indians and were the instruments in God's hands of bringing many from heathen darkness and ignorance to the knowledge of the true God.

After serving in the Department for forty years, in different parts of the country, Captain Anderson, on account of his great age and infirmities petitioned for a retired allowance, which was granted and he settled in Port Hope. Here, too, after a short time came the Rev. Doctor O'Meara and his family, having been appointed Rector of St. John's Church there. Strange that the friends who had worked so long happily together amongst the Indians should have drifted into the same harbor, and how they enjoyed talking of old times and their work on Manitoulin.

Dr. and Mrs. O'Meara, the "Old Captain" (as he was lovingly called) have long since "Entered into the rest which remaineth for the people of God." Their children are scattered far apart, but all looking forward to be reunited, when "The day breaks and the shadows flee away."

When Did the First Missionary or Explorer Visit the Manitoulin?

It is manifest from approved authorities that Jean Nicollet, an adventurous French missionary and explorer, visited Green Bay, Michigan, during the latter half of the year 1634. To reach there he would travel along the well-known route of the Ottawa, Mattawa and French Rivers to Lake Huron. As the Ottawa Indians of the Manitoulin were constantly moving backward and forward between the Manitoulin and North Michigan, it is evident that a man bent on exploration and missionary work would certainly not miss this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Ottawa Indians and their island home.

The Cave of the Spirit

A Traditional Legend of Indian War and Love and Hate

Summary Chapters I., II. and III.

An Iroquois war-party discovers and exterminates a Huron village at Wah-so-ko-sing. A young man of Ojibway descent, of giant size and stature, is taken captive, but is saved from the usual torture and cannibalism by the intervention of the Chief, who, captivated by his martial appearance and fearless and courageous spirit, resolves in answer to a dream, to adopt him into his family and make him a son, a constant practice by warring Indians. The youth escapes, but is recaptured. The war-party on their home journey fall into the hands of an Ojibway hunting camp, and are surprised in their sleep and tomahawked to death, the Chief and the Huron captive alone being saved. Wemikong, an Odahwah young woman, being adopted into the Ojibway tribe to become the wife of the chief's son, permits the escape of the Iroquois chief, because of his instrumental kindness in saving the Huron youth. She is saved from suspicion by the presence of a little red-legged gull, a pet of the Huron village, and which is taken by the superstitious Indians as a symbol of the presence of the Great Manitou. An apparent growing attachment between the Huron youth and the Odahwah girl arouses the treacherous jealousy of Wah-wic, the Chief's son. He is brought to task by Wemikong for his moodiness. Wemikong is a French-Odahwah young woman, the daughter of the first whiteman to visit "The Cave of the Spirit." Her mother is Ningai, daughter of the Odahwah chief.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OJIBWAY CAMP IMPRISONED ON AN ISLAND IN THE BAY.

Shortly after their successful encounter with the Iroquois, and because they had secured a sufficiency of large game, wild fowl and fish, the Ojibway encampment on the peninsula decided to return to their homeland on the North Shore. There were two reasons uppermost in their minds inducing them not to further delay the return journey. There was first, the desire to get away from this scene of death, for, although the Indian boasted outwardly of his prowess, yet in reality he preferred to eat his venison in peace. Altogether, it would be more satisfactory, if a considerable distance were put between them and this place, now haunted by the spirits of the forty dead Iroquois.

There were also signs that the winter before them was going to set in early, and be one of unusual severity.

"Where are the robins and black-birds gone?" asked the little grandson of the tribal chief of his grandmother. "I went out with the bow to-day, but I couldn't see any."

"Are they gone so soon?" she answered. "Then we'll have an early winter."

Turning to her husband, she said, "The birds are going away early. The beavers and squirrels are harder at work. The rabbits are changing white too soon. We ought to go back right away."

There was a well-marked division of labor in this as there was in every other Indian camp. The male members provided the poles for the wigwams, and set them up in order, but it was the squaw who, with skins or birch-bark, covered them. It was the Indian who provided the evergreen boughs for their couch, but it was the squaw who cut them small and arranged them in order. The Indian secured the deer, but the squaw dried and cooked the venison. The Indian provided the ribs for the canoe, but the squaw sewed and pitched the bark upon them. The Indian supplied the doe skin, but the squaw tanned it and manufactured it into moccasins. The Indian took down the tent, but the squaw carried it to the canoe, and packed it away properly in the centre.

In due time, the canoes of this camp were lined up on the beach, and the work of loading them was begun. The baggage was placed in the largest canoes, the poles of the tent first placed in the bottom. They were cedar, strong, light and endurable. Taking them with them, it would expedite the task of setting up their tents at the places where night approached them, This done, there was the placing of the mats and skins, which were so arranged as to make comfortable seating-places for those in the canoes. Their bags of woven grass, their vessels of birch-bark, and their cooking kettles were all placed in a neat pile in the centre and served as a good back-rest for the old men and women and the little children of the camp who could not be expected to paddle, although there were very few who refrained from taking part in this work. The younger and able-bodied had learned to pull together with such dexterity that they were capable of very swift travel, even when their canoes were heavily laden. In this manner the movement of a whole village from one locality to another even many miles away, was soon accomplished.

Wemikong, the now-grown-up babe of Ningai, and

the unfortunate Perrott, exhibited a spirit of great vivacity as soon as the work of striking tents was undertaken. Animated and agile, she made merry the group with whom she labored by her good humor and spontaneous cheerfulness, giving thus increased animation and efficiency to their work.

They embarked, according to their custom, as early as possible in the day. Ke-ke-ah-mik, with two others, was placed in charge of the canoe loaded with the dried venison, bear meat, the fish and the fowl, the property of the household of the Chief, and were the second in the procession, as they started out north, the Chief's family, with Wemikong, leading the way. The success of the hunting season as expressed by Ke-ke-ah-mik's canoe, was a prophecy of a happy winter spent around the camp-fire in their northern homeland.

Unfortunately, the day for setting out was dark and cloudy. The temperature had dropped. Notwithstand the expedition with which they set out, they had in reality delayed it a few days too long. There was a humidity in the atmosphere that gave to it a chilling sensation. They had hardly got out on the waters of the lake when snow began to fall, at first in slight flurries, but gradually thickening until soon the head canoes were hardly visible by those in the rear. Added to the snow, the wind was beginning to rise. The waves increased in size, and rolled past more frequently, the western wind driving them along, gaining increased strength the farther it travelled over the unbroken front of the lake. Long experience had taught them that there was safety only in keeping together. Their course, at first almost due north, had to be changed. They turned to their right and made for an island a short distance to the east of them. It was impossible for them to make a landing on the windward side, so they made a detour to gain the leeward side.

The circuit was made in safety except in the case of the canoe second to the rear. Caught in the trough of the sea, the ill-starred destiny of this canoe brought it into this predicament just as a huge billow came rolling in with tremendous speed and strength. As it struck full broadside, it soaked every one in it and deluged the canoe with water almost to the brim. The sturdy Indian at the rear sought to right it before the arrival of another, but it was too late. There was a cry. The canoe was precipitated and every inmate in a trice was in the water. In the middle had sat the mother with her little child, while at the head and stern of the canoe were two brothers, the one the husband and father of the mother and the child.

Immediately every other canoe ahead stopped and began paddling backward. Ke-ke-ah mik was the first to reach the strugglers, and as he did so brushed past the mother's floating hair. Grasping her locks as he passed by, he placed them on the stern of the canoe and sat upon them, while the squaw with unresisting stoicism, permitted herself to be dragged this way through the water to safety. As the chief's canoe reached the scene of the tragedy the birch bark vessel in which the babe lay was seen floating on the top of a billow. The Chief directed his canoe past it, and as he passed Wemikong reached out her hand, grasped the bundle, lifted it up and dropped it into the canoe.

Ke-ke-ah-mik was the first to make a landing, and with him in perfect safety was the Indian mother. If she suffered any hurt by this strange method of procedure in her rescue, she gave no evidence of it. The Chief's canoe soon followed, and Wemikong on landing picked up the babe and carried it triumphantly to its mother. The two men, who were good swimmers made for the shore and succeeded in safely reaching it.

Already on the island, the snow, although it melted on the waters as soon as it touched them, had fallen several inches deep. A grove of evergreens was found near the place of landing, which would afford splendid shelter for their erected wigwams. One was immediately set up. A couch of deerskins and other furs was made, and the squaw with the babe was laid on it and covered with furs. A fire was started in the centre, and soon the both were nursed back to warmth and comfort. The two men were little affected by their experience.

The cluster of wigwams were soon erected, closely set together so that they might get the benefit of the protection of the grove and be a protection also to one another. The canoes were set up on end round about and afforded additional shelter. Soon every wigwam had its fire spelling comfort and warmth to the whole camp.

The next morning, when the first inmates of the camp looked out, they saw all along the shore-line of the island, the waters covered with a thick coating of ice. Through the night the wind had gone down, the temperature dropped to freezing point, and premature winter had made its untimely appearance. They were imprisoned on this island and all signs pointed to the necessity of their spending here the winter.

(To be continued in next issue.)

First Canadian Trade With China

Quebec papers announce the arrival of two vessels direct from China, with 19,000 chests of tea on board. They are the first ships that ever entered the St. Lawrence from Asia, and their arrival forms a new era in the commercial history of the colony.

—Gentleman's Magazine, August, 1825.

OUR COUNTRY

In The

Great World War

From Start to Finish

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

THE TRAGIC END OF LORD KITCHENER IS ONE OF THE MANY DISASTERS RESULTING FROM THE EFFICIENT SPY SYSTEM OF THE GERMANS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIELD OF BLOOD

"The same is called a field of blood unto this day."

IN pre-war days, the most distinguished city in all Belgium was the city of Ypres. In a country noted for its achitectural buildings, the most stately and magnificent of all these was possessed by this city. Tourists, visiting these ancient shrines, used to tell us that, on a clear day, they could see from the isolated hill of Cassel eighteen miles away, the soaring tower of its Cloth Hall, looking, in the centre of the great plain surrounding it, like the mast of a ship at sea. Its importance in this war is due to the fact that it was situated in the centre of this plain which must ever be the route march of armies of the east going west to an attack on Paris or the Channel ports of Northern France. The tower of this famous building has seen many an historic battle, but its broken and battered ruins has looked down on a field of blood in this last

THE MEN OF THE NORTH
One of the many scen

The Men of the North getting ready for the Great World War. This is one of the many scenes that have now passed into history. The terrible price that Canada alone has had to pay for this War will never be estimated. In 1914 there was a population of about 25,000 north of North Bay, the district served by the T. and N.O. railway. Over 5000 of this population enlisted when the war broke out, and the honoured dead is proportionately great.

great world war, as far surpassing anything in the past, as itself surpassed in its own country all other architectural feats in their historical interest and greatness. Even our own little nation assembled there an army greater than Napoleon's at Austerlitz, Wellington's at Waterloo, or the American Federals' at Gettysburg. Precedents have been so far put to shade by the achievements of this war, that no human mind can form a true concept of its magnitude, nor any imagination measure its consequences. It was under the shadow of this historic tower that the First Contingent discovered to the world the greatness of spirit in our Canadian people.

During the first year of the war, in the latter half of October, the Allies had stretched a defensive line from Albert on the south to Nieuport on the sea, a distance of less than a hundred miles. This was the stop-gap between the German army hordes and their advance on the French capital. South of Albert, the escarpments, hills and forests of Eastern France, formed strong barriers to military operations. North of Albert, there were no military obstacles of any importance except the loss of time that might ensue in crossing the innumerable canals which forms a network of drains in the whole of Northern Belgium. There were three places in this Allied line of special strategic significance to the Germans. Arras was the centre of a railway system, in military importance of first rank; La Bassee gave a straight line of march by Bethune and St. Omer to Calais and Boulogne; and along the shore to Nieuport was the shortest route to the Channel ports. The fall of any one of these three places into the Germans would have given them a point of great strategic advantage.

Besides these three, there was another feature of special importance and of grave danger in the line, in that it was bent forward in a bold salient east of Ypres. With the fall of Antwerp, and the retiring westward of the Belgians and their British supports, the German army under Von Besseler moved north towards Nieuport, aiming doubtless for the Channel ports. Against this army the British command planned a developing movement by pushing their forces eastward by way of Thourout to Bruges and thence to Ghent. In this way the German army would be attacked by the Belgians on the one side and the British on the other, while the sea at the north would prevent their escape. But this device was thwarted by the arrival of three new German armies, soon followed by a fourth, comprising with the army already there, at least a million men. The Allies thus found themselves faced all along the line with an army in strength numbering three to one of theirs, and at their points of attack numbering five and sometimes eight to one. In addition they were supported by an over-powering weight of munitions and guns. Thus the developing movement pro-

READY FOR THE GREAT WAR
passed now into history

"Their pioneering experience and general resourcefulness made them readily adaptible to almost any branch of the service and the record they made is a proud one. The principal units joined were as follows:

"Infantry Battalions.—15th, 18th, 20th, 37th, 87th, 159th and 228th.

"Special Units.—Borden Battery, 1st Tunnelers, 2nd Pioneers, Engineers, Railroad and Forestry."

posed by the Allies was not only frustrated but they found themselves compelled to fight instead a defensive battle, against an immensely superior force, who were determined and equipped to hew their way through the thin Allied line, and take possession of France as they did of Belgium. But attacking the four strategic points simultaneously, they divided their strength and failed, leaving the Allies still in possession of Arras, La Bassee, Nieuport and the Ypres salient.

It was during the first two weeks after our landing that this the bloodiest and most obstinate battle of the war was fought by our kinsmen in Flanders, in a plain which was to become afterwards the first graveyard of our own noble dead.

AFTER our hospital had been duly settled, we had a pardonable craving to visit this historic field. In the earlier days it was difficult for a junior officer to get "up the line." Finally through the kindness of some personal friends the order at last came through. Our Colonel, who at that time had a car for his own personal use, seized the opportunity of motoring me up to the First Canadian Division, and incidentally to call on many of his personal friends. It was in the winter months, and nothing more than trench warfare in the quiet part of the line was going on. The Canadian Division had been moved to France some time preceding the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, and at the time of that battle were occupying trenches a little north of the village, the 19th British Brigade to their left and the 15th to their right. Although not actually engaged in the main attack, they rendered valuable help by keeping the enemy actively employed in front of their trenches. (March 10, 1915). The Canadian artillery took part in the bombardment that took place preceding the attack. The scheme of the attack, that is to take Aubers Ridge failed, but a mile of territory along a three mile front was gained, and the great strength of the German entrenchments were being revealed. At the Battle of St. Eloi, a little north of the Canadian trenches, the Princess Patricias had assisted in the attack. Later on in March, towards its close, the Canadians were relieved and marched to rest camps preparatory to the Division being moved around to the Ypres salient.

An interesting little incident occurred, showing the vigilance of the German intelligence system at that time, or perhaps lack of secrecy amongst our own people. Before one of the battalions the day preceding the night of their release, this part of "No Man's Land" being quite narrow, the Germans raised up a sign which had written on it, "Good-by, Canadians, good luck at Ypres." They knew where we were going before we were released and before even some of our own men knew of the contemplated change.

It was marvelous with what ease in the early days

of the war the Germans got first-hand information of the movements of the Allied troops. The proposed enveloping movement that was to hem in Von Besseler's army in the north after the fall of Antwerp and his march towards Nieuport, of this the Germans were well informed from the start and were able, as we have seen, with the excellent system of railways behind them, to have unexpectedly ready four fresh corps of troops to frustrate the movement in its initial stage.

The Royal Scots Fusiliers, which landed in Flanders a thousand strong, was reduced in this engagement to seventy, commanded by a junior subaltern. When, later, the remnant was paraded, most of them without caps coats or puttees, it was found that they owed much of their misfortune to their Belgian interpreter, who was a spy. Ultimately he was detected and shot. That the enemy should know beforehand of our movements was not a good augury for the future.

Another incident occurred later as we were being transferred to the Somme. Strict orders had been exacted of senior officers, who of necessity were given an inkling of what was under way, that everything be kept secret. Imagine our surprise on the evening of the day in which we arrived at our billets at St. Omer, when the young lady of the house informed us in her very best French, that we were going to be billeted there for two weeks, after which we were going down the Somme for six weeks, and would be followed by the other Canadian Divisions, who would stay there a similar length of time, and had a similar future in store for them.

But whatever the cause of the leakage, whether it was too much new wine in old skin bottles, or the German spy system, efficient in this as in everything else in the beginning of the war, this weakness was rapidly being remedied, and the enemy found the tables turned on them, when they heard of and believed in great movements that were in the course of preparation, against which they took the needed precautions, movements which had existence only in the imagination of a wily Ally of the first rank, and which he cautiously allowed to be told in order to deceive the German military elect. Before long, the intelligence system of the German had become a poor second to that of the Allies.

The Canadian Division arrived in France a little past the middle of February, and went into the trenches north of Neuve Chapelle early in March. They were in a rest camp after having come out of these trenches, on the occasion of my first visit to them. Preparations had already begun for their taking over a part of the Ypres salient which had previously been held by French troops. This salient, as one has said, was "the legacy that was left of an offensive that failed." Roughly described, when the Canadians went into the trenches there, it might be said to be a triangle about three miles across the base, and six miles from the base to the apex, irregularly shaped, and with the city of Ypres at the centre of the base. The city was still intact, for its bombardment by the Germans did not begin until the twentieth of April, two days preceding their attack on the positions occupied by the Colonial French and the Canadians.

Difference of opinion has been expressed as to the value of this salient to the Allies. If it could be maintained at a reasonable cost, it obviously provided a basis for flank attacks upon any force advancing across the Yser to the north, or through La Basse in the south. It was, therefore, the aim of the British to hold it if possible, and of the Germans to flatten it out at their first opportunity. From the beginning of their bombardment on the twentieth of April, they searched the salient daily with their shells, and high explosives, and the old city with its celebrated buildings received its full share. The casualties were much higher here then than at any other part.

One well known senior commanding officer, who was returned to England without any very definite reason being given, is said to have protested that the cost of holding the salient was much more than it was worth, and did so with such vigor that he is said to have lost his command over it. Whether he was right or wrong, perhaps history will determine, if it ever can be determined what would have been best or worst in reference to events so uncertain in their results. At any rate it was well known to those who were there at the time that the cost in life and limb to hold it was certainly terrific. A continuous stream of casualties emerged from this salient daily, the victims of German shells and bombs and rifle fire.

The care of the wounded was here attended with great difficulty. All these and the sick had to be carried out under cover of darkness, as had also the rations and relief to be brought into the trenches in the same way and time. Besides there were only few roads leading out and the traffic impeded all along the way by this congestion. All this must be fully appreciated to realize what the Canadians had to face in the second great attempt of the Germans to flatten out the salient and capture the city of Ypres.

The salient was then lightly held. Although the numbers varied from time to time, approximately no more than one hundred thousand men were used in defending it. To the left of the trenches manned by our men, the regular French troops had been replaced by Colonials, Ghurkas and Zuaves, who, although superior fighters in man to man attacks, were lacking in the spirit to stand up under the demoralizing influence of high explosives and shrapnel shells. In addition as further weakening the line, heavy guns which the British used in the attack at Neuve Chapelle had

been moved to a southern section of the line. The German military, doubtless had been made acquainted with these changes. But even had these changes not taken place, it would have been at that time impossible for the Allies to meet the Germans on any basis of equality, so superbly were they equipped with high explosives, shrapnel shells, and machine guns strongly emplaced. In addition, they were to use for the first time in the history of civilized warfare, the expedient of poisoned gas. They had used asphyxiating shells a short time before, but these were not nearly so deadly. When the Germans tried out this new device, the effect of it fell first and heaviest upon the French colonials to the left of our men. Temporarily blinded by the effect of it on their eyes, choking, coughing and vomiting, as many as could of them, fled precipitately to the rear. But this only made worse their plight. The deeper and more rapid breathing caused by the exercise of running, increased the deadliness of the effect of it on their lungs. In addition they were keeping pace with the gas, as it floated along close to the ground, wafted by a gentle wind that was blowing it in their direction as they fled.

The Canadians had an advantage over these in that they stuck to their positions, and had a lesser measure of the poison on their front. Some even escaped through tying a handkerchief over their mouth, which, dampened with their breathing, saved them greatly from its effects. The plight of the French left their flank unsupported, and created an ugly gap in the line of defence. The coolness and resource and staying quality of the Canadian soldier was tested to its utmost limit. A flood of metal and men was poured down upon them, but before this terrible onslaught the Canadians did not turn their back. The spirits of our brave warriors said to this most formidable of foes, "Thou shalt not pass." Benefitted by the lack of regimental leadership amongst the Germans, they maintained their resistance with varying fortunes until reinforcements arrived. The British and French support maintained this resistance, until after twenty-two days of unrelenting effort, the enemy had spent his strength. The little city of Ypres lay unpeopled and in ruins, but still in the hands of the Allies.

This engagement, which cost us such heavy casualties, procured for our Canadian soldiers an attention far beyond its military significance. It created neither the Canadian soldier nor the Canadian nation, but it discovered the spirit of both to the eyes of the world looking on. Other divisions of our army followed on in their order, but the pace had been set for them, and in no branch of service, during the years of the war did they fall below that height of prestige, which their comrades of the Original Firsts, so dearly bought for them, in this their first baptism of blood. The "stick-to-it-ive-ness" of the Canadian soldier was one of his greatest qualities.

(To be Continued)

A Part of the Town of Haileybury, Looking Out on the Lake, North of the Dock.

This is one of three sister towns, Cobalt and New Liskeard being the other two, situated on the north-west corner of Lake Temiskaming, and looks across the lake at Ville Marie, Quebec. In 1912 it was made the judicial seat of the district of Temiskaming, and in its public buildings and fine residences compares favorably with any town in Old Ontario. First a lumber camp, then a squatter's farm, it has become since the opening of the district by railway in 1903, a town, in which, in the boom days of Cobalt, it was said to contain 4000 people. It is the residential section of the Cobalt Mining Camp.

: OUR YOUNG FOLKS :

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By

A SCOUTMASTER

Illustrated by

ROBERT ROBINSON

Toronto

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"THEY SAW ARISING AS IT WERE THE FIGURE OF A SAILING VESSEL.

CHAPTER IV.

The Phantom Ship

As the boys sat around the signal fire, they discussed the possible reasons for Sol's disappearance.

"Do you think he can have been struck by a falling limb?" enquired Lorne as he turned to Rusty.

"That could easily be, with such a storm," was his answer.

"It may have been lightning," suggested another, while a third wondered whether by some mischance the waters of the Bay may have not claimed him their victim.

"I am afraid he went into the swamp after cranberries, and got turned, and so went away from the camp instead of towards it, when he undertook to come back."

This was Rusty's solution of the matter. This seemed the most favored one, since it gave them the possible hope of his return. But the subject was too disagreeable for long-continued discussion, so each in turn gave up attempting a solution, and sat in solemn silence watching the fire.

Just then they heard a noise on the shore.

"Sol," they all shouted, and ran to meet him.

It was not Sol, but an Indian guided to the place by their signal fire.

"One of our boys is lost," the camp informed him, in explanation of their fire.

"Boy lost, that's bad. On the waters?" he asked eagerly.

"We do not know," Lorne answered. "We were out for the afternoon and left him in charge, but when we came back, he was not here."

"That was a bad storm, the worst I ever escaped me."

"Were you out in it?"

"I was before, and I was after. I started out for the nets, but when I see him coming, I strike for shore. I got to the cove and land all right. After the storm I put up the sail again, and got as far as the channel point, when I see your light, I come over. But that's bad the boy away."

"We may get him in the morning, if he does not come in before that," suggested Rusty for their encouragement.

Sleep was out of the question for the night, so they kept up the fire, and sat around it in silence, but with ears alert, in hopes that by some good chance, Sol might turn up from somewhere.

Through the night, as a green log that the Indian had thrown on the fire was spitting and sputtering, emitting clouds of steam and smoke, they saw arising as it were the figure of a sailing vessel, a mackinac, not unlike the one that Rusty owned.

"That's your boat, Rusty," the Indian observed, as the figure stood out so clearly delineated before them.

Their attention thus being called to the resemblance, each one observed the likeness as it continued unabated in clearness before them. But Rusty sat silent, neither assenting nor dissenting to their conclusions. After a long season of this silence, apparently ignoring the appearance of the phantom ship, he observed.

"That's the worst storm I ever saw on this Bay."

After some considerable pause, "I experienced only one like it."

Still another pause.

"It was the day that Dad went down."

After yet a further pause, Lorne ventured the enquiry, "How long ago was that?"

About forty-year ago, but much later in the year than this; in fact, it was next month. We had been Down Below with a catch. It was a good Fall that year, and there were lots of fish. We were on our way back, when we were caught in a veer, just like to-day's. It was some miles north of Kill-Bear. We were making for the Minks and were nearer there than to the Kill-Bear. The mackinac went over in a trice and we were all pitched out into the water."

Again Rusty ceased his narrative.

"Did she sink?" enquired Lorne after some time.

"Sink! Not she. When she was upside down, there was nothing to fill up you see. She floated sure enough, and Dad and me and my brother clung to the top. The water washed us with every wave. It was cold, very cold. We had no way of bringing her to shore, the oars had floated away. Dad, he got colder and colder. At last he said, 'Boys, I can hold on no longer. Be good to Marm, if you get to shore, which I trust God you may.' Shortly after that a big one came. As I saw it coming, I said to Benny, 'Look out, Benny, she's coming strong.' After she passed over, Dad was not there. He went over with it, and we saw him no more."

A still longer pause followed this instalment, when it was again broken by a sentence.

"And he had the money for the fish with him."

The pause following this statement continued so long that the boys concluded that they had heard the finish of the narrative, as far as Rusty was concerned. But he again took up the thread, apparently where he had left off.

"That was her we saw in the fire."

Lorne gleaned at once the connection.

"Oh, your lost vessel?"

"No, she weren't lost, but I often see her in the fire since. When I see her riding the waters straight, as she was then, that means good luck, but if she is upside down, as she was that day, that means that someone drowns."

"You said you often see her?"

"Most every Fall, about the time she upset, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, but not much."

The boys' minds were so engrossed with the thought of Sol's disappearance, and the apparition in the fire, that they did not notice that the temperature had fallen. Long past midnight, they became aware of the falling of a cold drizzling rain, when Rusty counselled that they retire to the tent, coming out in turns to continue the signal fire.

Before doing so, Lorne, as patrol-leader, took out the prayer-book to read with the light of the fire, the lesson for the night. This lesson happened to be in a sense peculiarly appropriate.

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and goeth after that which was lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and his neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me for I have found my sheep which was lost."

When Lorne had finished reading, and had closed

the book. Rusty, knowing that the boys would not be in the mood of following the reading with an appropriate hymn, as their usual custom, he turned to the Indian, and asked him to favor them with one of his.

"Me know no English hymn, only Ojibway."

"Sing it in your own language," all the boys answered in unison.

The Indian did not hesitate. In a clear tenor voice he struck up the hymn, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," coming out with emphasis on the couplet closing each verse, after which he paused for a time before beginning the next.

Although the boys could not translate the euphonious Ojibway language in which it was sung into English, yet to Rusty every word was significant, and as the Indian paused, after the closing couplet, "O hear us when we call to Thee, for those in peril on the sea," it seemed to him as if an angel band were taking up the refrain, and were carrying it forward to the place from which all answer cometh.

When the last verse had been sung, and the echo silenced, a deep stillness reigned, save for the crackling of the burning brands of the fire. One by one the boys, followed by the two men, rose up and went into the tent.

When the morning came, the prospects of a search for Sol were no better than they were through the night. A heavy and thick mist lay on the surface of the island, and the waters round about. So deep a fog made it impossible to see more in the day than in the darkness of the night. As they sat around, impatient and restless, there was one of the boys more impatient than all the rest. It was Wilfred Opie.

Warren Wilcox and Wilfred Opie had grown up together as playmates, the first and only companions of each other, until their connection with the Scout movement, which brought a half a dozen more into their circle. In outward appearance they were now the very opposite of one another. Sol was a heavily built youth, tall, muscular, strong. He was capable of great physical tasks, though lacking somewhat the power of continued endurance. Wilfred, on the other hand, though tall, taller even than Warren, was in weight far below that which his height warranted, but he possessed a pertinacity of endurance that belied his appearance.

Both of these boys excelled in outdoor sports, and both showed a keen aptitude for study. Best of all, both desired to invest their lives to the best advantage. Both alike concluded that the sanest, as well as the most useful life, was the one devoted to the betterment of others. Wilfred's predilections pointed out to a literary career, but Warren had placed before himself a financial goal.

"Give to the world more comfortable and happy homes," said the one.

"Give to them right ideas, to rightly guide their inner life," said the other.

In the experiences of life, misfortune seemed to have dogged the path of young Opie. At six years of age, his mother died, and his memory of her was to him ever after a pleasant dream. Her artistic tastes and traits of disposition found a perfect reproduction in her son. After the loss of his mother, the domestic life of Wilfred was one continuous succession of housekeepers and governesses, all strongly opinionated as to the best methods of rearing an only child, but all equally destitute of the milk of human kindness, the first essential to its successful accomplishment. The one bright spot in his life throughout these years, was the companionship and friendship of Warren Wilcox.

That Wilfred Opie was feeling keenly the unexplained absence of Sol was evidently manifest. In the middle of the forenoon, he arose and announced that he was going out into the woods, fog or no fog.

"You his brudder?" the Indian asked.

"No, just his chum," Wilfred answered.

"Me see," and the Indian nodded his head, as in this he found the explanation of the deeper feeling of Opie in regard to Sol's departure.

"Wait a bit," the Indian counselled, "the wind she rises in a little, and the fog will go. Then you can see."

"But the wind may not rise to-day, and he may be lying near the camp, perhaps suffering pain," answered Opie in reply.

"The wind rises in a little," the Indian answered with a note of certainty in his voice.

"Can you know for sure?"

"Why, yes, poplar tree tell me."

It was even so. The thinness of the stem of the leaves of this tree makes them very sensitive to the least motion in the atmosphere, so that their rustle will be heard often when there is not the slightest indication anywhere else of a rising wind. In a short while, as the Indian prophesied, a rising breeze dissipated the mist, and the boys were able to patrol the near woods in their search for Sol.

Before starting out, they discussed together their best method of procedure.

"What would be the matter with our describing several straight lines from the camp into the bush, like the spokes of a wheel, and in this way, we would be able to go over the ground on the cliff and around it so as not to overlook any place?"

This was the suggestion of Opie, who had been ruminating in his mind all morning what best to do in the way of a search for him.

"We could do that quite easily," replied Rusty. "How many compasses have you?"

"We have one apiece." they answered, "I wonder if Sol has his with him?"

They examined to find to their sorrow that he had left it behind. They were sure now, that he had not gone far into the woods intentionally, else he would have taken his compass with him.

"You had better, all of you, take yours with you," Rusty advised. "We may not need them, but if we heard him at a distance, we could find our way back with them, anyway."

They divided into pairs, and began the work of marking out trails from the camp, according to Opie's suggestion. These they marked by the breaking of limbs of shrubs as they passed by, so that they had no difficulty in knowing what part of the bush they had explored. In this way, by nightfall, they had thoroughly searched a semi-circular area around the tent of more than half a mile radius and yet no Sol.

This night, the Indian and Rusty watched in turns, while the boys slept, still keeping up the signal blaze, which was now used also to dry their clothes, for these had become thoroughly soaked by the rain and the moisture of the woods through which they passed as they sought for their lost comrade.

The second morning came out dark and cloudy. The undergrowth of the woods was soaking with the wet, more of the mist than of the rain. They had planned that this day should be spent in the search of the swamp. It was here that Rusty felt certain that he would be found, as he clung to the thought that he had gone there in quest of cranberries, where a plentiful supply of them were to be found growing in a beaver-meadow located in the centre of it. The boys had been there on several occasions in search of berries, since it was not far distant from the camp. All day they circled round and through the jungles of its underwood, until they had practically patrolled every square yard of it. But the evening of the second day came, and still no Sol.

Moosie---
A Strange Pet

The Story of a Young Moose, Bought, Raised and Tamed by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Farr, in the Early Days of Temiskaming, While They Were in the Employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at Their Post on Lake Temiskaming

The Story Was Kindly Given to the Editor by Mrs. C. C. Farr, Haileybury

IN looking about for photographs illustrating the early history of Temiskaming, I came across one of a half-breed leading a young bull-moose by a rope. I made enquiries to find out the story of this animal. The Indians believe that all wild animals have souls, but while we do not believe this we know that every one has had a history though that history may not have been written. I therefore continued my enquiries in hopes that I might ascertain this moose's story. I was fortunate in that I found that the moose had a story, and that this story had been written out by the late Chas. C. Farr, the founder of Haileybury, the judicial town of the Temiskaming district, who had bought it when it was a small calf twenty days old from an Abitibi Indian, in the days when he was the Factor of the Temiskaming Hudson Bay Company's post. It is an interesting story, and so I reproduce it here for the benefit of the young readers of "Mer Douce," as indicating some of the people's pleasures and pastimes in the wilds of the North, in the days before settlements had driven the fur-traders out of the district.

"This is Moosie, a little animal that was brought to me when it was a suckling. Tonenine brought it. He feared that it might die, so he, with a wisdom peculiar to his race, extracted the price of it, from the store, and I groaned in spirit when the principal part of the amount agreed upon was taken up in flour and grease, in those days the heavy necessities that had to be transported from Mattawa on men's backs across the portages which intervened between Fort Temiskaming and the half-fledged Mattawa.

It was an interesting animal from the start. My wife owned a calf produced by a pet cow, and that calf

Abitibi Post, in the neighborhood of which Moosie was captured. It is reached from Lake Temiskaming by way of the Montreal and Abitibi rivers, the one running north, the other south. Moosie made the journey in a birch bark canoe, crossing the Height of Land to the Hudson Bay Company's Post on Lake Temiskaming.

was the sole occupant of an enclosure, the sacred domain of the 'gentry' pertaining to the honorable body of adventurers, known as the Hudson's Bay Company, having their headquarters at Temiskaming. I suggested that the baby moose be put in with the baby cow, and take its chance. The suggestion was acted upon, and, to make a long story short, the two were brought up, during their lactine period from the same small pail so that when Mrs. Farr would bring the pail, it was a fight between the calf and the moose as to which should get the greatest share thereof.

Moosie flourished and grew apace. He and the calf became close friends. They loved each other because they were infants, and did not understand the distinction between cow and moose.

At length the fatal day of parting came. The calf was sold and Moosie was left the sole occupant of the enclosure. He howled his protest against the loss of his bovine friend. He threatened to pine away and die, so we let him out, and henceforth he became a pet. He would accompany us on our walks, just one of the family, you know, and no dog could shove a more loving muzzle into our hand, or into our neck, than little Moosie.

Soon he began to eschew milk, and to nibble the tops of small bushes, according to his taste, "Namato," the Indians call it. We watched his arboreal affinities, and arranged that Mr. Moosie should have all the willow tops that he loved, for we found that it was willow tops that best satisfied his needs. He took to them as we take to sausages for breakfast. He would eat poplar as we would eat liver, but he preferred willow.

Moosie became a loved pet. He had his likes and dislikes. He liked my daughter, and she could do anything with him, but he hated a few of the half-breed children, who used to associate with my daughter. Indeed, I became alarmed, for, as he grew in stature, a young well-fed, bull moose, he by instinct began to express his animosity by uplifted fore-foot with the object of striking, even as his ancestors had done from time immemorial, so much so, that I was obliged to stop the lads from teasing him for fear of accidents.

I could go out of the house to the east towards the graveyard, and shout when no moose was in sight, "Moosie, Moosie, Moosie," and before long I would see the little creature streaking down the hill on the fast trot, for moose seldom, if ever, gallop. He would come and rub his nose against me, probably expecting a piece of bread, that was ever ready for the little chap. He got rather too familiar before the end. He would walk into the dining room, and steal the bread off the bread-plate. He "swiped" all my wife's calla lilies, making himself at home as one of the family.

On the first of November, or rather Hallowe'en night, the young people were diving for onions (we had no apples in those days). The children with streaming locks were getting tired of the fun, and as wet and cold as it was safe to allow children to be. There was a fumbling at the latch, and we wondered who the visitor might be, for we kept no locked doors in those days. Lo, and behold, in walked Mr. Moosie. He looked around with a hypercritical eye, saw the tub with something floating therein, and straightway made for it. He thought, at first, that it would be easy work to catch those onions, but they, by their buoyancy, bobbed away from his capacious mouth. He got mad and kneeling down, he pinned the onion down to the bottom of the tub by his nose, and then taking it in his mouth, he lifted up his head, and devoured the succulent bulb with a moosinine grin of delight.

Here is the sequel. Donald A. Smith, the late Lord Strathcona, wanted to collect some wild animals in his park at Silver Heights. Moosie was slated to take part in the job, and I received the fatal word that Moosie had to go. When he was embarked upon the scow that was to bear him to the foot of the lake, there was an odd surreptitious tear in evidence, for we all liked Moosie. Tom Moore, a young half-breed, was put in charge of his little mooseship, and he successfully managed to transport his charge to Mattawa, without any damage, and without even an ebullition of bad temper, for Moosie liked Tom, and would do as he bade him.

Moosie went to Silver Heights and there was killed by kindness. Instead of the succulent willow tops which he had been accustomed to, he was fed upon hay, oats and bran, which was not his natural food, for they do not grow wild in the bush, and so Moosie died.

Reminiscences of Cameron McLeod

III.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE GLEN.

"YOU never left me."

She stood alone in the room beside his casket. She stroked the forehead and pushed back the fine locks of hair as she used to do when he was a boy. He was in his prime and she was now threescore. Her features were clear and calm. A white hood, with its ruffles all so neatly ironed out, was placed carefully on her head. Her brown locks, with a few gray hairs creeping here and there into their diminishing quantity, was smoothly parted in the middle, carefully rolled up in plaited folds, and hidden away under the bonnet. Tall and erect, she was the counterpart of the son that lay in the casket before her. It was a plain pine, overlaid with a dark crepe, made by a neighbour carpenter. The shroud of white had also been prepared by a neighbour's wife.

"Yes, and you never left me," she repeated, but the tongue was not English, but the only one she knew and understood, the deeply expressive language of the Gael.

She stooped down and kissed the whitened face, now bedewed with the damp of death.

The room next was full of whispering groups of people. They had gathered together, relatives, friends and neighbours, from miles around. In an outside kitchen a few of the women were preparing a midnight meal, for while some die, others must live.

This brings us back to another scene in this home half a score of years preceding this. It was twelve o'clock at night. There sat at the farther end of the table, the one woman occupant of the house, she who was now standing at the casket. She was knitting, knitting with unerring certainty, in the faint light of the candle that had twice burned itself out that night, and was now wearing down rapidly its third, indicating that midnight was come.

Now and again the click of the needles would cease. Pulling down her glasses from her forehead, where they were placed to prevent their being mislaid, adjusting them to her eyes, she would open up her Bible, read and ponder its well-read pages, her usual preparation for her night's rest. Thrice that night was this preparation made, and thrice did she again take up her knitting, look at the clock, and after heaving a sigh, ply her work as if anxious to finish that one undertaking before the night was out.

But it was another anxiety that concerned her mind. She was thinking as she knitted. She was thinking of the husband she had laid away at a time when her now four stalwart sons were but babes. She was thinking of her hard struggle for bread until they grew up. She was thinking of her second, the adventurous boy that never knew fear, now far away among the hills of Montana, and no letter ever coming back to tell whether it were life or death he was facing in that far-off, unknown world. She was thinking of her third, the boy that was so observant, found many things, and kept everything he found, the passion of finding and keeping growing with his years, so that now he had found so much that he had lost his mother. She was thinking of the baby, the curly-headed boy who scorned the loneliness and isolation of the Manitoulin life, and was now forging his way ahead in the industrial activities of one of our great cities, rearing about him a little family that would soon outdistance their successful father in the race for place and power in the history of this resourceful country.

She was thinking of all these, but she was thinking most of all about Ronald. He was her first-born, the Levite of the home, and as such the one that was set apart to maintain and protect his mother. Tonight he was away, and she knew where he was. It was getting late, very late.

That evening, when his work was finished, he dressed himself with unusual care and precision.

"I will go down and have a chat with the teacher," he said, as he was passing out through the door for the evening.

"But you will not be staying late," was his mother's parting counsel.

The teacher was their nearest neighbour. He was a widower, and with him was living his youngest daughter. Ronald was one of the three trustees, and school business often called him to their home. But this night, a higher

influence than school affairs was drawing him thither. Gwendolyn was to be alone, and she needed his protection.

On a bare, bleak plateau, overlooking Sucker Lake, in one of the interstices of the rock, a wild rose was growing. It was the only plant that had found a place to live since the days when the Great Fire had burnt off all plant life, and the vegetable mould to supply their food. In its season, this rose bush became a mass of beautiful blossoms, whose sweet aroma pleasantly scented the atmosphere all around. In this plant, Ronald saw a symbol of the teacher's daughter. She grew there in the loneliness of her father's home, and without a mother's refining care, a rare jewel, so genial, so refined, so pure, a vision of sweetness painted on the retina of his memory which a score of years had not been able to rub out nor pale. It was to Gwendolyn's home that Ronald was directing his steps this night. She was alone and needed his care. And in the home of Ronald's heart there was a place for Gwendolyn. He drew near to her, and she to him that night as they had never done before. Neither said anything, but both understood.

But the mother in the little house in the Glen sat alone. There was an instinct that told her that she was at the edge of another great loneliness of life.

"There is room in the human heart for only one, and the more of Gwendolyn that comes into Ronald's heart, the less place there will be for me," she thought, and heaved a sigh.

As the hands of the grandfather clock moved nearer to twelve, she ceased her knitting, and sat in silence, waiting the return of her son. The deep stillness of the room was disturbed only by the measured tick of the old timepiece, that was telling off with unceasing regularity the moments of our short earthly lives, so filled with their mysteries, their ambitions and their tragedies.

After a while the latch lifted, though no footstep had been heard approaching the door, as if someone, afraid to be heard coming in, had stolen quietly up. The door opened and Ronald walked in. Broad-shouldered, straight and powerful, six feet in height and fifteen stone in weight, he looked the sturdy Scot that he was. The mother was proud, justly proud, of such a son; but she had reason to be prouder still after that night.

"You are late, Ronald." There was a tone of sadness in her voice, so unusual, for cheerfulness was her familiar spirit.

"The teacher was away, and I could not leave Gwendolyn alone." There seemed a note of apology running in the reply, but why should apology be made for that to which a young man's fancy turns at the spring of the year.

"Gwendolyn is a good girl, but she hasn't our tongue." The mother rightly divined the thoughts that swayed his mind and the affection that was beginning to rule his life.

"I am alone, Ronald, and what would I be without someone that I could speak to. I wish that you would get someone that could talk our tongue."

"But I cannot, mother. Gwendolyn or none for me."

She knew that what Ronald said, Ronald meant. As he so said, he looked so big in the dim light, so high in the forehead, so noble in brow. He had followed for months the tortuous path of a true love, now hesitating to go forth, now fearsome of the ending. Tonight he had made the first mile-post of the journey, andGwendolyn was his.

"If I cannot have Gwendolyn, mother, then I shall have none other."

As these words came out slowly and distinctly, they fell like drops of liquid fire on her hopes. She rose up, moved back to her room to retire for the night.

"Good-night, Ronald!" There was a note of despair in the tone.

"Good-night, mother!"

The tragedy of the night had only begun for Ronald. While Gwendolyn lay sleepless, luxuriating in the thoughts of her newly-found joy, Ronald was wrestling with the forces that were to make or break his destiny. He was up early the next morning. His mother also rose up immediately after, and went about her work as if nothing of importance had taken place in the monotonous routine of their usual lives.

"And what were you scared about last night, mother?" he asked, as they were both seated at the breakfast table. "Did you think that I was going to leave you as the other boys have done? Well, mother, I am not."

Ronald had wrestled all night with the problem which the birth of his new affection had placed upon himself and mother, and his mother's wishes had won out.

"And you never left me!"

Ronald was now lying low in death, but the vow of fidelity which he had made to his mother that morning had never been broken. At that casket she stood, she who was the beneficiary of that vow, and bore testimony before her Maker to his fidelity. If all else had failed in his life, this, the fidelity of a noble son towards his needy mother, had not.

"And why did he die?"

That old pain, which had troubled him off and on for years, had come back with redoubled force. He had spent all of the bottle of "Painkiller," but it was still there. He rose up early in the morning, and while it was yet dark, followed the old Indian trail to the top of the mountain (hill it really was), and there from its craggy peaks viewed the green waters of the South Bay gently bathing the sandy beach at its base. When he got to the top, the rising sun was hidden behind the

forests of the Wikwemikong hills, to his left, but its gay tintings of purple and crimson could be seen on a dark cloud on the eastern sky that was hurrying down to meet it. Away to the right of him, he could view the broad expanse of the lake of the Hurons, where many a Sunday he had watched the schooners passing across, laden with their cargoes of lumber for the southland "down below." Away lakeward, but on the farther side of the Bay, he could hear the plaintive cry of a loon, far up in the sky, but its lonely call borne clearly by the stillness of the air that bespoke an early rain. On the farther side of the hill he could hear the axe of Angus Seaton, his bachelor neighbour, getting ready the wood for the fire that was to cook his morning meal. Down the shore he could hear the sharp, quick, successive barks of a running fox in quest of its mates. Above his head, and from the evergreen immediately behind him, two wild pigeons fluttered down, as if to foretell that his extinction and theirs had been written down in the Book of Death. Ronald loved the solitude, and this morning he drew closer to its bosom; it seemed so restful in the midst of his pains, as if it were a foretaste of that greater solitude to which he was soon to be called.

Shortly these sounds all ceased save for the occasional calls of the plaintive loon. Mother Nature was in her best repose. Angus Seaton was eating his breakfast of corn bread. The pigeons had flown far away into the woods. The fox had found its home. A gray mist had given place to the tinted sky of the east, and was creeping down on the Bay. Ronald rose up and started to drag his body homeward, torn every now and then by the agonies of an increasing pain. Now and again he would seat himself on a stone, that he might gather strength for the energy of a new attempt to reach his home before the rain came. He had just reached the farther side of his clearing, when the soft wind began to play about in his curly hair, and fan his fevered forehead, a precurser of the drizzling mist that was falling darkly and thickly all around.

As he approached out of the mist, and reached the door, his mother was standing there awaiting him. There was the same anxiety in her inward spirit, as there was on that other occasion, the anniversary of which was this very day, and she used the same words.

"You are late, Ronald."

In answer, he threw himself down on his bed. His face was white. Cold sweat drops lay one by one on his manly brow. He wrestled again. He pitted his strength against the strength of disease. Slowly, surely death gripped; its strangle-hold grew tighter as he grew weaker. Soon this stalwart Scot had gone forth unto that bourne from which no man returns.

On the farther side of the field, in which stands the house of Gwendolyn's father, the Community Cemetery is found. Two mounds are there, under which are the dust of the earthly temples of two great souls. The story of the tragedies of the earthly life of these two, who had lived in the little house in the Glen, is finished. It is being written up yonder, in the Book of Life.

Historical Societies, Their Aim and Method of Work

By R. W. Shaw, M.D., President Manitowaning Historical Society, Member of the Viking Historical Society, London, Eng., Member of the Antiquarian and Archaeological Society, Westmoreland, North England.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

WE HAVE undertaken to organize an Historical Society in Manitowaning, and since most of us have had no experience with such a Society, after we have got our Society organized we begin to inquire within ourselves, what sort of work does such a Society do, and how does it do it.

Roughly speaking, such a Society works to discover and preserve all the materials, the history of the place and its inhabitants. At the outset let us get it into our heads definitely what history is. Most of us who are older, first learned history in our schools as a record of the kings and dynasties and the dates of their existence.

We did not imbibe much knowledge of the people on the whole, how they lived or how they developed. But history today tries to tell intimately how the mass of the people, that is the classes of the people according to the proportion of their numbers and importance, live or lived. Historical Societies in most lands are doing the work that the writers of history depend upon for all their material. We can understand this if we look for a moment at the Historical Societies of the Old Country.

Old Country Organizations

These are organized for every county or group of small counties; they search for and examine and make records of all old manuscripts, title-deeds, covenants and all kinds of old documents; they encourage or undertake themselves the means to preserve all such relics, and make note of facts, deeds or conditions that are recited in these instruments. Each Society aims to preserve all records of people who have lived in the place, their relations to each other, their achievements and actions and works that have left their mark on the place and its people and institutions.

They investigate old objects of interest, like ancient buildings, dwelling-places, forts, and places of religious worship; for by the construction of these they learn the methods of building, the materials for building that were used, the tools that were used in shaping the materials. By the plans of the buildings they can make out how the people lived, how they prepared their food, what kinds of food they used, what occupations they had to enable them to obtain these kinds of food whether by hunting wild animals like primitive or semi-civilized tribes, or by tillage of the soil, or by fishing, or by any of these combined, showing the degree of civilization to which they had attained.

By the forts and walls of defence and remains of these, most interesting facts are found as to the danger of attack to which they were subject, and the methods of attack, and the arms of the attackers; by the places of worship are discerned the kinds of religion that were in vogue; in pre-Christian temples altars of sacrifice are usually found.

Remains of smaller objects, but of no less interest, are eagerly sought for; indeed history learns much from tools and all things of manual use that are unearthed; utensils of household use, for cooking, for preparing the food, for obtaining the food, are important, and the containers, such as pottery and cupware. So are the articles that belong to dress, like metal combs, brooches, pins (fibulae, as they are usually called), buckles, etc.

Weapons of the chase and war, spears, swords, axes, shields, and the armour, mail and helmets are valuable discoveries. So are the arms that followed the advent of gunpowder, and the guns showing all stages of development. It is part of historical research to discover all such objects and we have to dig for them even in a literal way to obtain them.

Digging for Material

The spade is a great help to the historica writer. The primary student of history digs and excavates on old sites of human activity to get all things like we have named that are relics of the humans who lived there.

The unearthing of Babylon has opened a wonderful story of that city, its homes and public buildings, hanging gardens, all of a very remote period. Pompeii was buried under ashes and lava with all its life intact. Its uncovering shows to the world today how the Roman people of that time lived, how they worshipped certain gods of their Mythology, how far they were civilized as compared with our standards of today, or with the fine culture of Athens that went before. The work of laying Pompeii bare to the world today is the work of historical bodies; and the scene is a great volume of history in itself.

In England Historical Societies investigate the Roman wall in the north, and make deductions from its nature as to the means of defence that were employed, and ways of attack made by barbarian or savage foes. They examine Roman fort-remains in England and determine the size of garrisons that held them. By the granaries in the forts they determine the amounts of grain, and the kinds of grain that were given to the soldiers and fed to the horses of their cavalry, and the numbers of the cavalry.

Discovering the Different Races That Make Up Our Modern British Nation

Besides these rougher material elements in Britain, they seek old records and statements about the inhabitants of localities, their first coming in to settle, and the changes in race that have occurred. For instance, in the north-western counties along the Irish Sea they have records showing that the first people who dwelt there were ancient Britons, Celts of the same branch as the Welsh or Cymry, as they called themselves.

Then the Angles, the north branch of the Anglo-Saxons, invaded their land from the south and largely displaced them by war. Then another Teutonic race, the Northmen and Danes, coming by sea down the west coast of Scotland from the Orkneys, landed and settled in force. Plain evidence of their invasion is found today in the persistence of use of many words that belonged to their tongue, and of runic letters that were carved on crosses over graves; and also in names of places that are purely Scandinavian.

After them in time came the Normans from the south who had conquered the Saxons, and infused some of their blood into the district, as is shown by the French-written records and Gothic building-remains, as in churches.

Even later, within the past two centuries or so another race-element has been proved by old records to have been introduced in numbers of German miners and engineers who were brought in to develop mines where minerals had been newly found. These Germans stayed and became Englishmen also and like the others left their impress even on many of the population, in physical features and mental characteristics.

All the interesting proofs and signs of these changes that occurred in the racial make-up of that section of England in the course of about a thousand years, are being carefully gathered and preserved, and more being diligently sought for by the local historical societies.

These societies, since they have such an old field to work in, and so much of their material is antique or ancient, deserve to be called, as they are, Antiquarian and Archeological Societies. We have not become antique or ancient enough in this country to allow us to call our Societies Antiquarian, but our work is already as important.

Advantages That Canadian Societies Possess Over the Old Country Ones

I have dwelt upon the work of such societies in Britain to enable us to sense how historical research-work is done, how its valuable material is resurrected or acquired. Another point may be drawn from it in this way,—how those Historical or Antiquarian Societies in Britain must naturally wish that even more of the old monuments and other relics had been made or preserved, and none of them lost, so that they could be made use of in the present day. We know how they may wish that historical societies had been made to exist in the earliest times if that had been possible, to make and leave records of the people, of their lives and activities,

and make deposits of their implements and all objects of manufacture for utility or art, for the benefit of generations that would follow. What we should infer from that is this,—we have the opportunity and privilege to do that thing here and now. We are not far from the pioneer stage of our local history; we are not so far removed but that we can save some of the material that can be collected and preserved.

Every day we live causes some material to be lost; some object becomes destroyed, some person passes from us whose memory held some mental record of fact that should have been garnered from him, or it may be lost forever.

Manitowaning District an Important Historic Field

And if our field is short in its period of years and generations, it offers material that is ample to keep us engaged for any length of time, if we apply ourselves to its thorough exploration. If it is short in the duration of years it holds elements of a picturesque, even romantic character that are not surpassed by those that engage the worthy interests of the historical explorers of any other section of Canada.

Even the primeval aspect of our beautiful Bay, this inland firth, as a Scotsman late among us called it, as it appeared to the first white persons, who have left a few brief words giving their impression of it, should be left for the people who follow us. As the Saxon treasures even the memories of a people who filled his land before he came and drove them out or absorbed them, so we, the later Saxons of another new land, should find profit and great interest in making full record of the primitive tribesmen who occupied these shores in their strange and picturesque way before our fathers came. Here was from time long since, the meeting-place of the Algonquin tribes that lived on the long north shore-line of the Great Lakes; and right here, even within a century, might have been seen the Indian host in their bark canoes in a very fleet on the Bay; almost where we sit proud, stalwart chiefs in all their war-gear, with their plumes and native arms, with names that bore renown at every camp-fire on every shore of all the lakes, strode among their followers or in company together in diplomatic powwow or converse. Let us generously preserve their memory.

Parkman would have gloried in recording the scenes that were enacted here, for they were very episodes in the dramas that he has painted in his imperishable pages. Then the pioneers came, the pale-faces, just as they came into all parts of the continent to displace the native. The village here itself passed within the memory of some of our people from being a collection of Indian log-cabins to one of white population of the English speech. The woods about began to be interspersed with its clearings, the fine great pines with their noble crowns towering over the forest and the basin of the Bay, began to fall one by one. "Shkoteh-chemaun," the fire-boat, steamboat, followed the white man to serve his needs. New families pierced the bush in every direction wherever fertile valleys led them. Churches and schools were erected. Records of all these are valuable for future history. Later and more recent times furnish their full proportion, the Great War saw our relations concerning it, our contribution to it in men and material, in sacrifices. Because we are near to these things we cannot see them in proper perspective as we should were we fifty or one hundred years removed; but every detail of its record as it affected us is valuable, should be treasured.

We have a noble history; its aspect in geography, in its social or racial elements, in the ways and means of communication at different periods, in the stages of progress materially, in education, in the phases of religious development, is such that many a district would envy us its possession. Let us proceed to dig with our spades, literally and metaphorically, for the riches that lie around us and under us, and prove our worthiness for such a possession; and by obtaining these riches, gratify and stimulate our interest for such worthy things which certainly does good to all people by the contemplation of, and sympathy for, the past, and so let us leave a legacy from our labours for which many who follow, and our children, will devoutly thank us, in the profound and fond appreciation with which they will regard all that has belonged to the past and to our present, and which will help them also to write OUR history, and the PAST history for the future.

Was It La Salle, the Great French Explorer, that First Discovered the Mississippi?

"The proof that La Salle was not the first to make known the course of the Mississippi is found in a map drawn by the explorer, Louis Joliet, in 1674, which date it bears; its existence in that year being attested by Frontenac, the Governor of Canada. Joliet, in his letter to Frontenac, says that the discovery of this river was made in "1673 or 1674," or about ten years before La Salle made his voyage down the Father of Waters. This was the achievement of some Jesuit Missionaries, who did the work, sketched the outline of their journey for Joliet, and said no more about it, not caring who might get the credit of its performance."

Our Historical Association—Report of Its First Year's Work

Owing to the delay in publishing the last issue of our magazine, the meeting of the Executive and members, called for the First of September, did not materialize. In view of this, we now make use of the columns of this magazine to present to the Society our first annual report.

The importance of the work in which we are engaged, cannot be over-emphasized. We are providing, or, at any rate, ought to be, the store-house from which future generations will get the materials for the creation of our country's literature. If Champlain had not written the account of his travels, or if the Jesuits had not recorded the conditions of life under which they had to live among the Indians, and their experiences in an effort to Christianize them, we would know nothing of the history of that period, and that splendid body of literature, produced by Parkman would never have come into existence. There are just as interesting events occurring in the present period of our country's history. Let us record the story, as they did, and future generations will read with interest the stories that literary men will create out of the record, even as we read with interest the thrilling narratives of Parkman to-day.

WE have completed within the year the organization of nine branches, two-thirds of whom are already energetically under way in pushing forward the work in which we are engaged. These were organized in places where none before existed. We are in process of organizing three others and are also in correspondence with others that had a previous existence with a view to their joining our Association, so that before the end of another year, we ought to have the whole district completely organized.

The manuscript copy of the first volume of the story of "The Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay" is now ready for publication, and will be produced in book form as soon as times become normal, and the prices for publication within reason.

The manuscript copy of the story of the war, "FROM START TO FINISH" is also completed. This too, will be brought out in book form, but in a special edition for each district. The edition of each district will be made to contain a complete index of the men who served in that district, similar in scope and form to that historical sketch compiled and recently published by the University of Toronto in respect to the graduates and students of that institution who enlisted for service in the war. This will supply a handy reference volume of immense value for future historical study.

Instead of the annual blue-book, which is the usual method of recording the doings of historical societies, we have adopted instead the medium of a magazine, bringing out the first issue during the month of May, which has been followed by two others since, the present issue making the fourth.

The prospects before our magazine are quite bright. The recent election of Rev. John Sharpe, M. A., and A. A. Cole, M. A., B. Sc., New Liskeard, Dr. S. B. McDougall, and Principal Casselman of North Bay, and Rev. J. J. Elliot, B. A., and W. A. Glass, B. A., as officers of the Association will supply us with a splendid addition of contributors to its columns. The subscription list is gradually increasing, and with a moderate space devoted to advertising, its financial future ought to be assured. The Association must have some medium of expression, if it will live, thrive and realize its ideals, and with the co-operation and support of those who are in sympathy with its aims, there is no reason why this official organ of the Association should not become a Canadian historical magazine of national importance.

Facing the abnormal handicaps to its printing which this year's times has furnished, we have nevertheless been able to bring it through the initial stages of its career safely. We were forced to double up in the last issue as also in this one, requiring a two months' period for the production of each issue by reason of these handicaps. This policy we may follow for a few more issues, until the printing trades become more settled, but it will not make any difference as to the subscriptions, as the yearly subscribers will be supplied with twelve issues in any case,

The EXECUTIVE of the Society are now as follows: President, J. W. Beatty, Parry Sound; Rev. Hugh Cowan, M, A., B. D., Secretary-Treasurer; R. W. Shaw, M. D., Manitowaning; Rev. Fr. Papineau, Little Current; John Parker, Owen Sound; Dr. W. H. Fell, Gore Bay; The President of the Mindemoya Society; Rev. John Sharpe, M. A., New Liskeard; Dr. J. B. McDougall, North Bay, and F. L. Weston, Midland.

Since our work takes in a larger territory than that immediately around the Georgian Bay, requests have come in that the name of the Association, "The Georgian Bay Historical Society," be changed. Among

the names suggested, "The Ontario Historical Association," seems the favorite. Other changes also in the Constitution have been asked for.

The Constitution, and the name with it, was adopted only as a basis on which to start out our work. When its sphere becomes enlarged, or conditions change, revision can, and ought to, be made, to suit these new requirements. Following out these suggestions, which may later be adopted, the Constitution would read as follows:

This Society shall be called "THE ONTARIO HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION."

Its object shall be to secure a co-operative society for historical research and study for the district of Georgian Bay and Northern Ontario, and wherever else in the province branches may be established to co-operate with the Association in the carrying out of its aims and purposes.

Its PURPOSE shall be threefold:

1. The establishment of local museums at suitable places.

2. The collection and preservation of materials dealing with the native races and the early settlers, compiling biographies of men of achievement and of families connected with the pioneer days of the country, the history of the development of transportation, education, industries and all other matters which legitimately enter into the requirements for the complete history of a people.

3. The issuing of publications as shall be deemed suitable to arouse the interest of our people in historical study, and of value for the present and future generations to know concerning our country and its people.

MEMBERS: This Society shall be composed of the following members:

(a) Affiliated, those who are bona-fide members of good standing of any branch of the Society, and contribute to the support of the Association.

(b) Life, who become such by the contribution at one time of a sum of not less than fifteen dollars; or who shall have been a member and shall have paid an annual fee of one dollar for twenty consecutive years.

(c) Annual, those resident in Ontario, who pay an annual fee of one dollar.

(d) Corresponding members are those living outside of the Province of Ontario.

(e) Honorary members are elected on the recommendation of the Executive by the unanimous vote of any regular meeting.

OFFICERS: the officers of the Society shall be: President, Vice-Presidents and Secretary-Treasurer.

The affairs of the Society shall be managed, subject to the by-laws and constitution of the Society, by an Executive, made up of the President, the Vice-Presidents, the Secretary-Treasurer, and representatives of the annual members, chosen from their number by ballot.

The president of each branch shall be vice-president of the Society. Priority as first, second, etc., shall pass around and in rotation, according to a roll on which the names of the Societies shall be put down in the order of the organization of each branch.

The first vice-president of one year shall be the president of the Society the following year.

The secretary-treasurer shall be a permanent official, appointed by the Executive, and holding office at their pleasure.

THE PRINCIPLE DUTIES of the President shall be to convene and preside at all meetings of the Society, and perform all the functions of the Society as its official head.

The first vice-president shall perform the functions of the president when absent or otherwise unable to perform them. When both are unable, the vice-president next in order shall do so. All failing, a pro tempore substitute shall be appointed from the membership.

The secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society, conduct its correspondence, keep a roll of members; receive, keep in custody, and pay out as authorized all its moneys, rendering a proper account thereof. He shall edit and supervise publications under the direction of the Executive, and be the custodian of all its papers, records, documents, photographs, and all of its other property.

An annual business meeting shall be held at the close of each year, to review the work of the year, and to receive the report of the different officers of the Society.

A meeting of the Society shall be called by the Secretary or President; but a meeting can be convened at the request of three members in writing.

Every branch shall retain its own independent identity, although co-operating with every other branch in the common object of all.

This meeting may be amended by a two-thirds vote of any meeting, of which all the members were duly notified, but a notice of motion of such amendment must be given in writing at a previous sederunt of the meeting in which the vote is taken.

This Society shall be in affiliation with the Ontario Historical Society.

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NOTICE

A Meeting of the Executive and Members of the Georgian Bay Historical Society will be held in Toronto, in the West End Y.M.C.A., Corner College Street and Dovercourt Road, at 8 o'clock p.m., on December 8th, 1921. A full attendance of the Executive is requested.

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November----December, 1921

Published for the purpose of furthering the interests of the Georgian Bay and Northern Ontario Historical Societies.

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The Magazine will have the next two issues published as two-monthly issues, after which it will be published monthly.

Terms:

Twelve issues	$1.50
First volume, back numbers included	$1.00
From January to September, 1922	$1.00
For the year 1922, 10 issues	$1.25

15 cents a copy

These rates will remain unchanged for 1922.

Special Features of the Next Issue:

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Owen Sound, a Town Sixty Odd Years: Its Greatest Mayor in That Period.

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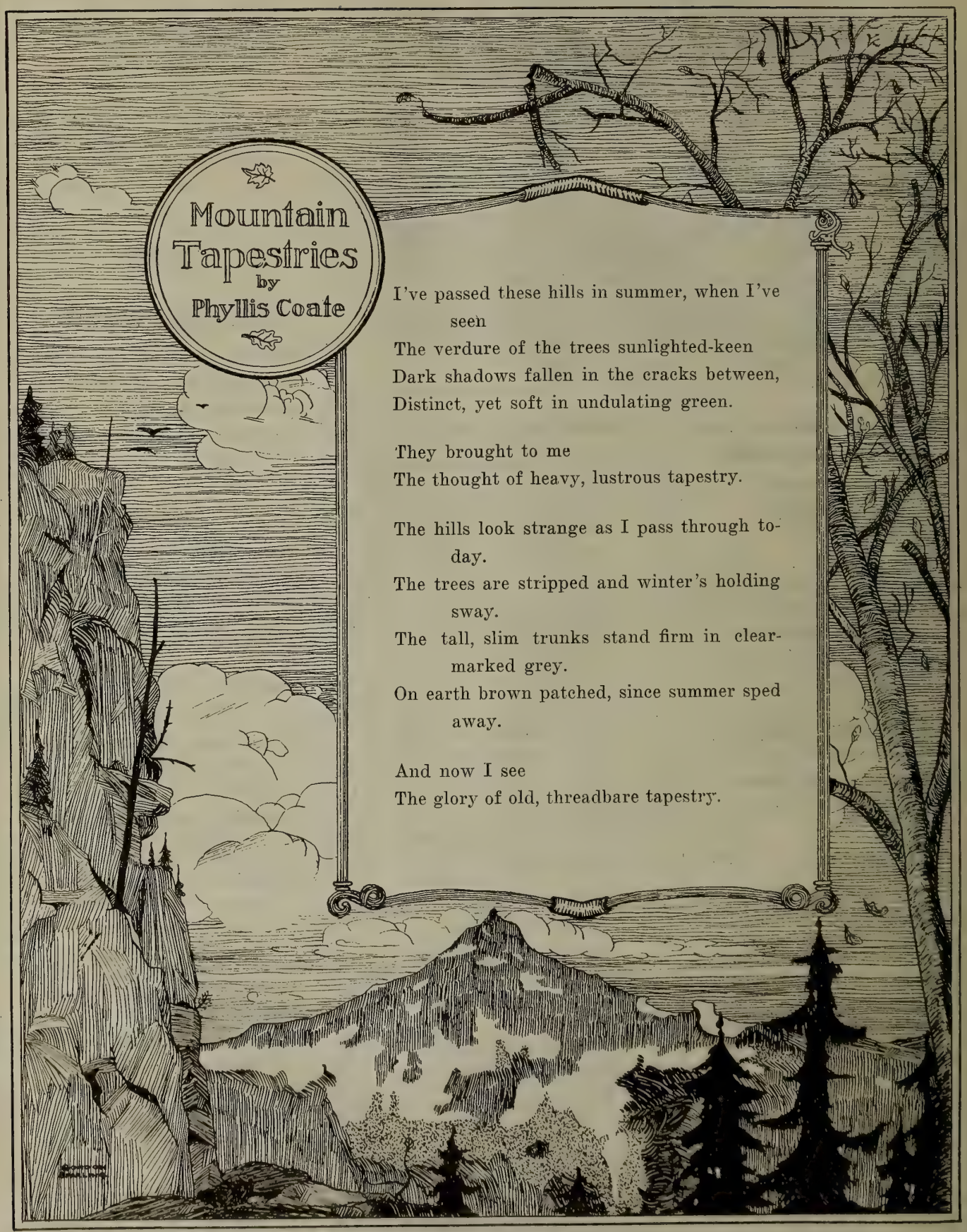

I've passed these hills in summer, when I've
seen
The verdure of the trees sunlighted-keen
Dark shadows fallen in the cracks between,
Distinct, yet soft in undulating green.

They brought to me
The thought of heavy, lustrous tapestry.

The hills look strange as I pass through to-
day.
The trees are stripped and winter's holding
sway.
The tall, slim trunks stand firm in clear-
marked grey.
On earth brown patched, since summer sped
away.

And now I see
The glory of old, threadbare tapestry.

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Drawn by G. P. M. Sparling.

"Mer Douce"

The Georgian Bay and North Ontario Magazine

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Vol. I. NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1921 No. 5

"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man."

Editor: REV. HUGH COWAN, M.A., B.D., 938 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

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Current Thoughts on Current History

The Irish problem is still going on.

"The problem is the attitude of Ulster."—Philip Gibbs. And the rest of Ireland also.

The outstanding fact of Asia is the helplessness of China. Shall it be dismembered, and the pieces divided among other nations?

The war has taught us that national strength does not lie in arms, but in individual organization, education, and patriotism.—Selected.

The index finger has not yet been placed on the reason why the cost of living has not declined correspondingly with the prices received for our products. The price of products has declined at a rapid rate, while the cost of living has declined exceedingly slow, and in some instances not at all, causing financial embarassment in many instances and restless dissatisfaction everywhere.

The great event of the year 1921 is the Washington Conference.

"The Washington Conference is like a rainbow in the sky."—Lloyd George.

"Does he mean that it is all Hughes?"—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

"The Japanese are ready to do their full share toward making an agreement possible."—Delegate.

The avowed purpose of the Washington Conference is to discuss the limitations of armaments, and the problems of the Pacific and the Far East. The hope is that out of it may come a method by which all international problems may be settled without war.

How many nations will announce the right to declare war?

"We must industrialize to preserve our national existence."——Japanese Delegate.

BEAVER MINE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF PORT ARTHUR.

The discovery of silver in this area was first made in 1868 *on an islet in Lake Superior, off Thunder Cape,afterwards called Silver Islet, although the Prince's mine was worked in* 1846, *but for the sake of its copper rather than its silver. From this outcropping of rock in the lake, about the size of a large whale, the silver produced from it amounted in value to* $3,250,000. *One pocket, shaped like an irregular pear, yielded alone over two million dollars' worth of silver.*

The Canadian Copyright Act, 1921

For the past ten years the question of Canadian copyright has remained an unsettled question, much to the hurt of Canadian authors and publishers. Previous to this time the British Parliament insisted, under the influence of British publishers, of having it under their complete control, ignoring the right of Canadians to the settlement of their own distinctive affairs by their own parliament. This claim to control by the British Parliament was relinquished in 1911, but it was not until last May that the Canadian Parliament passed a law for the protection of Canadian copyright. This law was placed on the statute book, but it has not yet come into effect.

This Act, which went to the Senate and was passed with minor alterations on June 4th of the present year, has been the subject of severe criticism, in an article which appeared in the last issue of The Fortnightly Review. The following excerpts will show the line on which the criticism follows:

"The bill is contrary to the Berne Convention."

"A great literature is the result of proper protective laws, rather than the cause of them."

"The politicians seemed more anxious to obtain good votes than good literature."

"We do not know who were advising the Government, but they were clearly as ignorant of recent copyright legislation as of the present methods of marketing literary property."

"The provisions of the bill would appear in the nature of a compromise to all classes affected by it, such as the author, the publisher, the printer, and the labor element. What a demonstration of all copyright legislation, ancient or modern!"

"It is impossible, without giving authors the widest freedom, to stimulate the creation of that distinctive literature for which each country strives."

"Clause 13, 14, 15 and 16 appear to be drafted, not for the benefit of the author, but for the benefit of the tradesmen who exploit the author's work."

"If the Canadian publisher desires to secure the author's rights, like the publishers in any other country, he should show sufficient energy to compete in the world's markets."

Under Clause 15, "The unfortunate author would find himself in a difficult position, and most probably would obtain a reward wholly inadequate to the value of his work."

It quotes an article from the "Musical Times," which says: "A more retrograde step has never disfigured any Copyright Act, and no more deliberate attack on the principles which govern copyright legislation, national and international, throughout nearly all the more enlightened countries of the world, has ever been perpetrated."

The Act will not become law, and its operation will be suspended until a date fixed by order in Council.

The United States Copyright Act requires the setting of the types and making of the plates in the United States. The Canadian Act does not do this, but it requires that the author be a British subject resident in Canada.

An agreement is now sought by the two countries, so that United States authors and publishers have the same privileges with regard to copyright in Canada as Canadian authors, giving the same privilege in return to Canadian authors and publishers in the United States When this agreement is reached, as it is hoped that it will be, the statute of last May will then become law. A long disputed question will then become satisfactorily settled.

The value of Canada's field crops are lower this year than they have been for the past five years, 400 millions lower than they were last year, and 500 millions less than the year before that.

: FORESTS, MINES AND MEN :

THE MAIN VEIN OF THE LAROSE MINE, THE DISCOVERY OF WHICH IN 1903 GOT THE WORLD EXCITED OVER TEMISCAMING SILVER.

"Rocks, rocks, rocks!" "Thousands of square miles of rocks within a few hours' journey of the city of Toronto, in which are deposited valuable minerals."

Development work in the Kirkland Lake gold region is proceeding steadily.

The Wright-Hargreaves mine, whose mill at Kirkland Lake started operations at the beginning of May, have since been treating a daily average of 136 tons of ore, which is netting a recovery of $14.25 from each ton of ore treated, making a total aggregate of $194,420 for the third quarter of 1921.

$6.10 was the average recovered by the Kirkland Lake Mining Co. for the same period. They treated a daily average of 125 tons of ore, and received a total income of $76,976 for the months of July, August and September.

The Cobalt silver mining camp is still manifesting considerable producing power, although to some extent overshadowed by the still more spectacular gains of the gold-producing Hollinger and McIntyre mines. The Nipissing is said to be producing $6,000 worth of silver daily. The Coniagas mine shipped 64½ tons of ore in November of a total of 213¼ tons from the whole district, of which 149½ tons were shipped to United States smelters, and 64 tons to Canadian. The price of silver declined from 70¼ cents an ounce on November 2nd, to 66¼ cents on November 26th.

90,400 tons of ore were treated by the Domes Mining Company (Porcupine), an average of 983 tons daily, during the third quarter of the year, averaging $7.12 of recovery for each ton. As gold is now at a premium, this gave the company an income of $700,000 for the quarter, or approximately, three millions yearly.

In our exports for the first eight months of the present year to foreign countries we are $368,372 below our imports. Our trade position can be righted only by buying less from, or selling more to, foreign countries, especially the United States. We have done this year only 57½ per cent. of the business with foreign countries that we did last year. This year our total trade was only about one billion dollars, while last year it was one and three-quarter billions.

Hon. Beniah Bowman, Minister of Lands and Forests, announces an increase of one million of dollars in revenue from timber dues over that received last year. This makes the revenue of over four million dollars to the Ontario Government from the forests of Northern Ontario.

"The desire to help the working classes—is any class anything else?"

The Development of a Great Industry The Opening up of a Wealth Producing Opportunity

By

The Editor

NATIVE SILVER TAKEN FROM TEMISCAMING MINE, COBALT

The lure which drives the ambitious into the wilderness, in hopes to discover a mine of it.

Rocks, rocks, rocks!

In these days when men are walking around anxious for something to do, and unable to find it, one cannot help but wonder why there should be unemployment in Canada. This is a land of unlimited resources for wealth and employment, and only the barest fraction of these resources has yet been utilized. We have thousands of square miles of rocks within a few hours' journey of the city of Toronto, in which there is deposited minerals, which far variety and quantity rivals, and in the mind of not a few, surpasses any other country in the world. The discovery of the locality of these deposits, the development of favorable prospects, the mining of the ores and their subsequent treatment, afford such an ample field for enterprise, employment and wealth, that the pity is that the country cannot now provide that far-sighted and courageous statesmanship, which would enter into this field, and reap the benefits of this golden opportunity for the benefit of our people at this time of their need.

About thirty years ago the editor was privileged to spend a summer among the miners at Beaver, Badger and Silver Mountain mines at Port Arthur. Millions of dollars' worth of silver had, before this time, been taken out of the rock formations of this neighborhood, in addition to that which had been previously taken from the Silver Islet mine. There yet remains there large quantities of silver-bearing ore, though apparently of a low-grade quality. There is a striking analogy between the rock formations and other geological features of this district to that subsequently discovered field at Lake Temiscaming. Is it to be supposed for a moment that Nature has deposited a little mineral at the extreme west of the province, some more at the extreme east, and nothing of value in the hundreds of miles between? Why has the development of this industry lagged so far behind that of lumbering, farming and other less attractive enterprises?

Two hundred and thirty-five years ago a party of eight French-Canadians with their helpers made a voyage of discovery to Lake Temiscaming to locate what has since been known as the Wright mine. They had canoed the whole of the two hundred and fifty miles from Montreal to the place where the river forks (Mattawa) where they were joined by an Indian, Coignac, who agreed to guide them to the place where mineral was reputed to be found. After thirteen days more of canoeing and exploration the Indian brought them to the mine and placed a sample of the ore in their hand. They returned convinced that there was a district where mineral wealth abounded. It was one hundred and eighty-five years after this before there was any serious effort made to harvest this mineral wealth, and even then no real effort was made until the greatness of the wealth of the district was forced upon the attention of the country and the world by the chance discovery of La Rose, the blacksmith, in 1903. Why is this? It is because the mining industry demands toll of the rarest and richest qualities of individual enterprise, as well as much capital, if it would reach its maximum development.

As one travels over these rocks he is a very stupid and prosaic person, one devoid of all imagination, if he does not view with a feeling of reverence this mass

of material, God's first creation, in the land of his own nativity. From the lake of the Nipissings, eastward, westward and northward, the great horse-shoe extends, folding an inland sea, the Pre-Cambrian shield, the first of all, as it is the foundation of all the rocks of the world. This is the land that the civilized people away down south call "New" Ontario. That man must also be devoid of religious faith if he could look at such a mass of material brought into being, and yet no good purpose to be served by it. The man in whom there is material for a good prospector may not be a religious man in the "Salvation Army" sense, but he is profoundly religious from another viewpoint. His is a mind that is impressed with the conception that utility was in the Creative Mind that called these rocks into existence, and so he transposes this conception into terms of silver and gold, nickel and cobalt, copper and iron, lead and arsenic. You cannot rob him by any argument of his faith in the rocks.

How great is his faith we can see from his works. He takes up his pack and strikes into the woods; he braves solitude and danger; he risks life and health; he puts up with the rigours of climate and the inconveniences of travel for the sake of locating another Cobalt.

ELK LAKE, A STRETCH OF THE MONTREAL RIVER.

To reach the upper Montreal in the early days, a portage from Haileybury and a chain of small lakes were utilized, as the Notch, and the rapids above it, made the first part of the river unnavigable. Elk Lake is now connected with Earlton by a branch of the T. and N. O. Railway. Railway facilities are an absolute necessity for the development of the mining industry.

Penetanguishene, at an Old Boys' reunion, held in early August of this year, celebrated the tercentenary of the coming of Champlain to Ontario in the year 1615, by the erection of a statue to the memory of Le Caron, the first Recollet missionary to the Hurons, a life-sized bronze figure which is fittingly placed before the Jesuit Memorial Church there, while to the memory of Abbe Laboreau, to whom the honor of building the church is mainly due, a tablet was erected also on the same occasion.

Two other personages were remembered by tablets, Francis Parkham, the American historian, who found in the early events of this region, the materials for some of his great writings, and Sir John Franklin, who is said to have passed through Penetanguishene once, on the occasion of one of his journeys to the North.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

: HISTORIC SECTION :

The Ottawas: The Greatest of Canadian Indians

As a Society seeking to get a full story of the Georgian Bay and Northern Ontario District, we have now begun the serious study of the traditional origin, and the subsequent history of this important tribe of Indians. Were they the greatest of all the tribes found in this locality?

If this question were answered in the affirmative it would, without doubt, be immediately challenged. One would say, "The Hurons were the greatest." Another would say, "No, the Chippewas were." Comparison with the Iroquois would be barred out from the fact that they were not a single tribe, but a confederacy of five or six different tribes, and that their distinctive home was New York, rather than Canada.

The claim for Ottawa superiority was recently made, and at once challenged, but by one whose knowledge of Indian history was confined to a study of Parkman. The story of the Huron Indians has supplied material fore some of Parkman's masterpieces, but it is well known that this great writer sacrificed, in some instances at least, accuracy for the sake of greater literary effect. In addition, the history of the endurance, privations, devotion, cruel hardships and finally martyrdom of the early Recollet and Jesuit missionaries, is blended with the story of the tragic end of their occupation of the Georgian Bay district, that it gives to the Hurons a place in history which neither their numbers nor the standard of their lives wholly warrants. On the other hand, the Ottawas have never had the advantage of literary sponsors that would bear any comparison with Parkman, and so, their story has occupied but a small place in the annals of our country.

There are some things that can be said in their favor. They were not annihilated by the Iroquois, nor indeed could be, for they were too great warriors for that, just as expert in eluding a foe as they were in making upon him successful surprise attacks. They were visited by Champlain on the same occasion that he first visited the Hurons, and in his narrative of that visit he gives us a high estimate of the standard to which these had obtained in comparison with others.

He found that they were a very populous tribe. He divides them into two classes, the one he calls sedentary, the other migratory. Of the first, they farmed considerably, growing corn, sunflowers, tobacco, melons, pumpkins and other things, besides being expert canoeists, fishermen and hunters, in these respects having no superiors. The second class were traders, as the name, Ottawa, signifies. These visited many regions and travelled long journeys, not infrequently 400 or 500 leagues away from their homes. Both tribes were great warriors, their wives experts in making domestic utensils and ornaments. He makes especial mention of their skill in making mats, which, he says, they used for Turkish rugs, so that it would seem that in this accomplishment they supplied for their wigwam a convenience not found usually among pre-historic Indians.

Like the Hurons, these Ottawas, when he visited them, invited him to join them in their wars, which they seemed to be waging then against a tribe of Michigan Indians.

As Canadians, we are interested in the history of the Ottawas because of the place they hold in relation to all the early wars of our country. When the French occupied this country, as the sole proprietors of it, they allied themselves on the side of the French. When the country passed over into British hands, and the war of the American Independence occurred, they allied themselves on the side of the British, a concrete attestation of which is found in one of the flags, now in possession of the Owen Sound society. Later, in the war of 1812, they humiliated the Americans on more than one occasion, notably in their successful defence and recapture of Fort Mackinac.

In addition, the future prospects of those of them remaining in Canada are the brightest. They give ample evidence—not of extinction—as some suppose—but of becoming a permanent and important part of our future population. Dr. Shaw, their physician, assures us, that during the period of prosperity, enjoyed by them as well as by all other farmers of Ontario, during the Great War, tubercular diseases were practically eliminated, showing that given a sufficiency of food, clothing and housing accommodation, they can be as virile as any other unit of the population.

In view of their past history, their present prosperity, and their future prospects, we will begin a study of the history of this important tribe, publishing an article on their traditional origin, in our next issue.

THE NOTCH
MONTREAL RIVER
TEMISCAMING

Every traveller knows of this phenomenon of nature, the quick decline of the Montreal River as it enters Lake Temiscaming, the deep, narrow channel cut through the rocks, the high perpendicular walls of rock on either side, an object of wonder to every lover of nature. Now it is a harnessed power, supplying light and electricity to the triplet towns of Cobalt, Haileybury and New Liskeard.

THE WRECK OF THE "ASIA"

The Greatest of the Tragedies of Sea-faring Life on the Bay

The sinking of the "Waubuno," the burning of the "Manitoulin," the disappearance of the "Jane Miller," with all her passengers and crew, are incidents in the long line of successive lake tragedies of this North country. But the wreck of the "Asia" has features of tragedy peculiarly its own. The story of this ancient vessel, overladen with freight and passengers, meeting an equinoctial storm at mid-sea, and sinking helplessly in broad daylight into its waters is one of the most memorable incidents connected with the history of navigation on the Georgian Bay.

It was one o'clock on Thursday morning, on the fourteenth of September, 1882, that Captain Savage mounted the stairs that led to the hurricane deck, pulled the cord, and whistled the boat's departure from Owen Sound to the Manitoulin Island and adjacent ports. In one respect the prospects of this trip might well make him feel proud, for he had the largest passenger list that his boat had yet recorded. His freight cargo surpassed that of any preceding trip. It was the time of the Toronto Exhibition, and in addition to the cheaper passenger rates offered on this account, it was the season when the merchants of the North, soon to be isolated for at least five months from connection with outside markets, laid in most of their winter's goods. In addition, the lumber trade was preparing for its winter's work in the woods, and horses and provisions were now being transported for their camps.

It was the full tide for both passenger and freight traffic. The cabin was filled to overflowing. The berths were all occupied. All available cots were requisitioned and set up in the dining and sitting-rooms; while others found beds on the carpeted floor of the cabin. In the lower deck were steerage passengers, who lounged about the engine room, or sought sleeping places among the packing boxes. The passengers alone would have been a sufficient load for the carrying capacity of such a bottom. But there was also an abnormal cargo of freight. In addition to the goods in the hold the lower deck was filled to capacity, and even on the hurricane deck some bales of merchandise had been placed.

From the point of view of business nothing could be added to the success of the trip. These two loads on one vessel might have been safely carried through if the fates had decreed a calm passage. Instead, however, the vessel was to meet an equinoctial storm after the first few hours of her voyage that was to outdo all the storms that traditional story has connected with this season of the year. Unseaworthy, over-laden, she was an unfit combatant against the fierce power that she was thus doomed to meet. It was early in the season, and even the equinoctial gales were not due for yet another week. It would seem legitimate then to take a chance on a great profit, and expect a safe trip, but of the probability of no unusual weather there comes a trip that is the last, and a risk that is one too many. This last risk and trip was taken by the ill-

fated Asia, as it had been taken by her fore-runner, the Waubuno. The whistle blew, the gang-planks were hauled in, and the engine began its last work of pushing this cargo of human lives and property across two hundred miles that lay between them and Sault Ste. Marie. The darkness of the night was past, and, after all, if one is to drown, perhaps it is better that he should see the waters that are to carry him down, and see, as well as hear, those who are going down with him. It was not until eight o'clock in the morning that they left their home port, when the greatness of the danger and the impossibility of the task was revealed.

A man of letters has spoken of the "awful grandeur" of a Georgian Bay storm. That gradeur may appear to a spectator in a safe shelter from its power, but to those who have to match the weakness of a poorly equipped human body against its fierce destructive might, its terror, rather than its grandeur will be the outstanding phenomenon. The storm came from the south-west with a fierceness of strength which would be more seasonable in November or even later. The south-west wind has the full sweep of the lake and the bay. In going across the bay northward along the eastern shore, the numerous little islands there situated afford sheltered channels for the canoes and bateaus and smaller craft that used to ply these waters in the earlier days, and seldom was a mishap chronicled except the occupants of the vessel were intoxicated. But in crossing the bay in the proximity of "The Gap," called, because of the roughness of the sea to be met with there, "The Devil's"? there is little chance of security when one of these storms is raging, except by keeping away from it. When the wind blows across this gap, with the full sweep of Lake Huron behind it, and carries forward in its onward course, the billows that have travelled miles, gaining volume and strength as they travelled, what a power of destruction must be theirs. Those who have heard the roars of these billows as they struck against the rocky islets with which the bay is studded, or as they smashed against the shore with the full strength and weight of their force, can easily conceive what a risk is being run by the stoutest vessel that rides these waters when caught in such a storm. There would be a risk, even to the certainty of destruction in regard to the best. What could be expected in the case of the unseaworthy and over-laden "Asia"?

On this morning, on land, the rain was being driven with terrific force by the wind, the trees of the forest were swaying and bending low, the heaviest of them uprooted, and the branches of all of them more or less broken. On the water the white caps were lifted from the rolling waves and tossed in the air to mingle with the rain, or carried to some sheltered spot, where, looking "like carded wool," they seemed to symbolize the gentleness of nature in her spring activities, when she wooes the seed in the warm sun to life, and not the ferocity of the power with which she beats the rocks into sand, and the icebergs into melting, powdered snow.

The storm did not come up unexpectedly. There were ominous signs of its coming. The gulls were seeking sheltered bays; the nighthawk was flying low; clouds in the sky were being driven by soft winds. "If it rains, the wind will go down," said the wise weather prophet. But it did rain, and the wind went up. The boat, after leaving Owen Sound, travelled with its side to the wind, for French River was, for that trip, to be a port of call. It was taking the worst possible course in such a storm, for if it could be kept facing the wind and meeting the waves with the prow, or going with the wind, be driven forward with it, there might be some hope of safety.

When at eight o'clock (11 o'clock, D. Tinkis says) trouble began to rise, their first effort to prevent a calamity was to throw overboard some of the cargo, with which the vessel was made too top-heavy, and also the horses, whose stamping and jumping were causing excitement amongst both passengers and crew. This was followed by the taking out of the life-preservers, and adjusting them on the bodies of those who were lucky enough to get any, for the supply was exhausted long before even the first half of the passengers were provided. There seems to have been no panic in the usual sense of the term, though men went about dazed, and women sobbed aloud as they lay on the berths in their staterooms, or on the couches in the cabin. Many of the men made no effort to escape, but remained with their wives or children, surrendering themselves with a stoic spirit to a fate which they could not avert.

There were three life-boats with which the vessel was provided. It was not long after the throwing overboard of the cargo that these were swung out on their davits and lowered, and those who would or could, got into them. But there was the same unpreparedness revealed here as in the case of the life-preservers, for while there were three boats there were only two oars with which they might be handled, as there was then no way of keeping them facing the wind and so prevent them from being capsized in the trough of the sea, there was nothing for it but for those who were in those boats to let them drift, praying that fortune would favor them, and the wind go down, and they thus have a chance of being saved. But the prayer was not answered, for of these three only one reached the shore, and that with only two living souls in it—D. A. Tinkiss, a young man from Manitowaning, and Miss Mary Morrison, from Owen Sound.

The following is the account given by this young man of his experiences on that eventful occasion, and we give it because of its great historical value in the history of the tragedies of the bay.

Dunk Tinkiss Tells His Story

"We arrived at Owen Sound at 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, and getting on board the Asia sailed away at about twelve o'clock. A number of other parties got on at Owen Sound, but I thought the number very small. I remember the boat calling at Presqu' Isle for wood, but after that I went to sleep. The state-room in which I was placed was occupied by my uncle and myself. All went well during the night, and everybody appeared to be slumbering quietly and contentedly, with probably no foreboding of the fate which waited them. At about 7.30 a.m. we all arose and had breakfast, after which we walked about. The wind at this time was blowing a stiff gale, but no one apprehended any danger whatever. As a large number felt rather sea-sick the majority returned to their berths, my uncle and myself amongst the rest. When I arose in the morning I was under the impression that the state-rooms were all full, as a large number of persons were on sofas and on the cabin floor. At eleven o'clock my uncle was awakened by the rolling of the ship and springing out shouted to me, 'Dunk, jump up, the boat is doomed!' The expression on his face was alone sufficient to convince me that it was only too true, and throwing on my coat we both rushed on deck. The sight that met my eyes was a fearful one and one that I shall never forget. The storm was raging, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane and the waves appeared to be rolling mountains high. This was not all, for nearly all the passengers by this time had come on deck and the scene which followed was a most heart-rending one and entirely beyond description. Until my dying day I shall never forget the cries and shieks, a majority being on their knees, crying for mercy and deliverance, and all realizing that they were face to face with death. I at once went to a state-room and put on a life-preserver, and again returned to the deck. Those not on their knees rushed frantically about, thus adding to the general confusion. I did not see the captain or crew, and in fact I do not think they could have been of any service what ever; but I heard a single order to throw the cargo overboard. Being on the upper deck, I could not see what was going on below, but from the noise which I heard I am under the impression that the order was obeyed. No attempt was made to lower the ship's boats, as they would at once have been dashed to pieces, so for a long half-hour we stood there face to face with death, and not knowing at what instant we would be hurled into eternity. The steamer had got into the trough of the sea, and though her engines worked hard the vessel refused to obey her helm. Wave after wave swept over us, each of which threatened to engulf us, until one larger than the rest struck us, and the boat careened over. As soon as we felt her going we all sprang on the hurricane deck, in order to afford us another half minute's respite. I cannot attempt to describe the feelings of those people when they felt the boat sinking under their feet without the slightest hope of safety. You must be in the same position to realize it. It was but the work of a moment, for as she went over the water rushed over amid the heart-rending cries of those poor helpless creatures. Her stern went foremost, and she was swallowed up by the angry waves. For a brief period the upper deck and the steamer's boats floated, and noticing one I called to my uncle to follow me, and made a rush for it. He did not come, and that was the last I saw of him. I got got into this one, but it was overloaded, and immediately turned over, and as a number of persons were clinging to my life-preserver, threatening to draw me under I disengaged it and struck out for another boat which I saw. In it there were only eighteen persons, including the captain, the mate, the purser, and fifteen others. Thinking it my last hope I called to Mr. McDougall, the perser, to give me his hand. He did so, but exclaimed, 'Oh, I don't think it of any use.' As soon as I got in I looked towards the wreck, where nothing was to be seen but a struggling mass of humanity, who were clinging to pieces of timber and other wreckage, to prolong their lives even for a few seconds. I saw a third boat, but it filled with water and sank. I hope I shall never see such a sight again, and as our boat drifted out of sight I felt some relief at having such misery shut out from view. We were now drifting we knew not where, with no appearance of land in view, and our boat continually turning over with every heavy wave which struck us. Fortunately it contained water-tight compartments, and as long as we could cling to it we knew that we would not sink. This state of things continued for some time when our numbers were reduced to about twelve, the remainder being swept away. There then remained captain, mate, Mr. Little, Miss Morrison (the only female) five unknown, and myself. It was evident to me, however, that a number of those also would perish, as, in turning over the boat continually struck them, inflicting severe injuries. Miss Morrison and I were both in the water, she at one end clinging to the ropes, and I at the other end keeping the boat within reach. In this way, although the boat frequently upset, we escaped the blows which were given by it. We were at this time about twenty miles from shore, with no means of propelling the craft, with the exception of a

LIMESTONE ROCK, LAKE TEMISCAMING

The foresight of Nature is seen in this deposit of limestone rock, on the north-west shore of Lake Temiscaming. Here is its store-house for building purposes for future generations, the utility of which is exemplified by the Roman Catholic church buildings, Haileybury, which are constructed from material taken from this locality.

single paddle, which was of no earthly use. We drifted in this way for some hours, our boat being full of water, when it became somewhat calm, and then the struggle with death began.

"The first to succumb of the now remaining seven was one of the strangers. The poor fellow made an effort to retain his hold on life, but he had to go. About two hours afterwards the other stranger followed him, and was laid in the bottom of the boat by the side of his dead comrade. About five o'clock in the evening land was sighted and the cry of 'Saved!' was raised, but they little thought that before that shelter was reached they would be beyond all earthly aid. The mate now struck up the old familiar tune 'Pull for the Shore,' in which we all heartily joined. Our voices were next heard reverently singing 'The Sweet By-and-By,' when we fondly thought we could meet on the shore to which we were now drifting. Shortly after the last notes had died away Mr. Little, of Sault Ste. Marie, lay down and breathed his life away. Shortly after this the lighthouse at Byng Inlet was sighted, and it was a grand sight to our weary eyes. About one hour and a half after the poor mate, who was supported by the brave, heroic girl, who can truly be called the Grace Darling of modern times, laid down his weary head and went to his eternal rest. Towards morning the captain appeared to drop asleep, and going towards him, I shook him, asking him to wake up. He merely answered 'Yes,' and on repeating it said he would be up in a minute. A huge wave then struck me from him and when I returned he was dead.

"During all those terrible scenes of death, when our companions were dying one by one, it never occurred to me that I should be compelled to succumb, but felt perfectly sure that I should reach land. Miss Morrison appeared to be of the same mind and kept up with a determination almost unheard of. We struck the beach at daybreak the next morning, and saw a derrick, which we mistook for a lighthouse, and tried to reach it. The girl was unable to accomplish the task, and sat down exhausted. I then removed all the bodies from the boat, and getting in, we attempted in this way to reach the derrick, but between the delay on shore and the trouble of propelling our craft, we only succeeded in making half a mile before dark. That night (Friday) we slept on the beach, and next morning reached the derrick, when Miss Morrison's strength again gave out. That evening I hailed an Indian, who was passing with a boat, and bargained with him to take us to Parry Sound. On Saturday morning the Indian furnished us with some breakfast, the first we had eaten since the previous Wednesday evening. We had drifted for eighteen hours from the time we left the sinking vessel until we struck the beach. On our arrival at Parry Sound every kindness was showed to us, and although Miss Morrisoin, who is only 19 years of age, is confined to her bed, the doctor has every hope of a speedy recovery."

:: OUR COUNTRY ::

From Start to Finish

Ae analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memories of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

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CHAPTER V.

Christmas Thoughts in a War Hospital, 1915

In the Words of the Hospital: Christmas Morn!

It was Saturday, and Christmas. The calendar said, December twenty-five, nineteen fifteen. When I awoke, if there was any likelihood of my forgetting that this was the birthday of the Prince of Peace, all around me were the preparations that had been made the day before for observing it as a festal day.

As I passed down the wards of the hospital in the performance of my usual duties there lay before me in the cots the wounded and sick of the chiefest nations of Europe—British, French, Belgian, and German—the monuments on this Christmas morning of the death struggle that was going on a few miles away amongst the great armies of these nations.

Our first German patients had come in a few days before, boastful, arrogant, yet, when observing that the services of surgeons, nurses and all of the attendants were equally theirs with the rest, they were far from displeased that their lot had fated them to be removed from the field of conflict. As I lingered over the cot of one of these, I could not forget that on the day of which this was the anniversary, the two words which were echoed down from on high by angelic songs, were "Peace" and "Good-will." They were needed to-day, more needed, perhaps, than when they were first sung and promised to us. Looking out on the stage of human affairs, and seeing the enactments of nations, their greatest physical strength, their keenest faculties of mind, their best qualities of soul, all devoted to the planning, organizing and executing the most efficient methods of killing one another, to call the day "Christmas" seemed a mockery. Yet such is the power of the human mind to abandon itself to high ideals, even in the face of ugly realities that seem to mock them, I found myself participating in the universal salutation, "Merry Christmas!" and expecting each one in some measure to enjoy it.

To Be Able to Forget and Smile:

This power of abandon is one of the most salutary influences of army life. Variety of moods is the savour of man. At a time of stress and strain, some lighter incident will arise, and another atmosphere from the sombre and sad is created for the time being, and the spirit is saved from the sinking weight of its depression. A lady of title was running a coffee stall at the railway station for the benefit of soldiers passing through on troop trains, herself and friends doing all the work. Her cottage was near our hospital, to and from which she drove herself in her own automobile every day as she went to the stall to work. Something went wrong with her car yesterday, and she asked for a man to be sent over to fix it. We sent Sam, a notable Irish character. He crawled underneath, and started adjusting some parts of it according to her direction. After half an hour of this tiresome position, she invited him out for a rest, and to further her kindly feeling towards him offered him one of her cigarettes. As they smoked together, she enquired, "Do the ladies in Canada smoke, Sam?"

"Not the ones we call ladies," he immediately answered.

This adventure of our orderly supplied a smile for the hospital staff and patients that lasted for more than one day. We are saved by this life of mixed moods, or by a varying succession of moods, from an unhealthy brooding over unhappy circumstances in which oftentimes we are inevitably placed. Danger, though always present, is not always remembered; and death, though very imminent, is not at all expected. By cheerful spirits we can create a brighter life than the one we live in, and so Christmas is possible in a military hospital even as we go about dressing the lacerated wounds of poor human flesh, the victims of the killing power of a fiendish modern war.

SOUTH END OF LONG POINT LAKE.

The lakes of Northern Ontario are becoming more and more used for health, as well as pleasure resorts. The highest hill is probably Maple Mountain, 2,000 feet above the sea level. This lake is 1,040 feet above the sea level. This view of the lake is seen as you travel on the Government road between Elk and Gowganda Lake. A returned soldier, tubercular, spent last summer on the shores of one of Temiskaming's lakes.

We sat in groups throughout the day, endeavoring to make the festal season one of leisure, so far as this was possible in a service where all days must, to a great extent, be alike. Although there were a variety of moods amongst us, there was only one subject of conversation, "The end of this war, when will it come? And how?" Due doubtless to the day, and the memory of other days in another land at Yuletide, no matter how many other subjects arose, the discussions would eventually drift round to this question, and to the 'How' more than to the 'When.' Hope was the dominant spirit of our minds, but in summarizing the events of the past year, we were faced with certain features of the war that gave us considerable concern.

The First Division Reinforced

The history of the First Division as the sole representatives of Canadian effort at the front had now become closed. Before we left Valcartier the neucleus of the Second Division had already been assembled. Now completed, and trained, they had taken their places in the trenches, and were giving assured promise that in them the reputation of Canada would lose nothing in prestige. But the First Division had a distinctive record of their own associated with the names of Ypres, Festubert and Givenchy. Was the history of these engagements a history of success or failure?

The conclusion to which the historian will come in this regard will depend on the basis of his judgment. If a few hundred yards of trenches added to or subtracted from either side, determines their success or failure, then the gain in the first and last of these three will be credited to the enemy. But if our conclusions are based on the spirit and soldierly qualities displayed, and the effect of these on future engagements, then success was pre-eminently on the side of our Canadian comrades in all three of them.

The Canadians in Defence!

In the second battle of Ypres, a breach was made in the Allied line by the retirement of the French Colonials, and the left of the Canadian line was forced back past St. Julien. But there was a feat of arms by that portion of the Third Brigade which held St. Julien, which cannot be surpassed by any other body of troops similarly situated. It was equalled by the Second Scots the following month at Festubert, and by the Second Londons at the battle of Loos in September. Buoyed up by the pride of nationality, strengthened by faith in their cause, inspired by the defenceless desperate condition in which they found themselves, they exacted a price for their life which cannot but have had an immeasurable influence on the spirit of other soldiers fighting after them. In this the first battle they ever fought, they had to face not only the expected high explosive, shrapnel, machine-gun, rifle and bomb, but they came up for the first time in the history of battles against a new-added machine of torture. No soldiers of the world had ever before faced poisoned gas, and the whole world shuddered when they heard of its use. But side by side they stood, and one by one they fell, and when the last man was fallen, there was all around them a numerous body of German dead, showing the heavy price they made inhuman, deceitful Germany pay for their annihilation.

The Canadian in Attack

But while the achievements of the second battle of Ypres have placed the valour of our soldiers in the front rank for all time, it would be a mistake to so con-

centrate our attention on this battle that the brilliancy of their attacks at Festubert and Givenchy should be overshadowed or unseen. It would be an injustice, not only to the First Division, but to every division following. In Ypres we see the Canadian soldier in defence, but at Festubert and Givenchy we see him in attack. Even a timid doe will fight with ferocity and courage when it is at bay. It will defend its liberty and its life with an effort far beyond its strength. The Canadian soldier, while he displayed those superb qualities in defence that has gained for him the unstinted praise of both friend and foe, in his attack, his qualities as a soldier were displayed no less conspicuously.

As in Ypres, so in the battle of Festubert, the Canadians had to fight the Germans under circumstances that were altogether to their disadvantage. Hummocks, ravines, chalk-pits, mine-works, mills and farm buildings were plentiful in the district, and every one of them transformed into a machine-gun fortification. This forest of miniature forts had to be reduced one by one before our troops could advance and hold their gains. But beside the advantage of this fortified terrain, the Germans were further advantaged in that our attack was made in broad daylight, and our troops inadequately supported by Allied artillery. But, notwithstanding the hail of the bullets of the enemy, and their sure marksmanship, our troops advanced with such steadiness that the officers of the Coldstreams' Guards to their left claimed that to over-praise their valor was impossible. By the capture of six hundred yards of the enemy's entrenchments and fortifications, on a front of four miles, they gave indisputable evidence that, if the opportunity of fighting on equal terms, or if adequate support in the face of similar adverse circumstances, were given, there could be no gainsaying the issue But that artillery support was not yet within sight.

"By an attack delivered on the evening of the 15th of June, after a prolonged bombardment, the First Canadian Brigadé obtained possesison of the German front-line trenches north-east of Givenchy, but were unable to retain them owing to their flanks being too much exposed."

This report of the higher command in reference to the last of the three engagements of the Canadian First Division is indicative of the universal conditions at this time of the whole western European front. There was no discounting the valour and spirits of our troops, as there was no disputing the efficiency and strength of the war-machine assailed against them, which as yet they were able to pierce, but not to break.

Occasions That Lead to Greater Allied Efficiency: Fryatt and Edith Cavell

But there was increasing evidence that, although the necessary preparations to meet the Germans on an equality had been delayed, eventually these would be forthcoming. They were now being accelerated by the indignation of the nation aroused by two events which occurred during the year. The sinking of the Lusitania on the 7th of May, and the cold-blooded murder of the defenceless men, women and children on board of her aroused the anger of the Allied nations to some extent. But it was the shooting of Nurse Edith Cavell at Brussels on the twelfth of October that flamed this anger to a white heat.

That Miss Edith Cavell should be true to the traditions which taught that obedience to the law of humanity is more imperative than obedience to the law of man, and that Christianity is more than patriotism, was to be expected of a daughter of a Norfolk clergyman. At the beginning of the war the nursing institution at Brussels, of which she was head, was transformed into a military hospital, where all belligerents received an alike consideration. But in addition, assisted by friends at Brussels, she succeeded in effecting the escape through Holland of certain of the Allied wounded, and some young Belgians of military age. When asked if she had outwitted the German machine that was employed to retain these men as their hostages, she frankly admitted before her enemies that she had. Judas Iscariot might betray his Master, but why should she deny that she was obedient to a higher law than that of Germany. She did not believe that these barbarous thieves had any claim, political or moral, on the persons of these whom she assisted to escape, and so in the very presence of the ruthless enemy, before whom she stood defenceless, she was true to the faith that she possessed.

To the German mind, for her zeal in the cause of humanity, and her courage in expressing it, it might seem military expediency to put her to death. But it was not. That she was so courageously frank in the presence of her judges that she should stake all for the sake of performing a humane service for those persons whom the chances of war had placed temporarily in the hands of the Germans, that the enemy should practise such secrecy, deceit and subterfuge in connection with her trial, causeda wave of indignation to pass into all lands, which became centralized more especially in Great Britain and her possessions. Edith Cavell was the embodiment of the ideal, humane spirit, which civilization was seeking to maintain. The German war-machine was the embodiment of the legendary serpent of the Garden of Eden. When this serpent thrust its poisonous fangs into her body it gave incontrovertible evidence of what it was prepared to do towards the world and the nation which she represented. "Man for man, gun for gun, shell for shell, gas for gas," was now the universal war-cry, and already there were hopeful signs that nothing less would satisfy.

The Trend of Great Events!

But there was occasion for concern. Notwithstanding the undaunted courage of our men, their splendid spirit, and their capacity for cool, dogged endurance, all of which naturally filled us with pride, yet the trend of great events were not all to our liking. The Near East had an ugly look. Bulgaria's entering the war against our allies, and the over-running of Serbia meant that for the time being at least German diplomacy had won out in the Balkans.

But still worse was the attitude of the country to the south of us. The United States was at the cross roads. We had hoped that the sense of justice of our cause and the cry of humanity would so prevail amongst the leaders of this great Republic that their own material interests would receive a secondary consideration. But with what astonishment we read over that note of President Wilson's, a report of which had just come to hand. While perhaps the attitude of Great Britain in their treatment of neutral vessels and their conduct of the German blockade might not be above criticism, yet it can hardly be said that so harsh a protest were justified or that any great material interest of the United States or any neutral country was seriously imperilled. Certainly there is nothing to defend the remarkable challenge that concluded the note. Altogether there were no signs on the political horizon of the world that the kingdom of the Prince of Peace was to be immediately established.

In the perplexity of the outlook the question of the war resolved itself in our minds as to how many Edith Cavells there were in the British Empire and her allied countries. It seemed hardly possible that more than one-third (11,915) of those who sailed out with us from the Gaspe Basin on October the third of last year were now war casualties; and that more than twenty-five hundred of them (1,785 killed; 996 missing) had followed her to the Great Beyond. "If the United States should follow Bulgaria," is the universal thought. But it mattered not. Our hands were put to the plough, and death itself could not now compel us to look back.

Nurses, surgeons, all of us, modern discoveries had enabled us to bring back to health a higher percentage of the wounded than in any preceding war. It now behooved us, as the war-clouds lowered dark over our heads, to better that percentage. And in this season of cheer it was not unwelcome for us to know that our efforts were being appreciated.

"The whole organization of the medical service reflects the highest credit on all concerned."

We ate our Christmas dinner, and without waiting for New Year's resolutions, we rose up seeking to live up to those kindly words of the higher command, Sir John French.

(*To be continued in next issue*)

Owen Sound's Historical Collection

It is now a little over a year since the Owen Sound and Grey County Historical Society was organized, and the time since then has been employed chiefly in ascertaining the functions of such a society, and the taking of the preliminary steps towards the gathering of such historical exhibits for a museum as will concretely illustrate the history of the district.

But while the society has had such a short existence in respect to time, it has been fortunte to secure the results of the labors of a man with an historic mind, who has given years to the gathering of valuable souvenirs of the past life and history of the Ottawa Indians.—Mr. John Reynolds, a merchant of Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island, Ontario.

This collection has three distinct departments, any one of which would be in itself a valuable collection for one individual to possess.

First, there is a collection of implements and utensils, illustrating the pre-historic Ottawa Indian, all of which clearly prove that the Ottawas had made considerable advance towards civilization long before the advent of the white man to America, and that they were not the fierce and ignorant savages which some writers delight to picture them. Quite conclusively does this collection prove that the Ottawa Indian acquired the use of copper instead of wood and stone as the material for making the utensils needed for the wigwam and chase.

Second, there is the collection illustrating the utensils and fire-arms supplied them by the early French. This collection has been amplified until there is a complete collection of all guns in use since their invention until very recent times, some for warfare, but most chiefly for the chase. This ought to be a valuable collection for the sport-loving public, as it was one held in high esteem by the collector.

But from the patriotic as well as the historic standpoint, the value of the collection is chiefly enhanced by the presence of flags, medals, and a sword of honor, won by the Ottawa chiefs for parts they had played as the allies of the British Government both in the war of the American Independence and that of 1812. To these there is added a life-likeness of the chief to whom the sword was given, representing the manner of wearing the hair peculiar to the Ottawa Indians, and which caused Champlain to give them the name of "the Indian with the standing hair." The illustration of the Ottawa Indian in the bulletin of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, does not illustrate this feature as clearly as does this likeness, so that we doubt not but that this portrait will be much valued because of this feature of it.

This collection is now handed over to the public with the proviso that it be exhibited and maintained as one collection, under a trusteeship which will see that this request is carried out, and that it remains a public possession bearing and perpetuating the name of the donor.

Canada's Greatest Archipelago

The Story of

The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay

Chief Superintendent Jarvis Distributes Presents to 3,700 Indians at Manitowaning—An Event of 1842

Reprint from Mrs. Jamieson's Travels

THE Great Manitoulin, on which I now am, is, according to the last survey, ninety-three miles in length, but very narrow, and is deeply and fantastically indented with gulfs and bays, that it was supposed to consist of many islands. This is the second year that the presents to the Indians have been issued on this spot. The idea of forming on the Great Manitoolin a settlement of the Indians, and inviting those tribes scattered round the lakes to adopt it as a residence, has been for the last few years entertained by the Indian Department; I may say the last few because it did not originate with the present governor, although I believe it has his entire approbation, as a means of preserving them more effectually from all contact with the white settlers. It is objected to this measure, that by cutting off the Indians from agricultural pursuits, and throwing them back upon their habits of hunting and fishing it will retard their civilization; that removing them from reserved lands among the whites, their religious instruction will be rendered a matter of difficulty; that the islands being masses of barren rocks are almost incapable of cultivation, and that they are so far north-west that it would be difficult to raise a little Indian corn; and hence the plan of settling the Indians here has been termed unjustifiable.

It is true that the small islands are rocky and barren, but the Great Manitoolin, Drummond's and St. Joseph's are fertile. The soil on which I now tread is rich and good; and all the experiments in cultivation already tried here have proved successful. As far as I can see, the intentions of the government are benevolent and justifiable. There are a great number of Indians, Ottawas and Pottowotomies, who receive annual presents from the British government, and are residing on the frontiers of American settlements near Lake Michigan. These people having disposed of their lands know not where to go, and it is the wish of our government to assemble all these Indians, who are our allies, and receive our annual presents, within the limits of the British territory—and this for reasons which certainly do appear very reasonable and politic.

There are three thousand seven hundred Indians, Ottawas, Chippewas, Winebagoes, and Mendigos, encamped around us. The issue of the presents has just concluded, and appear to have given universal satisfaction; yet, were you to see their trifling nature, you would wonder that they think it worth while to travel from one to five hundred miles or more to receive them; and by an ordinance of the Indian department, every individual must present himself in person to receive the allotted portion.

The common equipment of each warrior or chief, that is, each man, consists of three-quarters of a yard of blue cloth, three yards of linen, one blanket, one-half ounce of thread, four strong needles, one comb, an awl, one butcher's knife, three pounds tobacco, three pounds of ball, nine pounds shot, four pounds powder and six flints.

The equipment of a woman consists of one and three-quarter yards of coarse woollen, two and a half yards printed calico, one blanket, one ounce thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, one knife. For each child there was a portion of woolen cloth and calico.

Those chiefs who had been wounded in battle, or had extraordinary claims, had some little articles in extra quality, and a gay shawl or handkerchief.

To each principal chief of a tribe the allotted portion of goods to his tribe was given, and he made the distribution to his people individually; and such

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE NORTH.

A DOG TRAIN, GOWGANDA.

The steamer in summer, and the dog train in winter, provide travelling facilities for the prospectors and miners over the Elk Lake stretch of the Montreal River.

a thing as injustice or partiality on one hand, or a murmur of dissatisfaction on the other, seemed equally unknown.

There were besides extra presents of flags, medals, chiefs' guns, rifles, trinkets, brass kettles, the choice and distribution of which was left to the superintendent, with the proviso, that the expense on the whole was not to exceed nine pounds sterling for every one hundred chiefs or warriors.

While the Indian remains on the island, which is generally about five days, they receive rations of Indian corn and tallow (fat melted down); with which they make a sort of soup—boiling the Indian corn until it is of the consistency of porridge—then adding a handful of tallow and some salt, and stirring it well. Many a kettleful of this delectable mess did I see made without feeling any temptation to taste it; but Major Anderson says it is not so very bad, when a man is very hungry, which I am content on his testimony. On this and the fish of the bay they live while here.

An Indian Council

As soon as the distribution of presents were over, a grand council of all the principal chiefs was convened, that they might be informed of the will of their great father.

You must understand that on the promontory which I have mentioned as shutting in the little bay on the north side, there are some government edifices; one large house consisting of one room as accommodation for the superintendent and officers; also a carpenter's house, and a magazine for the stores and presents, all of logs. A deal plank raised on tressels served as a table; there were a few stools and benches of deal board, and two raised wooden platforms for beds; such were the furniture and decorations of the grand council-hall in which the representatives of the Great Mother had now assembled her red children.

A flag was displayed on front upon a lofty pole —a new flag, with a new device—on which I saw troops of Indians gazing with curiosity and interest, and the meaning of which was now to be explained to them.

The council met about noon. At the upper end of the log-house I have mentioned stood the chief superintendent, with his secretary, or grand vizier, Major Anderson; the two interpreters, and some other officials. At some little distance I sat with Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, and a young son of the lieutenant-governor; near me I perceived two Methodist missionaries and two Catholic priests. The chiefs came in one after another without any order of precedence. All those whom I had seen at Mackinaw recognized me immediately, and the dusky faces brightened as they held out their hands with the customary "Bojou." There was my old acquaintance, the Rain, looking magnificent, and the venerable old Ottawa chief Kish-ke-nick, the Cut-hand. (Here follows a list of Ottawa chiefs, and Ojibways, which we omit).

Nearly opposite me was a famous Pottowottomi chief and conjuror, called Two-Ears. He was most fantastically dressed and hideously painted and had two large clusters of swan's down depending from each ear—I suppose in illustration of his name. There were three men with their faces blacked with grease and soot, their hair dishevelled, and their whole appearance studiously squalid and miserable. I was told they were in mourning for near relations. With these exceptions the dress were much what I have already described; but the chief whom I immediately distinguished from the rest, even before I knew his

THE FIRST RUSH — A GROUP OF PROSPECTORS AT COBALT, MAY, 1904.

"The prospector may not be a religious man in the Salvation Army sense," but he believes that the Creative Mind has called these rocks into existence for some useful purpose. "You cannot rob him by any argument of his faith in the rocks."

name, was my cousin, young Waub-o-jeeg, the son of Way-ish-ke; in height he towered above them all, being six feet, three or four. His dress was equally splendid and tasteful; he wore a surtout of fine blue cloth, under which was seen a shirt of gay colors, and his father's medal hung on his breast. He had a magnificent embroidered belt of wampun, from which hung his scalping-knife and pouch. His leggings (metasses) were of scarlet cloth, beautifully embroidered, with rich bands of garters, depending to his ankle. Round his head was an embroidered band or handkerchief, in which were stuck four wing-feathers of the war-eagle, two on each side—the testimonies of his prowess were fine, and his countenance not only mild, but almost femininely soft. Altogether he was in dress and personal appearance the finest specimen of his race I had yet seen; I was quite proud of my adopted kinsman.

He was seated at some distance; but in far too near propinquity—for in truth, they almost touched me—sat a group of creatures, human beings I must suppose them, such as I had never seen before within the lines of civilization. I had remarked them in the morning, surrounded by a group of Ottawas, amongst whom they seemed to excite as much wonder and curiosity as among ourselves; and when I enquired who they were, and what they were, I was told they were cannibals from the Red River, the title being I suspect, quite gratuitous, and merely expressive of the disgust they excited. One man had his hair cut short on the top of his head, and it looked like a circular blacking-brush, while it grew long in a fringe all round, hanging on his shoulders. The skins thrown round them seemed on the point of rotting off; and their attitude, when squatted on the ground was precisely that of the larger ape I have seen in a menagerie. More hideous, more pitiable specimens of humanity in its lowest, most degraded state can hardly be conceived, melancholy, squalid, stupid, and yet not fierce. They had each received a kettle and a drum by way of encouragement.

The whole number of chiefs assembled were seventy-five; and we notice that half of them were smoking, that it was blazing noon-tide, and that every door and window was filled up with the eager faces of the crowd without, and then you may imagine that even a scene like this was not to be enjoyed without some drawbacks; in fact, it was a sort of purgatory to more senses than one. but I made up my mind to endure, and I did so. I observed that, although there were many hundreds round the house, not one woman outside or inside was visible during the whole time the council lasted.

When all were assembled, and had seated themselves on the floor without hurry, noise or confusion, there was a pause of solemn preparation, and then Mr. Jarvis arose and addressed them. At the end of every sentence, Assiginack, the Blackbird, our chief interpreter here, translated the meaning to the assembly, raising his voice to a high pitch, and speaking with such oratorical emphasis, the others responding at intervals, "Ha!" but listening generally in solemn silence. This man, the Blackbird, who understands English well, is the most celebrated orator of his nation. They relate with pride that on one occasion he began a speech at sunrise, and that it lasted without intermission until sunset; the longest breathed of our Parliament orators must yield, I think, to the Blackbird.

A GOOD ROADWAY OVER THE ROCKS NEAR COBALT

"As one travels over these rocks, he is a very stupid and prosiac person, one devoid of all imagination, if he does not view them with a feeling of reverence."

A Canadian Author of Note

MRS. SUSANNA MOODIE

Can we claim Mrs. Moodie as a Canadian author? Not by reason of her nativity, at any rate. She was the daughter of Thomas Strickland, Suffolk, England, where she was born December 6th, 1803. Her father was a highly-cultured gentleman of considerable wealth, who devoted his life to literature and his family, and from whom Susanna received her training, though dying when she was but thirteen years of age. His family inherited his literary gifts, so that of his family of six girls, five of them became writers of note, and his home was later known as the "house of nightingales." Susanna began writing when she was sixteen years of age, and some of her writings were published in the Old Country before she emigrated to Canada.

We can, however, claim her as a Canadian author, because this country became her adopted home, and supplied her with the subjects of her principal writings. It is just ninety years ago (1831) when she came to this country from London, the newly-married bride of J. W. Dunbar Moodie, a Scotch lieutenant of the 21st Fusiliers, setlling first at Cobourg, but a year afterwards moving out into the backwoods, ten miles north of what is now the city of Peterborough. There they remained for eight years, and suffered such privations and hardships as are so graphically told in her first great Canadian work, "Roughing it in the Bush." During the year of the rebellion, 1837, her husband left her alone in the wilderness with her four young children, the oldest of whom was but five years of age. In his absence she saved herself from loneliness, or worse, by devoting what leisure she could command to the composition of lyrical poems, which were circulated and sung throughout the colony, and produced a great effect in rousing an enthusiastic feeling in favor of law and order. Perhaps the most popular among Canadians of all her lyrical compositions has been her "Sleigh Song," which we here reproduce as she first wrote it.

It is in her descriptions of pioneer life that she has earned and will hold her place as a Canadian author of note. Her experiences are so simply and truthfully told, her pen portraits so true to life, her narrative of their hardships so graphic, that although seventy years have elapsed since they were written, we can see the pioneer life of to-day reflected in them. She has written other works, and they have had their circle of readers, but from the historic standpoint, "Roughing It in the Bush" will remain her best contribution to Canadian pioneer literature.

After facing bush life stoutheartedly for eight years, an experience to which she must have looked back afterwards with a kind of nightmare, her husband was appointed sheriff of Hastings, and they moved to Belleville, where she lived happily and contentedly until his death in 1869. Mrs. Moodie herself lived until 1885, spending the last years of her life with her children in Toronto. In a cemetery overlooking the Bay of Quinte she is buried by the side of her husband, a pioneer whom Canada cannot afford to forget, the forerunner of a long line, we hope, of women devoting their talents to the creation of an imperishable Canadian literature.

LAKE TEMISKAMING. THE NEAR SIDE IS ONTARIO; THE FAR SIDE, QUEBEC.

Once called the source, but now known to be only an expansion of the Ottawa River. At the northwest corner of the lake there are situated today two prosperous towns, New Liskeard and Haileybury, Ont. On the east is Ville Marie, Que., while at the south is the semi-constructed town of the Riordan Company, its half-finished houses and other works an unhappy evidence of the financial collapse of that industrial Firm. The Wright Mine, discovered by the early French in 1686, is situated on the east side of the lake.

The Sleigh Bells

"Many versions have been given of the following song, and it has been set to music in the States. I here give the original copy, written whilst leaning on the open door of my shanty, and watching for the return of my husband."—Susanna Moodie.

'Tis merry to hear, at evening time,
By the blazing hearth the sleigh bells chime;
To know the bounding steeds bring near
The loved ones to our bosoms dear.
Ah, lightly we spring the fire to raise,
Till the rafters glow with ruddy blaze;
Those merry sleigh-bells, our hearts keep time
Responsive to their fairy chime.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er valley and hill,
Their welcome notes are trembling still.

'Tis he, and blithely the gay bells sound,
As glides his sleigh o'er the frozen ground;
Hark! he has pass'd the dark pine wood,
He crosses now the ice-bound flood,
And hails the light at the open door
That tells his toilsome journey's o'er.
The merry sleigh bells! My fond heart swells
And throbs to hear the welcome bells;
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er ice and snow,
A voice of gladness, on they go.

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caressed
By our beloved and welcome guest.
With a smiling brow, his tale he tells,
The urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells;
The merry sleigh-bells, with shout and song
They drag the noisy string along;
Ding-dong, ding-dong, the father's come,
The gay bells ring his welcome home.

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the oak loud whoops the felon owl;
The snow-storm sweeps in thunder past,
The forest creaks beneath the blast;
The more I list, with boding fear,
The sleigh-bells' distant chime to hear.
The merry sleigh-bells, with soothing power
Shed gladness on the evening hour.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, what rapture swells
The music of those joyous bells!

O Plover, crying, crying as you fly
Through the lone night,
Keening beneath the pale out-wearied sky
Your dolorous plight;

Wailing of eager, unfulfilled desires
And formless fears,
You wake in me the string of dying fires
Forgotten tears.

The grinning, hunch-back moon astride a cloud
Mocks at our cry;
So, for a million ages has he mowed
Unheedingly.

—Selected.

"Of all the excuses there are,
By which this old world is accursed,
The 'haven't got time' is by far,
The poorest, the feeblest, the worst.
A delusion it is and a snare,
If the habit is yours, shake it;
For if you want to do what is offered to you,
You'll find time to do it, or make it."

—Detroit Free Press.

The Religious Outlook for the World

"After all, the best way to elevate the masses is to rear children properly."

The centre of the religion of China is the dread of the spiritual world.

"Western nations cannot go on forever preaching Christ as individuals, and acting the devil as states."—Selected.

In China it is still the custom to bind women's feet. Only five per cent. of the people can either read or write. There is a woeful lack of communication among the people; inhabitants living 70 miles from Pekin have not yet heard of the founding of the Republic.

In 1859 the first Protestant missionary landed in Japan.

In 1872 only ten persons had been so far baptised, and posted notices were to be seen everywhere proclaiming death to every one accepting the Christian faith.

In 1880 the first Japanese New Testament was published.

In 1920 there were 135,000 Japanese persons members of Christian churches, besides on million adherents.

The strength of present-day Christianity in Japan can be gauged from the fact that there are 358 congregations self-sustaining, and 456 partly so. All of the native churches of Presbyterian and Congregational denominations are self-sustaining, while in the Methodist churches they raise two-thirds required for their maintenance. The native churches are looking forward hopefully to the time when they will be no longer in need of foreign missionaries, and Protestant missionaries are working hard to bring about that day as soon as possible.

"Your faith or your opinion? On which of these two is your religion founded? The one rests on the Word of God; the other may have nothing more stable than your imagination as its foundation."—Selected.

The Bible pictures life as it ought to be;
Literature as it might be;
History as it was and is.

The value of education is to be judged by the ethical standards attained by its students, and if the morals of children are conspicuous by their absence, it shows that their education is rotten at the core.

High ideals must characterise the individual, if he would be a servant or a benefactor to his age or race.

A Toronto weekly quotes a certain Mr. Lowry, a universalist minister of New York, as seeing the church on the verge of a collapse. "If ministers would take the trouble to find out really what people are thinking they would learn that the majority of men are not interested in the next world, but that they are interested in this world. They do not especially care about what the future world holds for them, but they do care about what the future in this world holds in store for themselves and their children." From this he deduces the conclusion that they should preach about the concrete problems of the world of to-day." In this way they will save themselves and the church.

The obvious answer to this is that the church is here, not to receive, but to give direction to the world's thinking. Christ is here to solve all the problems of life, by salvaging man himself. The men who are doing most for the world to-day are Christian.

The Word Was God

"WE PREACH CHRIST." This is the answer of Evangelical Christianity to modern thinking in the attitude towards Christ. Christ appeals to the heart because of the beauty of His character. He appeals to the conscience and will because of His authority. This authority rests, not on the fact that He was a great preacher, a great master, a great prophet, or even a great saint. All this is admitted. His authority, and His ability to execute that authority rests on this historic fact, "He is God."

"The modern churchmen, if the papers which I have ventured to criticise, represent the fullness of their teaching are, I am afraid, prepared to surrender the essential power of Christianity. They may bring a few sceptical souls to the Church; but it is only too probable that they will drive more souls away. For they efface or impair the beauty and the authority of the Divine Figure, enshrined in the Gospels, and they set up no other in its place. They have shown what is irrational, as they think, to believe, but they have not shown with any certainty what belief remains. For the incarnate, holy, sinless, Divine Saviour of the world they leave but an imperfect shadow of truth and virtue. "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him."—Bishop Welldon in Contemporary Review.

HOLY CROSS CATHEDRAL, HAILEYBURY.

This is probably the most magnificent church plant in Northern Ontario. It is built from lime-stone rock from the opposite shore of the lake. The Church, and especially the Academy by its side, ministers to the needs of the many French-Canadians in the immediate neighborhood, and also of those in Quebec on the other side of the lake.

Historic Men Under Fictitious Names

I.

REV. JOSEPH COLQUHOUN

By W. J. W.

"If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

The Rev. Joseph Colquhoun was born of Scotch parents. They were poor, but never in want, for though their little Canadian croft brought them in a considerable and steady income, yet too many had to be clothed, fed and educated from the proceeds. Of the five boys of the family, all of whom are now occupying important places among their fellow-Canadian citizens, Joseph was the second youngest, and like the rest, his education was the one concern of his parents.

When Joseph was seven years old, a travelling evangelist made the Colquhoun home his place of abode, when preaching in that neighborhood and shared the bed with Colquhoun Senior, the rest of the inmates being amply provided by a housewife, who, accustomed to emergencies, seldom failed in rising to the occasion. When visiting this home the attention of this lay-cleric was especially directed to Joseph, and he lost no opportunity in impressing upon his infant mind the clerical occupation as the goal of his life's aspirations. Sitting up in his younger brother's high chair.

"You'll study for the ministry, Joseph," he said, as he listened to a narrative of his accomplishments from the visiting schoolmaster.

From this day, Joseph began to visualize his future, but it was always with a clerical coat, a clerical collar, and a clerical hat that he saw himself pictured. In due course the vision was realized, and he emerged from the university and the theological hall with well-deserved honors. He had already reecived a "call" in the abstract, but this abstract possession he now wanted to be demonstrated concretely.

He had, however, no difficulty in obtaining this goal. He was a man above the average in weight and height, with an open countenance, a pleasing manner, and with a good sermon or two, he soon found himself in a dilemma when three congregations all found themselves "led by the Lord," to choose him for their pastor.

He did not, however, choose the one that offered the largest salary, though he would be justified by all the rules of common sense in so doing, if he desired, but he chose instead the one with the largest number of families attached to the congregation. He chose the one with a problem. The house was divided against itself, and the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.

All his ministerial brethren knew beforehand that he would not accept this "call," and all knew just as certainly that he made a grave mistake when he did accept it. But Joseph had one gift that outshone all the rest. He had a big body, a big hand, but greater and more excellent than either, he had a big heart. His was the nature that was kindly, the mind sympathetic in all its relations towards others.

Three months passed, and still no one dared venture to open up the subject of past hates before the new pastor. The extremists could not bear up before this continued silence, and so they deputed a maiden lady, the self-appointed and Nature-chosen head of the feminine half of the congregation, to acquaint him with its many details, though what good purpose was to be served thereby was not made manifest. On a suitable occasion it was introduced.

"I suppose you have heard of our past troubles, Mr. Colquhoun. Poor Dr. Johns! He stayed with us thirteen years, and the last, the thirteenth was an unlucky one for us. I suppose you heard how it started, Mr. Colquhoun?"

When she looked up to receive his recognition, that she might pour out the grievances of past months into his ears, she found him staring at the clock with a preoccupied look on his face. When a second or two had elapsed, he looked down, radiating upon her one of his most pleasant smiles:

"Perhaps, Miss Grieve, you'll not mind giving me a Bible. Your mother perhaps would like a little of the Word, and prayer, before I leave."

Miss Grieve was squelched.

"I couldn't say," she afterwards confided to a friend, "whether he meant it, or whether it was just his absent-mindedness."

Two years passed, and I was back to my home church. There was an atmosphere of cordiality there I had not before experienced, though reared and worshipping there since my earliest boyhood days. Their differences were departed; the spirit of alienation—and, shall I say, the hate between Christian people—was gone. Shall we give the credit to Rev. Joseph Colquhoun?

An egotistical cleric would certainly make this claim for himself if he had secured like results, nor would he hesitate to proclaim his success from the houstetops, especially if he were in search of pastures new. But not so, Mr. Colquhoun. He had refrained, when the dog was strange, of taking him by the ears, fearing the consequences. When he saw him lie prostrate on the doorstep he still refrained from meddling, lest it should be slumbering, and not dead, that he should find it. When I called his attention to the new and better life that now permeated the congregation, surprise was marked both in his words and looks.

"Do you think so?" he said.

"I am sure of it."

"Ah, they have had sore troubles in many homes and their experiences have mellowed them."

It was so. I looked towards the pews of the two leaders of the faction—they were young men, and as persistent in their unforgivingness as they were persevering in the maintenance of their divisions. The pew of the one was empty; in the other, the wife and two babes were there, but dressed in black. Both had crossed to the bourne from which no man returns, and there was something of the tragic in the death of each.

That Rev. Joseph Colquhoun was the instrument, in a measure, of the creation of a new atmosphere is not to be gainsaid. That Providence should be excluded from a partnership in bringing about this revolutionary and happier change—well this could be thought only by those whose conclusions were based on less than what was palpable truth. Had there been no quarrel in the church the death of these two men might have, some would say, would have taken place, but I could not get away from the thought, neither could the congregation, that these two Enochs did not walk with God as closely as they ought to have done, and He took them to a closer relationship with Himself, that He might instruct them better.

The Chippawa Canal, the greatest hydro-electric enterprise undertaken in the world, is now in the last stages of completion.

Great Britain's population has increased by ten millions during the past fifty years. The United States population has increased over 100 million during the last 13 decades, beginning with 3,929,214 in 1790 and reaching 105,710,620 in 1920.

The result of the elections on December 6th has been to place the Liberals first, the Progressives second, and the Conservatives third, in the race for place and power at Ottawa.

"Japan faces the problem of a territory too small to feed her growing population, and she must depend on the rest of the world both for markets and for supplies for raw materials."—Delegate.

: OUR YOUNG FOLKS :

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By

A SCOUTMASTER

Illustrated by Robert Robertson, Toronto

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Summary of Preceding Chapters

A Toronto patrol of Boy Scouts are encamped on Parry Island. Warren Wilcox, whose camp name was "Sol," was left in charge of the camp, while his companions are away on a fishing and duck-hunting tour. He is lured into the woods in an effort to get a snap-shot of a spruce partridge which alighted near the tent. He cannot find his way back.

Sol, after lying for a few days sick in a hut in the woods, start out in quest of his way back to the camp. He encounters two drunken Indians, who bind him with thongs, and send him out to drift helpless in a canoe on the Bay. He is rescued by an Odahwah Indian, and is taken to Pleasant Island to camp there for the night. Through the night something most unusual happens just outside of their tent.

At Pleasant Island, Sol and his rescuer are joined by a missionary and his guide, with whom Sol has a pleasant day's companionship. In the meantime, the companions of Sol, have a vision of a phantom ship, which Rusty, their guide, interprets as a good omen for the return of Sol. Several days having elapsed without any clue of his whereabouts, they now resolve to send word to his family of the catastrophe that has befallen the camp.

CHAPTER V.

"I THINK it is time we were sending a cable to Warren's mother," suggested Opie as they were returned and sitting around the fire.

Opie and all the boys were now beginning to use his home name more frequently when speaking about him. The lighter vein in all subjects of their conversation, with its cheerful banter, so characteristic of this as all similar camps, was fast being driven out by that serious spirit produced by his continued absence.

"She will be terribly affrighted when she hears of it," he added.

"It will be better perhaps to delay a little," suggested Lorne. "He may turn up at any moment, and she would thus be saved needless alarm."

The expectation that he would soon return was so strong in the mind of Lorne and all of the boys that they could not see that his continued absence might have an irreparable tragedy as its only explanation.

"Where is she?" enquired Rusty.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox are spending the summer in Europe. I expect by this time they will be at either Paris or London, on their way home, but we could wire the Secretary of the firm, and he would forward it."

"If he is not soon found, they should certainly know," said the fisher. "They would not consider themselves as rightly dealt with, if there was any unnecessary delay."

Opie was insistent that there should be no further delay.

"Shall we take the canoe, then, and go over to the village and wire?"

"Our own canoe?"

"Why, yes. If four of us got into it, we could paddle over there in a short time. We cannot be searching the woods now, but here is something that we can be doing."

The boys could not resist a smile, though Opie, intent only on his duty to his chum's family, did not observe its cause.

"You have forgotten, Opie, that the canoe is not

here either. The day that lost Sol, lost the canoe also."

"I beg your pardon, I had surely forgotten. What about Mr. Brown's sailboat, then?"

Rusty went to the door.

"It is a dark night, and there is hardly any wind, but if one of you will join me, I'll take a chance on it. If we cannot sail, we can row."

The Indian rose up, and, tieing his sash a little tighter around his waist, said as he pointed to Opie, "Me take him in my canoe."

"Thank you, that's very kind. Now there's no reason why we shouldn't go immediately."

"Perhaps its better that we shouldn't delay any longer, but you had better go with them, Lorne, but don't any of you attempt to come came back to-night. Troubles never come singly on this bay, and when the god of ill-luck gets the upper hand, there's no telling where he's going to quit. One accident at a time is enough for the camp, and there's no use tempting providence."

"Don't fear for us, Mr. Brown," replied Opie. "We have lantern, compass and flashlight, and with the Indian, we ought to be able to go over there and come back safely, seeing there is no storm."

By this time Opie had gathered everything necessary for the trip, and was preparing to set out.

"I'm with you, Opie," said Lorne, as he grabbed his cap. "A fog may be bad for steamers in shallow waters, and among rock islands, but in a canoe on a still night, no matter how black, it will not be the fault of the waters if anything happens."

"We all right," the Indian added, and he started for the shore, led by Opie with the lantern.

The whole camp went down to the shore to see them off. Rusty slipped a dollar into the Indian's hand.

"Buy yourself a little terbacher," he said as he handed it to him.

"They'll never get there to-night," one of the boys remarked to Rusty as he saw them disappear into the darkness before they had hardly made two length's distance of the canoe. "Why the fog is now so thick that you could cut it with a knife."

"It's going to be a dark night without doubt, but these Indians have wonderful instinct. When you get a careful one, it is seldom that any accident occurs. I think they'll make the trip all right."

The remaining boys with Rusty stumbled back as best they could to the camp under the helpful guidance of their signal fire, and waited to see what the hours and the darkness would do for Opie, Lorne and the Indian.

It was as all hoped. The journey was safely made; the message to the Wilcox firm was despatched, and the Indian came home with a brand new pipe, with enough of the weed to keep him puffing clouds out through it's stem for many weeks, the gift of Rusty's dollar, supplemented by the still greater gifts of the two boys.

CHAPTER VI.

A Discovery That Leads to Further Mystery

The sun rose up the next morning in a clear sky.

"Now," they say, "if Sol is anywhere around and well, he will be able to locate himself, and get back to the camp."

"I am not sure of that," answered their guide. "He has been away a long time without food, and the weather has been very disagreeable, but if he doesn't come out himself, we ought to be able to find him. If not alive," he added slowly, "we ought to know, at any rate, what has happened to him."

"Say, why don't we use the Beagle to hunt him up?" asked Opie. "She would find him more quickly than we could."

The guide jumped up hurriedly.

"What have we been thinking about? The dog! Of course, she would find him right away. Let her loose, boys, at once."

Immediately the boys rushed out to unloose the Beagle, but when they opened the kennel door she was not there.

"He took her with him. That makes it surer we'll soon find him." Rusty stroked his whiskers with the assurance that if he were alive, and able to walk, she would bring him back. If he were dead, they were assured she would not leave him, and by her bark, she would soon discover to them his whereabouts.

By this time Opie was examining the chain, and found that it had not been unloosed, but that she had broken it? Frantic because of long neglect, she had tugged and jumped until she had freed herself by breaking the leather strap that bound the chain to her neck.

"She has found him by this time," said Rusty, "and will soon bring him back."

"Good luck to her if she does," the boys answered.

"She may have been born for this service," moralized their guide. The fisherman, though on occasions he could swear at the nets because they did not catch fish,

or at the traps because they did not ensnare game, was yet religiously devout in his own order. He believed that the Divine Rule guided all things, even to the minutest details of his life. It was the only dogma of religion that he possessed, but he stuck to it through all kinds of weather, and in all kinds of happenings.

"She'll bring him back, there's no doubt about that," was his only conclusion concerning the departure of the dog.

"You think he'll come back, then," Opie remarked as he turned enquiringly to Rusty, as if he were the Divine Oracle that was to be consulted on occasions of this kind. But Rusty no less than the others needed to be braced up in his own hopes, for his misgivings were becoming more pronounced, the greater number of days that were elapsing since Sol's disappearance.

"As I looked into the fire, I felt that he would be found." His words were the words of faith, but his voice sounded as if he were not too sure of his ground.

"But may not the appearance of the ship be a warning sign that another tragedy was about to happen?"

"In this case, she was right side up. I have never seen it fail. We'll find the boy." This he said more to assure himself than to answer Opie.

"Did you ever know that dog to get away from her chain before?"

"This is the only time."

"This means that she got away because she was needed. There is no time to lose. Let us get out and search for them both. This time we will find them."

They searched the woods, shouting, whistling, calling. They listened for the bark of the dog, the whine of the hound, but without avail. Another day closed, and Sol was still lost.

Rusty made up his mind that every part of the island would be thoroughly searched.

"To-morrow I'll go to the Indian village and call out the whole band to help us. We have examined this side of the island thoroughly now, but there'll not be a square yard of the whole place but which we'll have explored by to-morrow night."

The idea to call the Indians to their aid, Rusty considered a happy impulse, brought to his mind by powers not his own. Impulses he concluded the great guide to rightful conclusions in this precarious life. Two mysterious powers were at work, the one which he called "luck," the other "ill-luck," in his own life, but he could not tell which of these two would sway the destinies of any one day. It might be the one, or it might be the other, the lifting of the nets alone would tell. At the present time he was afraid they were under the latter power.

Early the next morning, according to his purpose, the fisherman started out to call the Indians to their assistance. While he was gone the mascot returned. Instead of leaping up on them as she was wont to do on former occasions, she ran from one to the other, whining piteously all the while, running to the door of the tent, making every indication that she wanted to go out and be followed. Opie took his cap, and made preparations as if to go out. The beagle jumped up on his side, changing the tone of her voice, an indication in her own inarticulate language that she was being understood, and that he was doing the thing that she wanted him to do.

The boys hastily gathered themselves together, and followed Opies lead. She led them to the trail that led across the island. This she started down with as rapid a speed as if she had been in chase of game, coming back on occasions to induce them to continue. They hurriedly followed the dog, keeping up the Scout's pace until they reached the shore on the farther side of the island. When they came to the shore, they soon saw the evidences of his having recently been there.

"Yes, he's been here," cried out Opie excitedly. "See the marks of his shoes in this soft muck."

The boys rushed to the spot. "They are like his," they remarked.

"But they are his," repeated Opie triumphantly. "His shoes and mine were mates. We bought them together, and there was no difference."

Opie placed his foot down by the side of one of these shoe prints in the sand, and reproduced an exact counterpart. They followed the shoreline round about, occasionally shouting as if to attract Sol's attention, should he chance to be in the near neighborhood.

"What's this?" cried Lorne in anxiety. "See here, boys! Come quick!"

There to be seen in the sand were Sol's foot-marks, but beside them there were others. One was a moccasin mark of large dimensions; the other, a river driver's boot-mark. They saw evidences where he was either fallen or lying on the sand, from which place there were the foot-marks of only the moccasins and the river driver's boots, which seemed to indicate that he had been carried to the beach, and evidently placed in a canoe, as the marks of a canoe being beached there were quite plainly visible.

After the boys had made careful examination, it was arranged that watch should be kept on this spot by Lorne and Opie, while the others would go back to bring the news to Rusty, as soon as he returned.

It was late in the afternoon when the fisherman came back to the camp. He was cordially received by the Indians, and a band started out with him immedi-

ately and were now patrolling the woods not before explored, while others of them were following the shore line, peradventure the waters might have had something to do with his absence, or that he might come out of the woods to the shore, and not then know his rightful way back.

When Rusty reached the camp the boys were there to meet him. They related to him about the return of the dog, and the discovery of marks on the shore to which the dog had led them, which to them was sure evidence that Sol had been there. The fisherman became greatly agitated.

"We'll away at once, and examine the place before a rainfall," for already the darkening sky was giving appearance of another storm.

When they got to the beach he hurriedly examined every mark, and soon assured his mind that the boys were right, and that Sol had been there. He also discovered, what the boys had overlooked, that there had been two canoes on the shore, or the same canoe twice landed.

"Sol has had either been asleep here, or has fallen exhausted," was the conclusion of Rusty when he had surveyed the place where quite apparently his body had been stretched out on the sand.

The fisherman took a small rule, with which he was equipped, measured carefully every foot-mark. These he recorded in a book, which, when he took it out of his pocket, the boys noticed was a small diary in which he kept an accurate account of his daily doings in a handwriting that belied his scholastic attainments and the obscurity of his life. After thus recording a detailed account of his survey, he commended the boys for their foresight in keeping watch on the place.

"The boy was certainly carried off, whether sick or well we'll have to find out."

"One of these foot-marks was apparently made by an Indian," suggested Opie.

"That there was an Indian does not make it any the better for us. An Indian will do a lot of things for a bottle of whiskey or a five-dollar bill. He is very cunning. If he knew that Sol was lost he would naturally ask, "Is there any money in this for me?" They exact a bounty on every opportune occasion, don't you forget."

"If they are after bounty, will they not be back for it most likely at this place " enquired Lorne.

"Very likely, but I would advise the boys who are on watch to keep under cover. We shall have to watch the place carefully to-night, as well as to-day, but there will be no movement until after this storm is over, when, after that, we shall have to keep a sharp lookout."

At this juncture the Chief, with a small band of his men appeared from the northwestern shore of the island, where they had been patrolling in their search for Sol. They reported a camp of two Indians on the shore line about a mile distant, who had volunteered them the information that the boy had been drowned. Rusty, with the Chief, and Lorne and Opie repaired immediately to the place. When he saw the men, and had observed their foot-gear, he concluded and that with conviction that these were the ones whose marks, along with Sol's were seen on the beach. To take them by surprise and further convince himself that they were the men, he secured a photograph of Sol from Opie, and exhibited it to them. The effect was instantaneous.

"That boy dead," the young man answered immediately, "drowned in a canoe."

"What canoe?" asked Rusty.

"The canoe with a hole in it."

"How do you know?"

"Saw the canoe go out and out on the bay and then went down."

Further information than this they could not get. The Indian acknowledged seeing the lad, but showed no trace of wrongdoing.

"We'll go and look for him anyway," continued Rusty.

"No good; he drowned," reiterated the Indian.

However, they persuaded the young man to go with them to the beach, the elder Indian refusing to stir or break silence. When they reached there, Rusty led him straight to the spot where Sol had supposedly been lying down on the sand. He called attention to the footmarks, and showed him the similarity of one of them with his own. Then taking the Chief over, he followed these marks to the place where the canoe was beached, which seemed to show that he had been carried there by two, of which one was certainly his young Indian. The Chief, along with the rest, was now convinced that this stranger knew more about the disappearance of Sol than he had yet told them. Turning back to further interrogate him, what was their surprise to find that he had escaped them. The swaying of the underbrush as he sprinted hastily away, increased the certainty of their minds that this fellow was immediately connected with what might prove to be a tragical ending to the camp.

"Him not get far," the Chief remarked to Opie, "and we not get him."

There yet remained the other stranger. The Chief hastened back to interview him, but he, too, was gone when they got there. The young man had fled hastily towards their tent, and when he reached it, called eagerly to his companion to flee with him. Both jumped into their canoe, and paddled hastily north-

ward, leaving their tent behind. Their canoe was but a small speck in the distance when the Chief and Rusty afterwards reached the place, and it was impossible for them at that distance to observe whether it were occupied by one or more than one person. In fact, they could not be assured whether or not they were in actual flight, or were only keeping out of the way for the time being, awaiting a more opportune time to disclose what more they knew of Sol and his whereabouts. In the meantime, the Chief and Rusty returned to the camp of the boys, and there consulted the best steps next to follow. It was agreed that the strangers' tent should be kept under surveillance, and a band of the Chief's men were sent there for that purpose.

"Do you know these men at all?" Rusty asked the Chief, now resorting, of course, to the Indian tongue that they might better understand each other. "Are they good or bad Indians?"

"The young Indian is a good Indian, but a bad Drunk. Have seen him before, and know his people."

"Shall we get hold of them again, do you think?"

"Yes, but maybe the boy drowned. Maybe he dead when they got him, and they take his watch and things, and not want to be found out. They not bad Indians. They no kill or anything like that."

Rusty was assuredly perplexed. They made a discovery, and it ought to have been worth something to them, but it was leading them only into further mystery. Sol was yet far from being discovered, and the cause of his disappearance still an unsolved problem.

CHAPTER VII.

Officers of the Law Take a Hand in the Search of Sol

"That's the place, Mr. Robbins."

It was Captain Spey that spoke, as his little steamer shot through the channel that opened out to the bay, beyond which was the Scout camp.

On being addressed, a gentleman, portly in appearance and well-groomed, stepped up to the prow of the boat, and critically examined the farther shore.

"Must have made a mistake, Captain. Looks like an Indian village. The shore is lined with canoes, and I see endless groups sitting around."

"They must be visiting Indians, Mr. Robbins, for there is the camp on the hill, and there are no other buildings around."

"The place is exactly like the photographs, and it must be it. The crowd is there to hunt the boy, I suppose, if he isn't already found."

The Indians in the woods who were in search of Sol had begun to appear one by one, and were assembled at the camp, sitting around in groups, awaiting further instructions in regard to the search for Sol. They rose up and gazed intently as they observed the vessel enter into the bay and steer for the camp. It was Captain Spey's of Penetanguishene, who had with him the secretary of the Wilcox firm. On receipt of the boys' telegram, he started immediately for the north, accompanied by two provincial officers, whom he had retained to make a thorough search and enquiry in regard to the disappearance of the son of the senior member of the firm. In their letters home the boys had sent photographs, and had given such a good description of the camp and its location that there was no difficulty for the Captain, who was well acquainted with all the channels and waters of the bay in steering right straight to the place with perfect ease and safety. As the vessel neared the shore, the whole group gathered at the landing place to assist them safely moor it. The Scouts stood in a group together, Opie standing a little ahead of the others.

"Hello, there, Opie!" Mr. Robbins shouted, while yet a considerable distance from the shore. "Found Warren yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. Robbins."

"Any signs of him?"

"Some, but they haven't helped us any yet."

"Dead or living?"

Opie shook his head, but made no further answer.

The officers were the first to land. They made diligent enquiry of the circumstances attending Sol's disappearance, and of the efforts that since were made to discover him.

"What do you think made him leave the camp?" asked one of these of Opie.

"We cannot tell. We thought at first that he might have been struck with a limb of a tree during the storm. Then we thought he might have gone over to the swamp for cranberries and got lost. His footmarks on the shore on the opposite side of the island is the only clue we have got of him, and our hope now is that someone found him exhausted, and are taking care of him."

"You are quite sure about his being on there and others with him."

"Quite sure, and we know that one of them that were with him was a young Indian that got away from us yesterday; but he says that Warren was drowned."

"You call him Sol around here. How is that?"

"That's his camp name only. We haven't been using it so much lately. He got turned in coming here, and the west always appeared to him east afterwards. The boys called him 'Sol' because the sun, to him, seemed to be travelling the wrong way round the earth."

"Then he was easily turned?"

"Not so easily, but we described a horseshoe in coming here, and none of us noticed it on the way. It took Warren longer to get over the feeling, and I do not think he ever got completely over it."

"Who is that dignified gent talking to Whiskers?"

"That's the Chief of the Indian village."

"Let's go over and interview the old fellow," the senior officer said to his companion.

"Say, Mr. Chief, do you think is that boy in the woods?"

"May be, or may be not. Long time since then. How you think he live?"

"You found some clues, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes." Rusty produced his diary and handed it to the officer to read the descriptive observations which he had written in it.

The senior officer was a sleuth, who had been instrumental in unravelling more than one difficult case. "These marks prove that they were made by the boy's boots, but they do not prove that the boy himself was there with the boots. They may have been worn by someone else. Do you think, Mr. Brown that there could be any possibility of someone else wearing them?

"Every possibility, sir, if he was found dead. If an Indian found them, he might take them and wear them."

"Had he any valuables? Any watch? Any money?"

"Both. And some rings also, the boys say."

"H'm. These things would catch the eye of an Indian quick." This he said, overlooking the fact that the Chief was there by his side. But if the Chief heard, he gave no indication that he understood the import of his words.

"If they found him dead, they would help. He may have been picked up by some passing Indian, who is now holding him for a ransom."

All this while the Beagle kept running up and down the shore and whining, as she looked across the waters. Observing this, the senior officer said:

"He has without doubt been carried off. What do you think of the fisher there?"

"Rather odd guy, sure enough."

"Take it from me, he's worth watching."

On the way home, walking with Lorne, he asked:

"This fisherman, did he know that the boy's parents were wealthy?"

"Oh yes. He has known Sol's father for years."

"How did he come to be here with you?"

"He was paid by Sol's father to look after the camp and the supplies."

"A goodly sum, I suppose?"

"Quite handsome. His father never did anything by halves, and Warren was like him."

"Was this fisher-fellow off with the rest of you the day that the boy disappeared?"

"No. He was at his own home, and came here, I presume, after the storm was over."

"He was at the camp when you got back?"

"Yes."

"How was it that this boy was alone that day?"

"It was customary when we were going out for only a short while for someone to stay to look after the camp when Rusty was not around?"

"H'm. This fisherman wouldn't have anything to do with his disappearance, would he?

"By no means. You surely don't suppose anything so absurd as that?"

"We suppose everything we can in a case of this kind, and we go on supposing and discarding our supposings, until it is no longer supposing, but knowing."

"But Rusty has been doing everything he can to find him."

"Just in the same way as a trapper sets out his traps before a snowfall to cover his tracks. How was it that you didn't examine into the sugar camp before you did?"

"We passed it the second day in our search, but it didn't look as if it had been disturbed since spring. Everything looked as the Indians left it in the spring. Besides, we never interfere with anything that belongs to the Indians. This is a Reserve, you know, and they resent interference."

"Yet when you did go, you found that he or someone else had been there."

"We knew it was he, for we saw the marks of the Beagle there."

"Just so. He was there, and the dog was there, and perhaps someone else. This fisher-guy may know nothing about his disappearance, but I don't think so."

"But Rusty couldn't have anything to do with it."

"You cannot tell what all may be under that red hair of his. He talks Ojibway, doesn't he?"

"Perfectly."

"He knows the Indians and the Indians know him. They are all of a kind and will stick to one another like Gypsies. Was he talking Indian when that redskin made his get-away yesterday?"

"Yes, I believe he was, or just a little before it."

"Then he might tell them anything, and you not know it. Have they made any effort to catch these fellows?"

"No, not yet."

"Let me tell you, boy, there is something strange about all this. The Indian is no fool, and that red-

headed fisher is no saint, or I have lost my guess."

"I am sure you are mistaken, if you think Rusty has had anything to do with Sol's disappearance."

"Maybe I am, but it will take some strong evidence now to convince me that I am."

After this the two officers entered into earnest conversation apart, at the conclusion of which Lorne overheard the senior saying:

"For very little I would arrest him right now on suspicion."

CHAPTER VIII.

Troubles and More Troubles for Poor Sol

The missionary and Sol continued their conversation until near mid-day. The former, though anxious to reach his destination, deemed that his first duty now rested in looking after the lad, supplying him with his present needs, and getting him back to his comrades as soon as possible. Calling his guide to him, he said:

"Better put up our tent, Neegee."

The indications of the weather, apart from Sol's requirements, were to make these imperative. Grey clouds, hanging low in the sky, were beginning to gather themselves in deepening shadows. The lull in the storm, as usual, was being accompanied by a fall in temperature. Sol betook himself to their own tent of boughs until the new one was erected.

The missionary's tent was, in its dimensions, fitted only to provide accommodation for two, but the ingenuity of Neegee now soon made it fitted to accommodate four. A raised berth was made on either side with the use of poles, crotched ones being used for the upright supports, after the manner of berth on a lake steamer. A considerable passage was left in the middle of the tent for moving about, at the end of which the camp stove was set up. It was a small box, made of sheet iron, and so constructed that it folded up when they desired to move. With a small pipe attached to it, and passing through a prepared place at the end of the tent, they avoided in this way the disagreeable smoke common to the Indian method of camping. These preparations finished, the missionary began to devote himself to Sol's need.

Neegee had made selection of several pieces of choice lynx steak, which he was cooking into a favorite dish for himself and Waggosh. On account of their delay through the storm, and the requirements of two additional ones now to be considered, the bread and cold bacon, which was meant as a sufficient supply for the missionary and his guide for the rest of their journey, would have to be supplemented from some quarter, and, for this, the lynx had become the providential source. But this supply was to be further augmented by a profitable undertaking of Wagoosh, in which the boys' gun took an active part. This field piece was being examined by the two Indians with evident delight. When they saw the mechanism, as explained by Sol, and how that with the movements of a lever the gun was loaded and emptied, their delight knew no bounds.

"You shoot," said Wagoosh to Sol.

"Wait until some game is seen," he answered.

"Let us go now to the bay." Wagoosh took up the gun and started down to the shore, followed by Sol and Neegee.

A flock of duck were sheltering themselves in a cove of the bay. Wagoosh fired one shot into their midst as they floated, followed by two others in quick succession when they rose. As two birds came tumbling down, Neegee reached out his hand for the gun.

"Me try," he said.

"Wait a bit, me try again," answered Wagoosh.

The Indian stalked farther down the shore. For half an hour he remained away, when was heard two shots following in succession. When Wagoosh appeared afterwards, his face illuminated with a broad smile; he carried six duck in the one hand and the field piece in the other. As he set the gun up in a corner of the tent, his eye rested on it with evidently an eager desire to possess it.

"Give it me," he said to Sol. "Me save you."

A belt of cartridges was also a part of the equipment of the canoe. Sol rose up, and, taking this with the gun, handed the both to Wagoosh. The Indian accepted them unhesitatingly, his eyes gleaming with gladness.

"Me take you to Parry Island to-morrow."

While they were away, the missionary had busied himself in preparing their mid-day meal. Taking a dressed partridge from his food box, he soon had a tasty portion ready for Sol and himself, while the two Indians regaled themselves with the lynx meat. Sol ate with relish the dinner that had been prepared for him.

"That is very appetizing," said Sol, as he handed back the empty birch-bark plate to the guide.

"I am glad you enjoyed it, and I know it will help you," was the missionary's reply. "We'll keep some in constant readiness, serve little and often, and soon you'll be back to normal."

"That is very kind, indeed, but I do not think I shall need any further special care. I feel in fit condition now."

"You have certainly made a wonderful recovery for one who has passed through your physical and mental experiences; however, I think you had better follow their examples," counselled the missionary as he pointed smilingly to the Indians.

(To be continued in our next issue)

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Economic Conditions of Canada: 1921

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." But that hire cannot be expected to be as great in the lean year as it was in the fat.

* * *

The financial cupboard has two skeletons. We have to send abroad two million dollars a year to pay the interests of our debt and our dollar is at a serious discount in the United States' Market. The latter is improving but the first we cannot for some time escape.

* * *

Approximately 300,000 persons were released from industry in Canada in the period, August 1920, to April 1921. What has become of them?

* * *

If as the Minister of Agriculture for Ontario avers, difficulties in the way towards the realization of our ideals and obstacles to progress and to achievement are necessary in order to obtain to greater efficiency, world conditions are now supplying the needed stimulus.

* * *

For the year 1921, the cost of living for a family of five persons, according to the estimate of the Department of Labor, has been $23.00 a week. Although reductions took place in the price of foods, the prices of fuel, rent and other necessities, have made the cost of living for the past year higher than any other year during the war. For the past nine years, only 1919 and 1920 exceeded this average.

The development of the discovered gold mines of Temiskaming, has raised Ontario to be the premier of gold producing provinces of Canada, mining in 1921, 75% of the total Canadian production of $18,089,674.

* * *

There was a striking decrease in our trade with the United States for 1921 due in much measure, we doubt not, to the discount in value of the Canadian dollar. As the decrease was greater in regard to imports than exports, it had the effect of giving us a better trade balance at the end of the year. Increased export trade has now become a domestic necessity.

* * *

In the Pulp and Paper Industry, the province of Quebec leads, having forty-six mills out of Canada's total of one hundred. Ontario comes second with a total of thirty-seven mills. Quebec has over one hundred and seventy-six million dollars invested in this industry, supplying work for sixteen thousand employees. Ontario has one hundred and nine million dollars invested giving employment to ten thousand.

* * *

1921 was a trying year for this industry, the general depression of world business in this case augmented by excessive reserve stock in Europe and the warehouses of America. The opening up of many new mills accentuated their difficulties. Notwithstanding, the Industry has come through the year safely.

The Imperial government spent a hundred million dollars in doles to unemployed, a large percentage of whom were recently living on the land. As only ten per cent of our available agricultural land in the west is under cultivation, some see here an opportunity to transfer this class of needy to a place where they can work, and thus benefit both the Old Country and the new.

* * *

The Railway problem is the great national legacy that the year 1921 has handed over to the Canadian government for 1922. In reference to this question, the President of the Canadian National railways, D. B. Hanna, points the way to its solution by means of increased immigration, trade and production: "It is admitted that we have for the present some railway mileage which the country could well do without, but as these lines have been constructed and have been put into operation, our best plan is to endeavor to build up the country to support the mileage, and so turn the disadvantage into an advantage."

* * *

The total trade of Canada for 1921 was only sixty-five per cent of the total of 1920, a drop of thirty-five per cent. The total value of the mineral products of Canada for 1921 were twenty-six per cent less than that of the preceding year. The western harvests, although producing in 1921 one hundred and fifty millions of bushels of grain more than in 1920, netted the farmers over one hundred and twenty-three million dollars less. The total assets of the chartered banks dropped from 3,100 millions in 1920 to 2,800 millions in 1921, a drop of about three hundred millions.

* * *

The Hydro-Electric Power development of Ontario is the one enterprise that can look upon the year 1921 as the year of its greatest achievement, although the completion of the Queenston-Chippewa canal, the official opening of which was on the 28th of December, came dangerously near being a 1922 event.

* * *

Decline in prices, and the lack of buying power in Europe has brought about a large decrease in trade which reached its lowest in April for Exports, and in June for Imports.

* * *

WATCHWORD FOR 1922 :

Reduction in Cost Production.
Economy in Expenditures.
Wisdom in Investments
Increased Industry and Efficiency in Service.
Increased Acreage in Crops.
Increased Markets for Production.
Reduced Transportation and Productive Costs.

Retrenchment in luxuries can do no harm. Retrenchment in the necesasries of life can only result in impairment of efficiency if not productive of actual distress.

Inglis' Falls, on the Sydenham River, three miles from Owen Sound

∴ On the Banks of the Sydenham ∴

I stood on the brow of the cliff, overlooking the valley of the Sydenham. Surrounding me, and behind me, were the marble monuments of the City of the Dead, those silent witnesses of lives that once had been but now were no more. As I passed up and down among these, I was impressed with the reality that I walked through a past city, a people of a past age. One by one these had been borne from their places of business and residence, followed by a procession that wended its way along the highway on the banks of the Sydenham, until they reached the brow on the hill, where they turned through a gate, to their right, and sought a newly-dug, open hole in the ground. Here six stalwarts of their own generation carried the black casket, and deposited it in its apopinted place, to the accompaniment of the clergyman's voice in suitable tones, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The cavity was refilled. A monument was erected. Another unit was added to the increasing population of this city of the Dead.

There is growth to this city. For the past twenty years I have annually visited it, and it was a larger city every last time than the time before. It is a growth in numbers, but a growth that adds nothing to the world's progress, or achievement, or happiness.

After my excursion among the tombstones, I returned to the brow of the escarpment, and cast my eyes northward. There, on each bank of the river, were builded homes that bore evidences of substance, prosperity and achievement. Surrounding the valley were the lime-stone cliffs that literature has sought to describe, and poets have memorialized in song, but with their best efforts, some rugged feature has escaped their observation, some spot of beauty has escaped their eye. Here was a city nestled in the valley, built by the now silent hands of a past age. The men themselves are gone, their works remain. The city they built in the days of their life, is still built, and is still a city of life. There is no annihilation of the past life of man. Like its surrounding lime-stone rocks, built by nature, stratum upon stratum, so achievement has been added to achievement, the works of one generation, becoming the heritage and property of the next, every new achievement add-

The Cliffs Overlooking Owen Sound—300 feet above the lake level

ing to the world's civilization and progress. The past is the foundation upon which all present life and activity rests.

But the people that came to the valley of the Sydenham eighty years ago, and laid the foundations of the city of to-day, are a different race of people from the generation of to-day. The pioneer is gone and with him the opportunities of the pioneer. When a child is born into the world to-day, his lot being cast into the older part of the province of Ontario, he finds that all of the soil from which his living is to come is divided up into lots, and for every lot there is an owner, that is, one who has a complete monopoly of this land while he lives, and the right to say who shall have the monopoly of it after he is dead. If the child is born in a city, he will find the land is divided into smaller lots, large enough for a dwelling, a clothes-line, and perhaps a little garden. Each of these little lots has also its owner, so that if the child could know the conditions of the world into which it is born, he doubtless would ask with fear and trembling, "Is there no place for me under the sun?" If the deaths kept pace with the births, there might eventually be, but since they do not, their expectations must turn in another direction to find their place under the sun.

We speak to-day of the depopulation of the rural communities. It may be, the recent census says it is, that the numbers on the land have decreased, but nevertheless, there is no farm without its owner. If that owner is not willing to employ more labor on his farm, or to sell out to others who will represent larger families, what remedy can be effected? There is a limit to the number which the soil can sustain. We have not yet come to that limit, but there are no longer homsteads, or free grant lands in Old Ontario. If there is no soil for a heritage for the child, its destiny must be sought in other fields. 'We must develop industrially,' says Japan, 'for we have not enough of soil to support our population'; and so the city, a centre where the community gathers for the sake of industry, commerce, and transportation becomes a necessity to provide a field of destiny for the present and coming generations. The vast resources with their unlimited opportunities which lay unclaimed before the early pioneers of our country are none of them now within reach of the children of the present generation.

The chartered banks of Canada are represented as having lost three hnudred millions of assets during the past year. But there is one asset of Canada that has not been diminished. There are just as many people in Canada to-day as there was a year ago. These have lost nothing in their power to labor with minds and hands, the power to initiate new and worthy enterprises and pursue with patience and perseverance their achievements. From the ravages of famine, pestilence or sword, the Canadian people have been providentially free. The forces that destroy or impair this asset have not been more in evidence during the past year than any other year of our history, and assuredly far less so than during the years of the war. Any stock-taking that leaves this asset out of acount, has overlooked that which, in the final analysis, is the only real wealth and capital of a nation.

A few weeks ago, a proud father on the banks of the Sydenham held up before an admiring grandmother, a new-born, first-born babe. What did he hold in his hands? A little bundle of gifts. A little body that houses a mysterious force called—Personality— a Mind with the wisdom to know and the wit to learn the right control and use of these gifts. Give that child a mother's care, a right training by home and state, let it learn to rightly use and rightly control these gifts, and in the history of the nation he may yet become a second Lloyd George, a William Shakespeare, a John Knox, a Darwin or an Edison.

As I looked over the valley, preparatory to descending the cliff, I saw the smoke curling upward from the many houses where the home-fires are kept buring for the sake of the children, I realized that this world is not in a state of chaos, but organized from the distant past into families, homes and communities, that the foundations of intelligence and character may be laid upon which the child of to-day may build his life of to-morrow, and thus realize his rightful destiny. Many merchant princes, many great captains of industry may be found in the Owen Sound of the future, but the valley of the Sydenham will hold within its lime-cliffed walls a noble city, not merely because of these, but because the commonplace man has found the furrow suited to his gifts, and putting his plough into that furrow, places his hands upon the handles and keeps them there until he has achieved the place which the Plan of the Ages destined and prepared for him. The fault is not with our stars, but with ourselves if we are underlings.

Harvesting the hardwood timbers from the banks of the Sydenham

Owen Sound, Business Centre, Second Ave. E.

Owen Sound: A Business Centre

Poulett Street, the annals of 1865 record, was at that time the principal business street of Owen Sound. The same is true to-day, only the original Poulett has, like many a maiden lady, changed its name, and is now known as Second Avenue. If one should stand on this street opposite the city hall, and look northward, he would observe in the next two blocks, the heart and business centre of the city. On either side, between this eighth and tenth street, there are over a hundred business houses, representing no less than twenty-five different departments of business, besides numerous offices of professional men, companies, and local agencies. Though these constitute the major quarter of business houses, yet the extent of business done on either streets may be gauged from the fact that of the ninety groceries only six are located in this centre.

Right opposite from where one stands is the Old Coulson house, this historic landmark of the town, now no longer the rendezvous of the travellers and the thirsty, but transformed into a showroom of Slater & Harker, where the latest designs of all of Henry Ford's products are displayed.

Standing out prominently a little to the north is the three-storey Furniture and Furnishing house of R. A. Breckenridge, a business house, with its stock of every grade and variety of design, that goes back half a century in the history of the town, and has kept pace with its growth. An undertaking apartment attached to the business, has woven itself into the family life of the community, maintaining an increasing hold, by reason of its fifty years' record for efficient and attentive service.

On a conspicuous corner of the street is the Butchart block, in which is housed a hardware business that dates back to the beginning of things for Owen Sound. In reading over the experiences of the early pioneers and their difficulties in reaching the town, from Toronto via Barrie, Penetang and the Bay, the name of the Butcharts are recorded as one of the earliest families. The hardware business, established in these early days, is still continued under the old name, under the management of R. M. Butchart, and grandson of the late G. M. Butchart, the original owner.

Following down this street we visit the fine offices of "The Owen Sound Sun-Times," which is well known as one of the strongest of the Provincial newspapers. "The Sun-Times," as its name would imply, is the amalgamation of two of the oldest publications in the district, "The Sun" being established in 1890, and "The Times" in 1853. The newspapers were amalgamated in 1918.

It circulates very widely through the Georgian Bay district, the average number of issues being over 6,300.

The newspaper has the most modern plant in the district, and is fully equipped for all classes of printing, and in addition operates a plant for the manufacture of folding paper boxes.

Forty hands are given steady employment in this establishment.

"The Sun-Times" is owned by the Fleming Publishing Co., Ltd., of which C. A. Fleming is Pres., and Howard Fleming, Managing Director.

In the dry goods trade, the city is well represented by many houses of reputable standard and large assortment of goods. To the west side of Second Avenue, looking northward from the city hall, is the representative house of W. T. Lee & Sons, established about 35 years ago. W. T. Lee, the president of the firm, came from Oshawa in 1888, and undertook a partnership with McColl, under the firm name of McColl & Lee. Ten years later Mr. Lee became the sole proprietor, and continued in that capacity until 1909, when he brought in partnership with him his two sons, Chas. J. Lee, now the vice-president, and W. Percy Lee, Treasurer, in whose hands since a most successful business is being conducted.

Residential Street, Owen Sound, 5th Ave. E.

Farther down the street, but on the opposite side, we enter another large dry goods house, and our interest is attracted by the personnel as well as by the size of the business which is of no mean magnitude. Here we see four brothers exemplifying the benefits of family co-operation. Thirty-eight years ago the elder brother, Thomas, found his way to Owen Sound from Belleville, and after some years experience in the trade, joined in partnership with his brothers to found in 1905, the business that goes now under their name. Thomas McKay continues as President of the firm, with R. G. McKay as Treasurer, and E. A. McKay and K. C. McKay, as directors and managers of their own special sales departments.

In this centre, also, is to be found the wholesale plant of the McLauchlan & Sons, Ltd., founded by the late James McLauchlan in 1865. Here we see a large three-storey building, comprising factory, shipping rooms, and store-houses, for the manufacture of bread, biscuits and confectionery, by a firm which has a record throughout the Dominion for the manufacture of the purest and best of goods. Their factory is equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, and the latest labor-saving devices. The whole process of their manufacture, and the care taken in preserving the purity of their products, is so interesting, that the industry deserves a special article for itself, which in the future we may be permitted to give. Since the death of James McLauchlan, Sr., the business has been carried on by his sons, W. G. McLauchlan, J. M. McLauchlan and G. D. McLauchlan and J. K. McLauchlan of Toronto.

Close to the city hall on the west side of the street, we meet with J. A. Thompson, who guided the scissors through Scottish tweeds fifty years ago, and laid the foundations of that large mail-order and outside trade which has become so important a feature of the clothing house of Thomson & Co. which he and his brother are so successfully conducting.

At the farther end of the street but on the same side, two other Thompsons—also brothers, have established one of the most successful confectionery and ice-cream businesses in the district. Charles coming from Goderich, and later joined by his brother George, have built up here a line of trade that keeps pace with the other departments of the city's business requirements.

A little to the south of the city hall is the wholesale fruit and grocery warehouse and offices of the

Lemon Bros., Wholesale Warehouse and Cold Storage Plant

McLauchlan & Sons Co., Ltd., Factory and Wholesale House

Lemon Bros. In 1909, Elias Lemon entered into partnership with his nephews, Morley D. Lemon, and Herbert W. Lemon, and established the business which in the first years of its organization had an approximate turn-over of $300,000, increasing each year until that of last year reached $1,600,000. The firm finds the market for its goods in the district of Old Northern Ontario, with Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William as important centres. The business in the west so increased that the firm deemed it expedient to open a branch at Fort William with a resident manager. The members of this firm belong to the oldest families of the county, Sydenham township being their native heath.

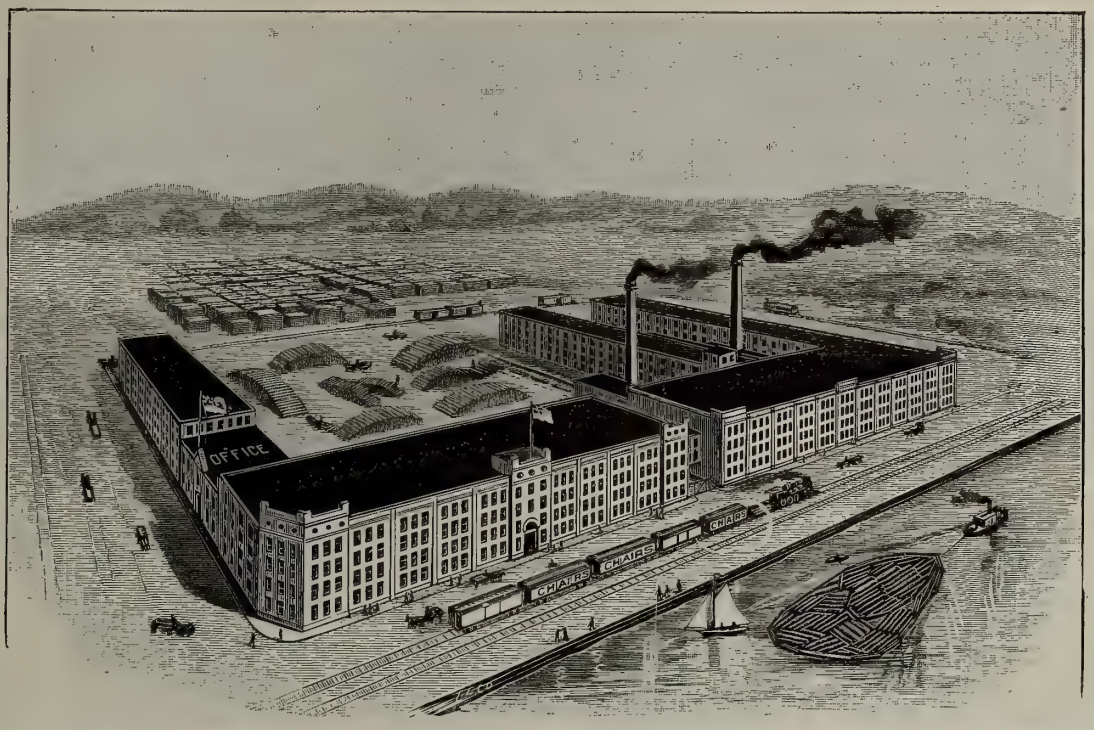
Similarly throughout the whole centre we find the descendants of the "original firsts," as, for instance, in the case of the McClarty store on Eighth Street, where a grandson of Donald McClarty, coming to Owen Sound from Ireland in 1841, is carrying on in a business—established by his father and Uncle in 1889; as also, T. W. Douglas, who has carried on business in tailored clothing for forty years, whose most vivid recollection of his youthful day, is the memory of his near drowning in a creek in the neighborhood of which the Post Office now stands.

As Owen Sound is a centre of a thriving farming district, such businesses as the Owen Sound Creamery, under the management of John McQuaker, and the Grey County Creamery, owned and operated by J. L. McDougall, have here their headquarters; both large producers of dairy products for the domestic and shipping trades, and both conducted by men who have long since gained, as they continue to hold, the good-will of the entire community.

The Sound Electric business recently established by the two brothers, Frank J. and Edward B. Potts, returned men, and the Douglas Electric on the opposite side, are splendid examples of the business ability of the younger generation of the city.

With such a substantial business centre, supported by men who have grown up with the city and country, the business future of the place cannot appear to have anything other than an assured future.

OWEN SOUND a Centre of Industries



Shall Owen Sound become a great industrial centre? Already it has made considerable progress, but it enjoys advantages that should insure it a future of great promise. It occupies a place of advantage on the Great Lakes with direct boat connection to many of the great commercial centres of the United States, wherein lies a field for enterprise yet untouched. Its harbor is unsurpassed for safety and size while along the ground, on either side, describing the two sides of a triangle, is situated ample accommodation for factory sites. Here already has been begun an industrial growth of no slight proportions.

The lumber mills and factories of the John Harrison & Sons Co. carries one back to the days when this section of the city was a swamp and all the surrounding country a forest. Reading an account of the industries of the city as they were 57 years ago the name of the "Harrisons" stands out on a prominent page. "Harrison's flouring mill is a very large and substantial frame building at the south of the town, on the Sydenham river. The present mill was erected in 1857. It is 100x49 feet, 4½ storeys high, including the stone basement story. It is well-finished and contains three run of stones. Harrison Brothers, Proprietors." This mill still stands and with the carding and fulling mill of the olden days is still doing business under the original firm name.

The saw mill originally built in the same locality and re-erected in 1863, has since been moved to the harbor and has become the John Harrison & Sons' sash and door factory, lumber mill and skewer factory—situated on the west side of the harbor. This firm owns the historic Fitzwilliam Island, and every winter their men are employed lumbering in its woods, while in the summer months their tug and barge find ample employment in towing their logs to their mills, and their ties and lumber to the lake markets.

Standing out prominently on this same west side of the harbor is the plant of the William Kennedy & Sons, Limited.

The business of the William Kennedy & Sons, was founded in 1857 by William Kennedy, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, who came to Canada in 1831, moving to Owen Sound from Athens, Ont., in 1856, and starting the following year a foundry and millwright business, and continued in business here until his death in 1885, at the age of 77 years. The present officers and directors are: Matthew Kennedy, president and general manager; D. John Kennedy, 1st vice-president; Matthew Kennedy Jr., 2nd vice-president; T. Dowsley Kennedy, director and manager iron foundries and machine shops, the son and grandsons of the original founder. The plant of this company situated on the west side of the harbor is a creditable element in the industrial life of the city, comprising office building, pattern shop, machine shop, grey iron foundry, steel foundry, cleaning rooms, pattern storages, etc., and ample yard space to meet the requirements of their work.

The history of the business is that of steady growth, particularly during recent years, their main products now being:

Auxiliary ship machinery, including propellers.
Water power plant machinery.
Heavy transmission machinery, cut gears, etc.
Steel and iron castings.

The Canadian Malleable Iron Works, T. Dowsley Kennedy, president, is controlled by this firm.

The Executive of the firm are the four brothers, J. E. Keenan, J. C. Keenan, W. P. Keenan, and R. T. Keenan. With these four are added two old employees of the firm, J. A. Little, and Dan Proctor, as comprising the names of its complete stockholders.

On the east side of the harbor is the extensive plant of Keenan Bros. Ltd. In 1896 James Keenan established the lumber business, which has now developed into the extensive operations carried on by this firm. They deal exclusively in wooden products. The Company owns large tracts of timber, in various parts of the country, from which they secure much of the material for their pro-

Owen Sound Iron Works

highest standard. They are also manufacturing a few lines of dining room furniture and odd tables of the gate leg and other attractive designs, so that their present line is quite an expensive one.

The Company have large timber limits of the very best Birch sufficient to last for many years to come. This class of timber is now being used very largely in the manufacture of furniture and is likely to be used on a still larger scale in the future.

It is interesting to follow the trade relations created by these industries. We in Canada, owners of the larger half of the North American Continent, taking pride in the resources for the production of raw materials for the world's industries, will learn with surprise, how far afield one of these has to go for the materials used in the manufacture of its product. The Northern Varnish Company, Ltd., goes to China for the oil and to India, Africa and New Zealand for the gum, necessary ingredients for the "NOR-VAR" products. It is equally interesting to observe the method of its manufacture. Mixed and boiled in large copper kettles, over extremely hot fires, then pumped and filtered into huge vats it is there kept for two years to mature before being shipped to its destined markets. The number of furniture factories, garages and other trades using their highly efficient product, are already very numerous, and with the opening of new branches at Winnipeg and Montreal, the future holds out for them without doubt, an ever increasing market.

John Harrison & Sons
Owen Sound

ducts, although they are large purchasers of hemlock, pine and cedar and hardwood from any source where they may obtain it.

In 1904 the firm purchased the woodenware manufacturing business of the Parkhill Basket Co., established in 1900. The pails, tubs, boxes and baskets of this line of their business finds a ready market in the country.

Again, in 1917, they purchased the business of the Eureka Refrigerator Company and have added this department to their other industries.

A subsidiary shipping industry is that of the Keenan Towing Company with a fleet of three vessels, the tug "Keenan" and two barges "McWillams" and "McGill."

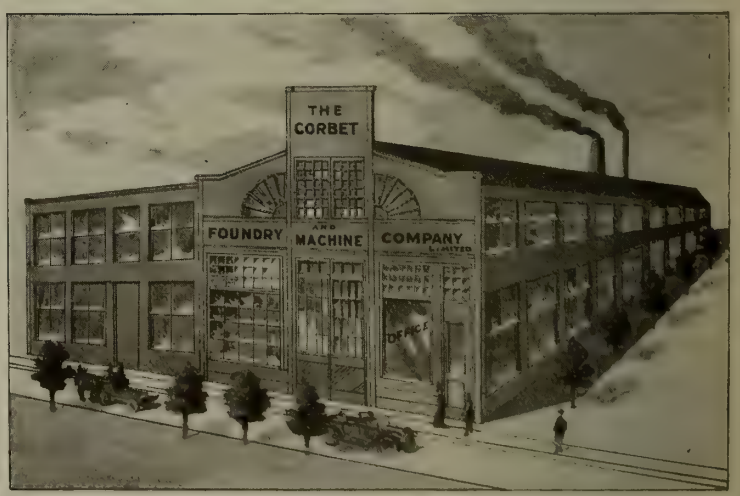
On the opposite side of the harbor is the plant of the North American Bent Chair Co., Limited, established in 1891 by Messrs. J. G. and A. B. Hay.

In 1896 the business had grown to such an extent that it was necessary to build a large addition to the original factory. In 1899 a disastrous fire occurred completely destroying the whole plant. The Company was then incorporated as a joint stock company and a new factory built more than double the size of the original factory, making it the largest chair factory in the British Empire.

In addition to carrying on a large Canadian trade the Company has during the past thirty years developed a very extensive export trade, shipping to almost every country throughout the world.

When the War broke out in 1914 the Company commenced manufacturing what is well known to the furniture dealers as the Canadian Bent Wood chairs, similar in construction to the chairs which were formerly purchased from Austria.

During the year 1921 the Company opened a department for Reed chairs and furniture, and are now making a large line of these goods which are taking well with the Canadian public. The materials used are selected and the workmanship and finish of the



Among the newer industrial companies to be organized, is that of the "Owen Sound Cereal Mills, Limited, which succeeded the Duncan Haston Company in May, 1920, for the manufacture of the "Thistle" and "Energy" brands of food products. This company has for its President, M. R. Duncan, the recently elected member for North Grey in the

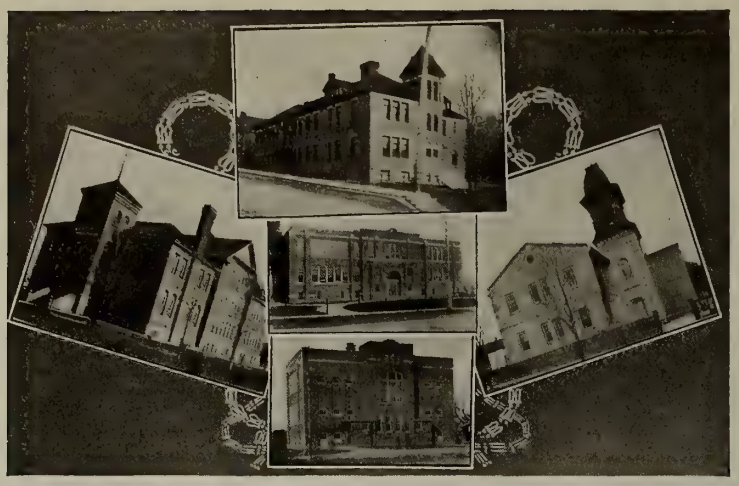
Rest Room of the North American Furniture Co., Limited.

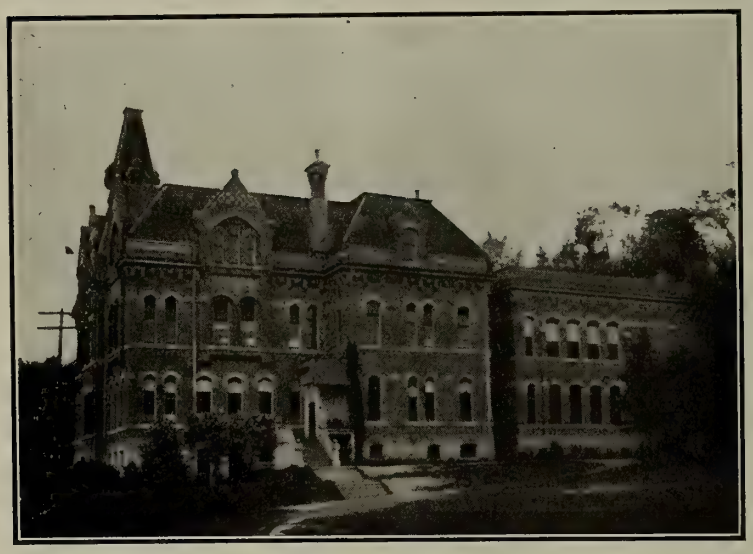
House of Commons; William Haston, Manager, with B. A. Muirhead, of Toronto, as Sales Agent. Moving into their present commodious premises in November, 1920, they are operating there, their 200-barrel mill, with an eye to export trade for their output, which already consumes 60 per cent. of their production. The finely-flaked "Energy" brand of rolled oats finds a growing market in Scotland and Ireland, while the British West Indies supplies their main market for their split-pea products. A large warehouse has recently been opened out on 9th Street, in the heart of the city, where the various lines of their manufactured cereals are retailed for domestic use.

A still more recent industrial organization is that of the Aluminum Steel Products, which commenced operations about fifteen months ago. The personnel of this company forecasts for it a successfull career. The Superintendency of the works is entrusted to G. E. Matone, formerly asistant superintendent of the Ross Rifle Co., of Quebec; Wesley Sherriff is Secretary-Treasurer, while H. H. Bowman, a son of the late well-known legislator of Bruce, is the Managing Director. This company is the pioneer in aluminum die-casting for Canada, being the only aluminum die-casting industry in the country. Their factory is well-situated and commodious, on the east side of the harbor, and the company will no doubt become an important factor in the future growth of the city.

The Northern Bolt, Screw & Wire Co., Ltd., is one of the most important industries of the City of Owen Sound, and one that has come very rapidly into prominence. Established less than ten years ago it has a wonderful development, and its products now find their way into all parts of Canada. The plant is situated on the Eastern side of the harbor front, and has splendid shipping facilities both by lake and rail. The plant is equipped on a very extensive scale for the manufacture of bolts, screws, wire and nails. The Company's products on these lines have a most favorable reputation in the trade, and the Company has a splendid connection. Branch offices have been established in all the large centres. Mr. D. W. Armstrong is the Manager of this plant, which like many other Owen Sound industries is now controlled by Owen Sound capital.

One of the City's most promising industries is the Richardson, Bond & Wright, Ltd., manufacturers of office forms, blank books, etc. The firm has specialized on these lines and has been successful in building up a wide connection with many of the leading financial and manufacturing concerns in the Dominion. Their office forms are being used from Coast to Coast. Recently the Company has made some extensive additions to the plant and with extensions which are contemplated during the next





Owen Sound Public Schools
Owen Sound Collegiate Institute

year a very much larger output will be obtained. At present the plant has 40 employees. Mr. C. A. Fleming is President of the Company, and Mr. Stuart Fleming is Managing Director.

Two factories, on the west side of the harbour, separated from each other by a narrow lane, the one 400 feet long by 60 feet wide, the other 250 feet long by 60 feet wide, comprise the industrial plants of the North American Furniture Company, and the Owen Sound Chair Company. In appearance the building is imposing and practically one, and the industries, though separate organizations, are controlled by one Executive. H. B. Smith is the president and D. E. McIntyre the vice-president of both organizations, with J. A. Minchener as the Manager of the former, and F. W. Harris, as factory-manager of the latter.

There are two features in the conduct of this Executive's business, that attracts the interest of a visitor. The first of these is a Display Room, where a complete line of both Companies' products are kept on exhibit. Here are to be seen different designs and grades of living-room, dining-room, and bed-room furniture, manufactured in birch, oak or walnut by the North American Furniture Company, while the sister organization has office chairs, house chairs in wood and upholstered seats, and a specially attractive design of Windsor chairs in full display also, making it a room of supreme interest to the visitor as well as of convenience to the prospective buyer.

The other feature has to do with the convenience and comfort of the employees. This is a well-lighted, well-aired, and attractively decorated rest-room, and which, being equipped with hot water and heating appliances, is an ideal lunch-room as well. The room is provided with the daily papers, trade and popular magazines, and a phonograph with a generous supply of records, making ample provision for the entertainment of all the employees during the lunch hour, and at whatever other time. they or their families may desire a place of restful leisure.

Comparatively, these companies are but recent organizations, The North American Furniture Company established in 1910, and the Owen Sound Chair Factory two years later, but already they have gained for themselves a reputation and a market of considerable promise.

Carbonated beverages and Ginger Ale are manufactured on an extensive scale in Owen Sound by an industry first established in 1884. After several vicissitudes, in which the name of the firm underwent changes as well as in ownership, it returned in 1917 to the original founder, William Taylor, who in partnership with his son, both practical chemists, are now conducting it under the firm name of William Taylor & Son. Mr. Taylor, besides being a successful manufacturer is held, in high esteem by the trade, being the first president of the Ontario Association, and honored with a silver cup on his retirement.

The Owen Sound Wire Fence Co., manufacturers of farm fencing products, with A. J. Creighton as president and C. Bradford as manager, is doing a flourishing trade.

The Empire Stove Co., under the same president, with W. J. Christie as manager and George E. Atkey as treasurer, has built up since 1917, a market for its stoves, ranges and furnaces, not only in Ontario but in Quebec and the prairie provinces as well.

With such a background of history as the names of Harrisons, Kennedys, McLauchlins and others supply, and with an ever-increasing growth since, backed by the financial support of local capital, there seems no reason why Owen Sound should not continue to grow, becoming an industrial centre of which the Georgian Bay district may well feel proud.

The tug "Harrison" with the Barge docked at Owen Sound

OWEN SOUND As a Community Centre

Taking occasion of the opening of its Museum, we are featuring in this issue the city of Owen Sound, one of the important community centres of the Georgian Bay district. This is an age of centralization. The country village as it was fifty years ago, has become extinct. The country town is being depleted, and appears from present indications to be following the country village, and to soon have existence only in history. The village and town factory joins the merger and goes out of business. The industries of the country are being centralized in a few favored centres, and to these an increasing population is being attracted. Can the larger towns and smaller cities not only hold their own, but also con tinue to grow?

When any place becomes a centre of population, whether it be small or large, a village, a town or a city, there are three things that must be supplied for its maintenance and existence. Homes must be supplied for all classes of its population, educational institutions maintained for the training of their youth, and employment provided for its adult people. More than this it cannot supply, and less than this it should not.

We hear much to-day of town-planning, and we cannot hear too much, but this has reference chiefly to the arrangement of its streets and transportation facilities, to the architecture of its buildings, and to the proper placing of its parks and playgrounds. But a true town-planning scheme must refer primarily to the homes and their comforts provided for all classes of people, the training provided their youth, and the employment facilities for all capable of work.

The home is the foundation of all of its properity. No people can be happy whose home-life is unhappy and no people can be a prosperous people, if the home does not provide the instrument for the training of the children, and the safeguard for their moral integrity. Houses alone, do not make homes, but as a recent contemporary has said, they have much to do with the standard of home life.

"Space, cleanliness, fresh air, comfort, privacy are all important elements in the building of a character; they are as educative as the schools."

When one enters Owen Sound from a city like Buffalo, with its numerous frame houses, his first impressions of the houses provided by the citizens here for their dwelling-places, is assuredly most favorable. They are built entirely of brick, frame or rough-cast houses being the exception, each being built with a view to light, ventilation and heat, on a lot ample to provide a garden and a well-kept lawn.

Besides the enterprise of the individual citizens in building commodious and comfortable dwellings, the sanitary and water-supply equipments provided by the city, give an opportunity for the maximum of home comforts, at the minimum of expense.

To second the effort of the homes, for the discipline and training of its youth, the community has provided itself with seven well-equipped schools—five public, one separate and one Collegiate Institute. There are five public schools employing fifty-two teachers, having an aggregate roll of 2580 scholars, with an average attendance during the past month of 2250 scholars. The separate school employs four teachers, with an aggregate roll of 150 and an average attendance of 133.

Three special departments are conducted in connection with the work of these schools, that of manual training, household science and music, under the care of specialist teachers, so that in these respects the primary education of the school children is well looked after. A school nurse is employed, the authorities having in mind the health, as well as the mental education of its youth.

In the matter of secondary school education, the Collegiate Institute of Owen Sound has for many years held a high reputation, drawing its students not only from the city and country, but also from the neighboring districts. Its present staff of thirteen teachers, five of whom are ladies, are maintaining a reputation for efficiency equal to any preceding staff, and from its halls, an ever-increasing number graduate every year, many of whom find their way to the Provincial University for the completion of their course.

The busines training of the Owen Sound youth is supplied by the Northern Business College, under the direction of Col. G. D. Fleming, an institution which has kept pace in efficiency and size with the growth of the city.

The religious education of the city is looked after by twelve churches representing more than half of that number of denominations. A recent census of attendance discovered 3743 persons, the aggregate attendance of the morning service, while the evening service for the same day showed an attendance of 3586 persons.

But while schools and colleges and churches stand out pre-eminently as the instruments for the training and discipline of our youth, there are others for which every community centre, alive to its educational needs, ought to make provision. One of these is the Historical Society, with its local Museum. The Museum is the silent teacher which takes us back to a past age, and points out to us their standards of living and their attainments in the arts and practises of civilization, thus bearing an undying, though silent, witness to the steady progress upward of the human race. The Provincial Government makes some slight provision for the support and maintenance of a local museum and other kindred historical efforts, yet for the present, at least, these must look to the citizens of the local community, who have an interest for a Museum's installation and upkeep. The time, however, is not far distant, when these will be placed on a par with other educational institutions, and receive their rightful share of support from public funds.

THOMAS CUNNANE
1862
CHARLES E. BARNHART
1880–1881
1882
W.S. MIDDLETON
1900
W.Q. STEPHENS
1869
W.A. McCLEERY
1880–1891
WILLIAM MAYNE
1861–1870
S.G. LANE
1870–1876
JOHN T. SCOTT
1862
DUNCAN MORRISON
1827–1838
1843
HENRY ROBINSON
1870
GEORGE SANDERS
1853–1857
THOMAS SCOTT
1867–1873
JOHN RUTHERFORD
1865–1886
JOHN CAMPBELL
1873
A.M. STEPHENS
1865–1866
1872
RICHARD NORTH
1877–1878
D.A. CREASOR
1852–1853

Owen Sound Mayors: Complete List

1857 Incorporated a Town; 1920, a City.

Richard Carney. First customs officer of Owen Sound; also a Publisher. Afterwards, Stipendiary Magistrate and later, Sheriff, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Deceased.

Robert Paterson. Pioneer General Merchant; afterwards wealthy property owner. Native of Glasgow, Scotland. Deceased.

George Snider. First Sheriff, County Grey. Afterwards Member of Parliament. Generous supporter of First Methodist Church, Owen Sound. Deceased.

William Miller. Insurance Agent. Brother of first Treasurer of the town. Religion, Presbyterian.

Thomas Lunn. First Registrar of County of Grey; prominent citizen in municipal affairs; Nationality, Scotch. Presbyterian in religion.

A. M. Stephens. Pioneer of 1840. Merchant. Founder of the T. I. Thomson Hardware business. Religion, Disciple. Died, 1895.

Thomas Scott. Gentleman. Came to Owen Sound, 1850. Deceased.

John Frost. General Merchant. Native of England. Came to Owen Sound, 1852. Methodist. Died, 1869.

W. A. Stephens. Second Customs officer of Owen Sound. Came to Owen Sound from Toronto, 1865. Poet and writer of note. Religion, Disciple. Died, 1891.

Richard Notter. Grocer. Came to Toronto from Ireland, 1849; to Owen Sound, 1865. Died, 1883.

John Chisholm. Produce Merchant. **Prominent member of both town and county council.** Scotch, Presbyterian.

Henry Robinson. Prominent Mason and church-worker. Anglican. Brother murdered on White Cloud. Merchant. Born in England.

S. J. Lane...Prominent lawyer. Ex-warden of County. Also Member of Parliament. Senior Judge of County. Born in England.

Charles E. Barnhart. Prominent physician. Born in Streetsville, Ont. Practiced in Owen Sound about fifty years. Died, 1909.

D. A. Creasor. Lawyer. Native of Barrie, Ont. Prominent Mason and Presbyterian. Brother of the late Judge Creasor. Deceased.

John Rutherford. Publisher and County Clerk. Native of Toronto. Came to Owen Sound 1875. Died, 1916. Methodist in religion.

Duncan Morrison. Pioneer clergyman's son. Presbyterian. Barrister, afterwards Judge.

W. A. McLean. Prominent citizen. Grocer. Founded business now continued in his firm name. Methodist in religion.

John W. Frost. Lawyer. Son of John Frost, merchant. Canadan. Died in Cobalt, 1908, 70 years old.

James McLauchlan. Manufacturer and Wholesale Merchant. Prominent Mason and Presbyterian. Native of Scotland. Came to Owen Sound, 1865. Died, 1921.

Matthew Kennedy. Pioneer Manufacturer. One of the eight sons of William Kennedy, founder of the Industrial Firm, William Kennedy & Sons. Still in active business, as President and Manager of the firm. Only person occupying Mayor's chair on two separate occasions.

T. I. Thomson. Hardware Merchant; Member of Parliament; afterwards Sheriff of County. Presbyterian in religion. Died, 1919.

W. S. Middlebro. Prominent Lawyer; 13 years Member of Parliament; 8 years Chief Government Whip of House of Commons. Native of Ontario. Anglican in religion.

A. Reid. Merchant. Retired. Victoria, B.C.

W. A. Grier. Jailer. Native of Grey County. 30 years a Grocer in Owen Sound. Methodist in religion.

M. R. Duncan. Merchant; Member of Parliament; member of pioneer family. Presbyterian in religion.

J. T. Joyce. Grocer; born, Toronto Township, Ontario. Came to Owen Sound, 1895.

F. W. Harrison. Eldest son of Jorn Harrison and member of the firm of John Harrison & Sons. Very prominent citizen. Died, 1916. Baptist.

E. Lemon. Wholesale Merchant. Born, Sydenham Township; 46 years a prominent citizen of Owen Sound.

John McQuaker. Merchant and Manufacturer. Born, Holland Township, Grey County. Presbyterian.

R. D. Little. Real Estate and Insurance. 35 years resident of Owen Sound. Native of Mount Forest, Ont. Methodist.

K. Webster. Coal Merchant. Born in Derby Township. 30 years a blacksmith in Owen Sound.

R. Patterson. Real Estate and Insurance broker. Born in Grey County. Religion, Methodist.

W. T. Harris. Wholesale Merchant. Manager of firm, W. T. Harris & Co. Methodist in religion.

:: OUR COUNTRY ::

From Start to Finish in the Great World War

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER VI.

The Year of Discovery

Seventeen months were elapsed after the flood gates of death had been opened out on the world, in the Great War, before a comprehensive idea of the issues at stake, and the forces needed to rightly terminate the war, were fully grasped by the nations of the world. It required the activities of the year 1916 to discover to the world the full meaning of this cataclasym. Hence we may rightly be permitted to entitle this period, "The Year of Discovery."

It discovered to the Allies the immensity of the task before them. It discovered to the Germans the dissipation of their dream, that this was to be a war not of strategy but endurance with their powers weakening as the Allies increased in strength. It discovered to the United States of America, that a peaceful undisturbed isolation from the consequences of the war was impossible, and that she must make choice with which group of belligerents she was to cast her lot.

Trench Warfare at Its Worst:

Our Canadian soldiers had to take their share in testing the power of the German war-machine. It was our lot to spend the first half of this year in the unhappy Ypres salient, which was the death trap of many brave hearts, and the graveyard of the German expectation of an immediate victory over the Allies. Here we had to endure trench warfare at its worst. For some reason or other, the Germans maintained a more numerous body of men, and of a better quality opposite the British Front than on any other part of the line. They occupied all the high ground, and the points that gave direct observation for their artillery. Being on higher ground, their trenches were much superior to ours, and months of careful preparation had provided for them a maximum of safety and comfort. On the low flats which we occupied, the soil was water-logged and churned into a mud-yard of porridge. There were very few roads leading out from the salient, in contrast to the network of roads and railways supporting the German trenches. Owing to the unceasing bombardment during the day, all the relief, all the rations and all the sick and wounded had to be carried out and transported from dark to daylight.

Difficulty of Getting Water:

The maintaining of a satisfactory Medical service under such trying conditions was none too easy, and the following up of a rigid code for health preservation a practical impossibility. We had been insisting that all water for the men in the Front line must be brought from Dickey Bush lake, which although not pleasant to look at, had been certified by the authorities on the addition of chlorine, one scoop to 110 gallons, as quite satisfactory. This meant that men had to carry it on their backs to the trenches. An officer reported that there was a beautiful spring of pure crystal water just beside his dugout, and suggested that the men of his Battalion be allowed to use this for drinking after chlorining it. He further added that we might as well do this as the men were drinking it anyway. The next morning, on making my round, I saw the spring. In appearance it was all that was claimed for it. I noticed that it seemed to come from a fairly high hill nearby, and was evidently nothing more than the suckage from this hill. Later in the day, when everything was quiet, I crawled out to the top of the hill and discovered to my surprise, that some time previously it had been used as a graveyard.

Unremitting Bombardment Produces Nervous Tension:

In addition, the unremitting bombardment, and the necessity of constant alertness for the detection of danger kept the men in a state of tension which could not but have, if they were not frequently relieved, a deleterious influence not only on their spirits but also on their physical condition. The intelligence officer came into the Battalion Head Quarters from a trip over the front line, and reported to the colonel that right in the centre of B Company's front, they had heard the Germans mining. The Colonel, being a careful man, listened attentively to the story, then sent word to B Company that an officer whom he named and a sergeant should be detailed to listen and report any information they might obtain. During the whole day nothing unusual was heard. During the night, at intervals, they heard noises which they thought might be Germans using some sort of drill. They therefore concluded that the Germans were mining but not continuously on that shaft. After another day's careful listening, their suspicions were corroborated by other men of the Battalion, who also listened attentively. They were finally quite sure the Hun was getting ready the mine to explode, and reported it to our own miners. A representative of these arrived shortly, with the most complicated listening set. At first he maintained he heard no unusual sounds, but agreed later that he did. He said it was not mining. A careful search was made

and the cause was readily discovered. A rum jar, partly broken and empty was sitting on the parapet. The peculiar noise was produced when the wind blew strong enough from a particular direction. On taking away the rum jar, the indications of a German mining party at work were removed, a further instance of the danger of giving rum to soldiers.

The Enemy Getting Nervous:

But the enemy also had occasion for concern. They held, at St. Eloi, a salient that encroached on our line to the depth of a hundred yards on a front of six hundred. The British command concluded in midwinter that this salient ought to be reduced, and this encroachment removed. Six Companies of engineers, with their sappers, tunnelled six shafts into it, and when duly laid, they exploded them simultaneously. In the death and destruction wrought, the enterprise was a perfect success. The Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Fusiliers of the Third British Division rushed immediately to effect a capture of the craters, but owing to a heavy German fire on their flanks, one of them still remained in the enemy's hands. To remove them from this crater was the work of a few days, and when this was effected the Third Division of our men were sent in to consolidate these gains. This trying work went on with varying fortunes for some weeks, but owing to the continued weight of the German counter-attacks, a retirement to the old lines had to be made in the early part of April.

Reducing "Ill-omened Ypres Salient:

The intermittent trench warfare of the next six weeks was followed by a serious attempt on the part of the Germans to further reduce the "ill-omened Ypres salient." In this continued effort they were not wholly, though mainly, unsuccessful. The apex had by this time been so far pushed back by the superiority of their artillery, that the salient formed a shallow, semi-circle, whose apex might be said to be Hooge and Sanctuary Wood. St. Julien, which a year ago had been the scene of the unforgettable stand of the Third Brigade, was now a German possession. On the Second of June, a supreme effort was made by them to further push our line back, so that Sanctuary Wood and Hooge would also be secured. Here they opened out with a bombardment on a two mile front, that was unsurpassed in intensity by anything previously endured by our men. Their superb machine, supplied by unlimited ammunition and manned by efficient soldiers, was capable of accomplishing a deadly work. At the close of this preliminary bombardment, ten battalions of their soldiers rushed to the attack of the positions held by our men of the Third Division, the Princess Patricias, in Sanctuary Wood, and the Mounted Rifles at Zillebeke. The day was a sore trial for our soldiers, but although there were very many casualties, among whom was General Mercer killed and Colonel Williams wounded and taken prisoner, they contested every foot of ground as they retired and littred the ground behind them as they went back. with German dead. Our counter-attack failed to win back the ground, and our front line had to be given up to the enemy. Another serious attempt was made by them on the 13th of the month, to further rush forward their line, but our First Division under General Currie had been brought up, and his men, fresh and spirited, met the enemy, and advanced over the soggy swamp recapturing the whole of the line previously held by us.

Although these various engagements cannot be dignified with the name of battles, yet the grand total of casualties could not be much less than that suffered in a great battle. Those of the Canadians during the first half of the year could not be less than twenty thousand, four thousand occurring at St. Eloi, and eleven thousand during the engagements at Sanctuary Wood and Hooge. Beside these, there was the not inconsiderable daily toll from trench warfare, snipers, and the explosion of mines.

Putting Germans under Illusions:

To cause the Germans to expect a major attack at Ypres, and so prevent a concentration of men on the Somme was doubtless the reason that led to our attack on the Thirteenth, which eventually proved to be our last engagement at this place. It was quite commonly known that certain units of heavy artillery which had taken part in the preparatory bombardment had begun to limber up their guns making ready to move even while the infantry were advancing to cross No Man's Land to the attack. Some months later we met the officers of these artillery units at the Somme, and they told us they had moved directly from there to commence the preliminary bombardment which opened out this great battle. It was thought that the Germans, after we had regained our trenches and consolidated our position, would counter-attack in order to regain certain high ground suited for observation purposes. This they did not do, and as time went on the salient became more quiet the longer the fighting at the Somme continued vigorous.

Before July we were relieved and we soon saw preparations being made for the Canadians going into another position. Just where, of course, we did not know, but it was a fair guess that we would see the Somme battle-field before long. At last we were started marching, and after four days arrived in the vicinity of St. Omer. After two pleasant weeks spent here in training, we were then taken down to the Somme.

An Increase in Munitions for the Allies:

Ypres and Verdun had discovered to the German his inability to break the Allied line. He was now on the eve of making another discovery. At the Battle of the Somme, he was to learn that the war-machine on which he had put years of preparation, and from the power of which he expected an easy victory over his enemies, was now being equalled, if not surpassed by another war-machine, but in the hands of the Allies.

In regard to munitionment, Great Britain had made strides that were nothing short of miraculous. The resolution to win the war was now being backed by the means to effect this end. They were now producing as much of field gun ammunition in three weeks as they a year ago took twelve months to produce. Their output of high explosives was sixty-six times as much as it had been at the beginning of the preceding year. All other supplies were being similarly hurried. The time had arrived when our men could meet the enemy on something of an equality.

The Germans had an amazing line of fortifications, all along their whole Western front, which was shaped in the form of a salient, reaching from the

North Sea to Soissons, and from there to Arras. At the Somme these formed three lines of defence, each faced with barbed wire and other entanglements, and well supplied with communication trenches. Behind these were fortified villages and woods and machine-gun emplacements. With this superb defence they could hold their front with a minimum of men, while an attack by the Allies upon them could not but prove very costly. The Allies had discovered that if these could be broken through, it could only be by carrying on a continued and unceasing attack in stages at one place of their front, wide enough to prevent a dangerous flank movement by the enemy, provision to be made before hand that when the one stage was completed, another would be ready to begin.

Preparations for Somme:

Great preparations were made for this Somme battle. Railways and roads were built, so that the infantry should be backed by an efficient transport service, and that changes in the attacking units could be quickly and safely effected. Causeways were built over marshy valleys, so that the evacuation of the wounded was not attended with the same difficulties as at Ypres. Dugouts were made to give places of shelter for the assembling of attacking units, to provide dressing stations for the Medical service, and to secure storage in places of safety for food and ammunition within easy reach of the troops.

Two stages of the battle had been undertaken and succeeded before our armies were called upon to assist. The infantry attack, in which both British and French armies took part, began on the first day of July on a front of twenty-five miles before Albert and Bray, and was pre-eminently successful except at the north end of the line. Here the British came in contact with the heart of the German defence system, manned by a superior number of their best soldiers. They also had a plentiful supply of reserve forces, which seemed to indicate that they were in expectation of an attack being made at this point, and were prepared for it. But success was so far attained here also by the middle of the month, that the second stage, the reduction of the second line of defence, was undertaken. The weather for this attempt was far less favorable than for the first. A week of heavy rain and misty weather was followed by an unusually hot wave, which lasted until the middle of August, so that it was not until September that the Allies were ready to undertake the third stage, an attack upon the third line of the German position, on a front line running this time from Thiepval to Ginchy.

Third Stage of Battle Assisted by Canadians:

This attack proved to be the most effective blow yet struck by the British troops against the enemy, and the Canadians had the honor of sharing in that achievement. Courcelette was the objective of the Canadians; Martinpuich of a Scots division, and Flers of the New Zealanders, who in this engagement were fighting their first battle. A picked army of British Territorials and Guards looked after the rest of the line.

Our First Division under General Currie, had on the Fourth of the month moved up and had taken the place of the Fourth Australians in the area appointed them. This sector was not only held safely, nothwithstanding continued enemy shelling, but a strongly-held trench a mile south of Courcelette at Mouquet Farm was captured by the Second Battalion on the 9th, and thereby greatly assisted the later carrying out of the major attack, which was timed for the 15th. After this minor attack, our line was taken over by the Second Division under General Turner, whom Sir Julian Byng selected for the part the Canadians were to play in this battle.

The bombardment of the whole front began on the 12th, and surpassed in fury anything that had yet been undertaken, ending in a hurricane storm of shells on the morning of the 15th. In addition to picked troops being detailed for this attack, the new war-machine, the tank, was here used for the first time. Inspiriting our men with a sense of victory, they produced an equal but opposite effect on the minds of the Germans. Twenty-four of them waddled out in broad daylight upon the enemy positions, crunching everything before them; seventeen of them came back to tell of a brilliant day's work. They were especially helpful to our men in the capture of the sugar factory and its surrounding trench works. Courcelette was captured by our men in the early afternoon, Martinpuich by the Scots in the evening, while the New Zealanders took Flers with little trouble. The other engagements along the whole line were highly satisfactory.

On the 16th the Germans made an unsuccessful counter-attack on our position at Courcelette, which they kept up daily for a week with the same results. By the evening of the 26th of September the enemy Third line positions were in the Allies' hands. We now occupied the observation points of this part of their front, and it only remained for a few weeks of favorable weather to crumble up at this point their whole system of defence.

Glorious Feats of War Neutralized by Bad Weather:

Weather is a vital condition of success, but this time is was not our friend. October of this year was a month of heavy rains and frequent storms. The roads became a nightmare. Transport, and guns as well as men cannot live without food, was impossible over mud which went down as deep as a man's thighs. The air work, which had now become so efficient and indispensable, could not be carried on in such weather. It was a sore disappointment to our armies and nation, that the successful ending of the glorious feats of the past three months which was within our very near reach, had thus to be given up. But the fighting quality and growing power of the Allies had conclusively shown, that although the issue had to be inevitably postponed it could not be finally changed.

The rest of the time at the Somme area was given up to intermittent trench warfare. The most important engagement in which our men featured was the capture of Regina and Desire trenches in the middle of November. Shortly after we were removed from this sector, and by the end of the month we were with the First British army on the Arras-Lens front.

To Be Continued

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By A SCOUTMASTER

Illustrated by Robert Robertson, Toronto

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Summary of Preceding Chapters

A Toronto patrol of Boy Scouts are encamped on Parry Island. Warren Wilcox, whose camp name was "Sol," was left in charge of the camp, while his companions are away on a fishing and duck-hunting tour. He is lured into the woods in an effort to get a snap-shot of a spruce partridge which alighted near the tent. He cannot find his way back.

Sol, after lying for a few days sick in a hut in the woods, starts out in quest of his way back to the camp. He encounters two drunken Indians, who bind him with thongs, and send him out to drift helpless in a canoe on the Bay. He is rescued by an Odahwah Indian, and is taken to Pleasant Island to camp there for the night. Through the night something most unusual happens just outside of their tent.

At Pleasant Island, Sol and his rescuer are joined by a missionary and his guide, with whom Sol has a pleasant day's companionship. In the meantime, the companions of Sol, have a vision of a phantom ship, which Rusty, their guide, interprets as a good omen for the return of Sol. Several days having elapsed without any clue of his whereabouts, they now resolve to send word to his family of the catastrophe that has befallen the camp.

Immediately on receipt of the news,—the Manager of his father's firm appears in person on Parry Island, and institutes a vigorous search, but failed to locate him. Returning to Toronto, he took back with him all of the boys save Opie and Lorne. In the meantime, Sol is being cared for by the Missionary on Pleasant Island and suggests to the boy that he follow the example of the Indians by taking a mid-day rest.

CHAP. VIII—(Continued)

These by this time were both occupying the lower berths, and were in deep sleep, assisted to this condition by the heartiness of their eating. Both the Missionary and Sol soon followed and took their places in the upper berths. The waters continued to roll in great waves before the driving wind, lifting the spray many feet in the air, as they broke against the rocks on the shore. No craft could live out on the waters in such a storm. But towards evening the winds assuaged, a drizzling rain began to fall, which later turned to sleet, loading the branches of the trees with a weight that bent them almost to breaking, making the day unfavorable for anything other than sleep. Sol, as did the rest, now rested in mind in the assurance that he would soon be back in safety to the Camp, and enjoying the comfortable quarters that had been provided him, spent the night in unbroken, restful sleep, awaking only to partake with the rest of their evening meal.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. The waters of the Bay rested quietly. The bright October sun rose up in an unclouded sky. The remaining snow on the branches glistened with dewy brightness. In a few hours all traces of the storm would be passed away.

"Shall we start out for Parry Island this morning, Wagoosh," asked Sol of his rescuer, as soon in the morning as the tent became astir?

"Sure, everything all right to-day," was the answer, as he viewed the day and the waters.

"How long will it take to get there?"

"Two hours across the Bay, and a little while after to the Camp."

"Shall I take our canoe along?"

"Sure thing. Come and see."

Sol followed the Indian's lead to the canoe. The hole was covered over with birch bark, carefully pitched, so that it would now ride on the waters with as perfect a safety as ever it did.

"This must be your work, Wagoosh. When did you do it?"

"You sleep and sleep; me make the canoe fixed and right."

"You must have got up through the night to do it."

"After supper, Missionary and you talk, and then I do it."

"You certainly made a good job of it, for it is as good now as ever."

The conversation of the Wagoosh and Sol outside the tent brought out the other two, who came and joined them on the shore. The Missionary examined the repairs made on the canoe critically.

"You have made a good job of it, Wagoosh."

"Yes, boss canoe now, very boss."

Just then they were attracted by a vessel sailing past over the waters of the Bay, making its way carefully northward along the inside channel. As the Indian looked at the vessel, he gave a grunt of recognition.

"Do you know the boat," the Missionary enquired of him.

"Yes, Captain Spey's of Penetanguishene," answered the guide.

A longing to be on that boat possessed Sol, for it seemed to him as if his destiny were in some ways linked to it. The others turned and went back to the tent paying no further notice of it, but Sol remained gazing wistfully at it, and longing to be on board of it. Could it be that this vessel was out in search of him, for he was assured that something would be doing by the Camp towards discovering him, if so be that the boys had got back in safety. Of this he could not be sure, for was he not himself in possession of their canoe and all their belongings, showing that a mishap of some kind had occurred, how serious he had no way of knowing. Taking a seat on the rock ledge, near to which his canoe lay, he continued scanning the waters in the direction of their Camp towards which the sailing sloop seemed to be heading.

While thus employed, the Missionary in the tent took out his book, the only book for the occasion, a Bible written in the Ojibway tongue, and began to read to his companions. Sol from his place of sitting could hear distinctly the deep resonant voice both reading and giving an expository talk on the sayings of this sacred page. The melody of tone in the voice, heightened by the euphonious Ojibway, fell with pleasure on his ears though lost to his understanding. But more pleasant still was the beautiful tenor of the Missionary, suported by the deeper basso of the two Indians, as, after the reading they sang the old song and the old tune of 'Jesus lover of my soul,' though to Sol now in a new language.

Sol closed his eyes and bowed his head as he listened to the prayer that followed. He knew that this aged servant of God, consecrated to the religious uplift of these vanishing races of the North, was now remembering his need before a throne of mercy and favor. His quickened imagination was touched with a sense of unseen realities of life such as he never before experienced. Separated from his pals, he knew not why, rescued from death at the hands of this native, he felt that there was meaning to his life, and a providential power behind it, both guiding and protecting it.

When all had quieted, Sol went back to the tent where he found out of deference to his need, the Guide had already breakfast in readiness, which was contrary to their usual practise which was to delay the first meal until after they had made a first stage of the journey for the day.

"I suppose you are anxious to get back to your chums, Warren," the Misionary said to him as they sat down to breakfast.

"Yes, very, but I have been wondering what that boat was doing in these waters so early in the morning. If from Penetanguishene, it must have left there through the night after the storm ceased. Do you suppose they would be out looking for me?"

"That might easily be for they must surely have done some considerable looking around for you by this time, if they haven't already given you up as hopelessly lost. Most of men, when lost in the woods, if they do not turn up in a few days, never turn up at all."

Indian Falls, Potowatamie River, Owen Sound

"Well it will not be long until they see my shadow on the shore if Wagoosh keeps his promise to take me back. But I forgot. He'll not need to take me back now since our canoe is fixed. I'll give them the surprise of their life, when they see me coming round the point into the bay with their canoe — if nothing has happened to them," he added slowly as an afterthought.

"But we couldn't think of letting you go back alone, although Wagoosh was talking to my man of continuing the journey with us, and you return in your own canoe."

This he said after that the two had gone out of the tent and were already packing up ready to start.

"It will be perfectly all right for me to go back alone. In fact I would prefer it, now that the canoe is fixed. It will be only the matter of a couple of hours and I'll have finished my journey, while you will hardly have then begun on yours."

"It will take us all our time now I know to finish before Sunday. Our Indians are having a big festival on that day, and they are expecting me to take part in it. We would be there in plenty of time if it were not for the storm. Yet I cannot think of leaving you until I am sure that you are safe with your own."

But Sol was insistent that it was wholly unnecessary for any of them to delay their own journey on his account.

"It is certainly unnecessary that you should delay reaching the end of your journey merely to accompany me to the camp. I cannot see why any of your plans should be changed, as I know the way back and can handle a canoe perfectly."

It was arranged therefore, though reluctantly, that Sol should paddle back to Parry Island in his own canoe, while the others proceeded on their journey. In a short time the tent was down and packed and they were standing with their canoes ready for embarkation on the shore. Again the Missionary expressed his solicitude, and once more offered to accompany him back, but assured of Sol's being equal to the occasion and with expressions of concern and hope he bade him farewell. The other two also took sympathetic leave, and as the three canoes skimmed out on the water, they waved adieu to one another with their paddles, Sol striking northward with eager expectations soon to reach his destination. Soon the two southbound canoes passed round the bend and were lost to view. Sol paddled steadily but eagerly, for every stroke meant that much nearer the boys and the Camp.

It was not long 'ere Parry Island hovered in sight. The spirit of Sol became exultant as he conjured the surprise he would give the Camp. So close it seemed to him, he felt himself almost there. To escape the strain of one continued position, he ceased paddling, and putting his hand on either side of the canoe, lifted himself up to change his position. He put down his foot on a spot a little distant toward the stern of the canoe in order to better adjust the position of his body. Either from rubbing against a stone or grinding on some rock when the canoe was drifting on its own career, the spot on which he rested his foot was worn so thin, though apparently unnoticed by Wagoosh when examining it, that Sol putting his weight upon it, punctured it, and his foot was in danger of passing through the hole into the water below. Making a quick move to save himself, he over-balanced, and the canoe shot out from beneath him.

Sol was cast headlong into the water. When he regained the surface, the canoe was more than twenty feet from him. He swam over to its side, and coming round to the stern, placed his hands upon it to lift himself into it, but already it was more than half full of water, and Sol saw no safety save in swimming.

Fortunately a little islet lay to his right, a few rods distant. It was one of those out-croppings of rock, which are so common a feature of the Bay. He knew he could reach this in safety, and so abandoning the canoe, he swam in its direction. The weight of his clothes and boots retarded him, but he was able to reach its safety without exhaustion. Looking round about, he saw nothing of life on that place of refuge, save a few evergreens, and a clump or two of willows. He felt in his pocket to find that his knife and flint were there, also the punk to catch the spark, now, however, soaking wet. The sun was warm, and the prospects of soon drying himself were therefore the brightest.

"A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances," he repeated to himself audibly. "Well, I'm not drowned, and that is a blessing that ought to make me thankful at any rate."

To Be Continued

The Maple in Winter

Rev. James Binnie, B.D.

Stark and bare the Maple stands,
'Gainst the wintry sky;
Not with winter's beauty decked
Like the pine near by:

Not with slender tracery,
As the white birch grows:
Nor with arching drapery
Which the elm tree shows.

Yet she stands in comely pride,
Fearing not the blasts;
Dreaming, smiling in her dreams,
Long as winter lasts:

Dreaming of her crimson leaves,
Lovely Autumn's crown:
Freely given for nobler life,
Falling, whispering down.

Dreaming, smiling in her dreams,
Of her Springtime dress:
Till her firm and shapely form
Robes of green caress.

Thus she dreams the hours away,
Silent in her rest;
Soon to bear with radiant joy,
Nature's high behest.

Canada's Greatest Archipelago

The Story of The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay

Captain Anderson Seeks to Establish an Indian Reservation on the Manitoulin Island

A Modern Ojibway's farm on the Manitoulin

For four years after his arrival at Manitowaning, Captain Anderson gave himself with unstinted devotion to the interest of the Indian. After two years' service, the Rev. C. Brough gave up the work, and his place was taken by Rev. F. A. O'Meara, who remained at this post for nigh a score of years. He visited the wigwams, learned their language, and made for them a translation of part of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, which brought to him the recognition of the Government who rewarded his services with a life pension. The years of Captain Anderson's services were perhaps the years most fruitful of results. They gave themselves to the task of gathering the Indians to the Island, visited posts on the mainland, and did what they could to get them to live a settled life on the Island which had been set apart for them. They succeeded in getting promises from many; and also not a few came to the Mission and remained for a time apparently interested in the efforts that were being put forth in their behalf. But the call of the woods was more persuasive than the promises of the future contained in the efforts of the Whiteman in their behalf. They chose rather to stay with the past which they knew, and which they enjoyed, rather than to break with it and follow altogether new paths which were not all of them to their liking. Hence although all that could be done was done, the policy of the Government could not be effectually carried out.

With the assistance of those who were sent to carry on the work with him, Captain Anderson, the following summer after their arrival, 1839, had erected a log-school house which was used as a church, a council chamber, and a school, and every purpose for which an assembly of the Indians might be required. But on the arrival of Rev. O'Meara there, he began at once the erection of a church, which was being done first of all by the aid of the Indians, many of whom were by this time coming to be quite adept carpenters and tradesmen. Assistance was also received from outside sources, as well as from the Government, and though delayed a year or two in the building it was opened for services in 1845. This church still stands a link of the past with the present, and a voice through whom those long since silent in their graves still speak to us.

But while the government were carrying out their policy through the Mission at Manitowaning, another effort was being put forth on the Manitoulin to bring civilization to the Indian. This work was being done by the Roman Catholic Church, who centralized their effort at Wikwemikong. Their work was among the Ottawas chiefly, as the work of the reformed church at Manitowaning was for the Ojibways.

The history of this effort takes us back to the beginnings of French Rule in Canada. The first Roman Catholic Mission designated to the Manitoulin was in 1671, when Father Andre was appointed to open out a Mission there, on the occasion of a return of a band of the Ottawas from Michigan to again settle on the Manitoulin. Father Andre opened out among them at that time the St. Simon Mission, but they remained only ten years and then went back again to Michigan.

The settled purpose and desire of Champlain, the first of the great Frenchmen in Canadian affairs, in his attitude toward the Indians, was first of all to Christianize them. He was therefore instrumental in getting the Grey Friars, the Recollet Order of Franciscan monks, to come to Canada for this purpose. Four of them came out with him in 1615 and for ten years gave themselves unreservedly to the difficult task of winning their good-will and getting them to surrender themselves to Christ and His Gospel.

After their return, the Jesuits came out, and in their efforts to bring civilization to the aborigine, they have supplied a record of self-sacrifice and disinterested service that has gained for them ever since the admiration of the world. It was under their auspices that the Mission to the Manitoulin was undertaken in 1671, who from that time continued to follow the Ottawa Indian in his wanderings, and succeeded in a measure in bringing them to a profession of the Roman Catholic faith.

For the next century or more after the establishment of the St. Simon Mission, Christian Misions among all the Indians, was in a very unsettled state. The war of extermination made against the Hurons and their allied tribes, by the Iroquois, and the war between the French and the English which was carried over and fought on this continent as well as in Europe, on whose sides the Indians were variously lined, made conditions in which settled Christian instruction was next to an impossibility. But in the final defeat of the French, and the establishment of British rule in Canada, a more settled condition was obtained for the Indian as well as for the Whiteman, and a work with some promise of permanence could be undertaken.

When, in the beginning of the Nineteenth century the Ottawas whose descendants are now found on the Island, returned from Michigan, the major part of them settled at Wikwemikong, and established the village that now bears that name on the east side of the Island. Already many of them were converted to the Roman Catholic faith. They had learned farming, and seventy-five years had passed since they were expelled from their original home on the Island by the fear of the Iroquois, the most of which time they lived and were associated in peace and war with the Huron refugees who went with them, and who were now known by the name of Wyandots. As they lived together, there developed in them the same settled habits which they themselves practised, and taught them also farming, growing corn, potatoes, pumpkins, and sunflowers as they used to do in the olden days on the shores of Lake Simcoe. Hence, when they got back to the Manitoulin, they were more advanced farmers, and lived more settled lives than the Ojibways, and so became superior to their Ojibway kinsmen, who three centuries before this were reckoned as their inferiors. The priest that had sought and found them in Michigan followed them to the Manitoulin, and the Mission of St. Esprit when it became abandoned on the Chaquamegon Bay in Michigan, became the Mission at Wikwemikong, when the Ottawas moved to the Manitoulin. The Mission at Wikwemikong, although it had only a few years of the start before the Mission of the Reformed Church at Manitowaning, had seventy-five years of a start ahead of it in the work by reason of the diligence and success of their Missions in Michigan, and the absence of similar efforts in behalf of the Ojibways on the North Shore mainland and on the Manitoulin Island.

After the twenty years of effort on the Government policy to make the Island an Indian reservation, a commission was sent from the Government to the Island to report on the conditions of the work, with a view doubtless to the abandoning of this policy for some other. Father Hannipeaux was the Roman Catholic priest who had charge of the Mission at Wikwemikong, and had been there by this time twelve years. He was associated in the work by Rev. Ferrard, who had two years' experience. Rev.

Residence of John Parker, Esq., President, Owen Sound Historical Society, showing the Maple shade trees so conspicuous a feature of Owen Sound's streets.

F. A. O'Meara was still in charge at Manitowaning, but the greater number of his converts during the years of his fruitful ministry were to be found in other villages than that of Manitowaning.

The Commission found the one Mission at Wikwemikong made up, as it was at the beginning, of Ottawa Indians; while those at Manitowaning belonged to the Ojibway tribe, these two tribes constituting the tribes which made up the Manitoulin ten years before it was opened out for White settlement, and from which the members of its present population were descended. But it must not be supposed that this division was absolute, and that the Ottawas held themselves aloof entirely from the Ojibways, or the Ojibways from the Ottawas. Being originally kinsmen, and being on friendly terms for centuries, there was a commingling of the two tribes, and intermarriages were frequent. In addition to this, there could not fail to be certain of the descendants of the Huron refugees represented at Wikwemikong. As it was a customary procedure among the early Indians to adopt others into their tribe to make up losses sustained through death or for other causes, after seventy-five years of residence together at Michigan, with the Hurons now called Wyandots, it could not but be that some Indians would be married to Huron wives, or wives married to Huron husbands.

There was another element in this Indian population that must not be overlooked. In seeking to ascertain the ancestry of the present-day Indian on the Manitoulin, one must not overlook the dwelling of whitemen with these original tribes. In the early history of Canada, the original fur-traders and explorers, in many instances, lived with the Indians, adopted their mode of life, and took their women for wives. Hence, it is doubtful if a pure-blooded Indian

A Maple-shaded Highway

can be found anywhere to-day in this north district. Two hundred half-breeds were represented at the Treaty of Manitoulin, as parties to the treaty, having a share and an interest in it. These comprised at that time about one-sixth of the population. The blood of Basque, Boulanges, French, Irish, English and Scotch, those early adventurers to the Hudson Bay and the North West trading companies have commingled for three centuries with the blood of the original Indian. The families of these, as they themselves did, took to themselves wives and husbands from the Indian tribes with whom they dwelt, so that it would be more than doubtful, if in the five thousand Indians in the whole district there could be one now found who bore no relationship to the offspring of these legitimate and illegitimate marriages. In speaking, then, of any reserve being Ottawa or Ojibway, the terms can be used only relatively, the most that it could mean, that they were mainly of that original stock.

The Commision found ten Indian villages on the Island, with a total population of 1920 Indians of which 304 were children of school age. It was in these children that the workers among them saw the promise for the future well-being of the Indian, and so we find both Rev. J. Hannipeaux, and Rev. F. A. O'Meara, demanding that industrial schools be established for these with the expectation that in this way they would soon become capable of living on a scale of being equal to the whiteman. Already they had all abandoned, with the exception of about sixty, the wigwam, and were living in log dwelling houses making more and more use of stoves, chairs, beds, and other domestic furniture, and were thus enjoying an appreciable amount of the comforts of civilization. There were fifty-five skilled mechanics amongst them, such as shoemakers, masons, coopers, carpenters and blacksmiths, most of whom had been taught their trade at the Mission at Manitowaning. Boat-building was a trade in which many of them excelled. They had by this time abandoned the canoe, and were employing nothing but Mackinaw boats for their fisheries.

There were three chief industries among the Indians of the Manitoulin at this time, farming, fishing and sugar-making from the Maple woods with which the Island at that time abounded. The Government Commission discovered that they had grown that year 9180 bushels of Indian Corn, 30,702 bushels of potatoes, besides a small quantity of other grains. Of fish, they had caught and preserved 2308 barrels. Their harvest from the maple woods that year were 116,716 pounds of sugar. This would average 35 bushels of corn for each family, 120 bushels of potatoes, nine barrels of fish, and 400 pounds of maple sugar.

From these figures it would seem that the Indian would be living not only in the land of plenty, but in the land of luxury. But the poor Indian has had to work his way up to civilization, not only by means of the self-sacrificing effort of Christian whitemen, but also in the face of the vices of those who although of the same race and nationality, were out only to exploit him for the advancement of their own selfish interests. Of this class, Rev. F. A. O'Meara wrote, "Those with whom the Indians are brought into contact are of the very worst description, whose influence is entirely opposed to the moral, intellectual and social improvement." And Father Hannipeaux condemned the same class in even stronger language. There was a class of Whites who attached themselves to the Indian that they might rob him of the fruits of his industry. They did not force him to surrender his property at the point of the rifle, but by peaceful methods just as effectual, they accomplished the same ends.

A New Brunswick scene, illustrating the similar use of our national tree, the Maple, to decorate our roadways and streets by both East and West.

The Indian dearly loved the Maple, and every spring the villages migrated to maple woods, and spent the happy weeks of returning summer in harvesting the sweet products of its sap.

The harder the winter, the larger the flow of sap, suitable weather being provided, showing the compensations of the Divine Hand in Nature.

These were the traders, and were of two kinds, the residential and the transient. There were five of these residential traders at Wikwemikong in the year that the Government Commission visited the Island, and two at Manitowaning. Figures are furnished to us by Rev. J. Hannipeaux and others, and now printed in the Government report of the time, to which access may be had at any time, showing these traders charging three or four times the real worth of an article which they sold to the Indians, and of the products which they purchased they gave no more than one-half or one-third of the price for which they later sold them. But even with such extortionate figures, if the Indian purchased the things of real value to him, he might yet enjoy some returns for his labor. But imposing on their ignorance and their weaknesses, and their frivolous and child-like tastes, they sold them the things that added little to the comforts or the enjoyment of their life. Having paid six times the rightful price for them, they found them not worth even one-sixth of which they cost. Their nets and sails they purchased from these traders, and like vultures these schooners appeared, never mistaking the season, and never failing to profit at the expense of the Indian whom they robbed. Although at these times fish were caught in large quantities, the profits all went to the traders They followed him from fishing ground to fishing ground, and took his fish the moment he had them hauled out of the water.

In the year 1857 no less than twelve large schooners made their appearance in the spring in Wikwemikong Bay alone, their appetites voracious, not for fish but for sugar. These schooners came from Goderich, Saugeen, Owen Sound, Collingwood, Penetanguishene, and also some from the American Soo and Cleveland and carried off all the spring's harvest of this commodity, for which the settlement was enriched with a few worthless trinkets, or impoverished with intoxicating liquors. There were other disabilities imposed upon them by the Whites, against which the Indian had to contend, so that the wonder is not that their progress has been slow, but that there should have been any progress at all.

If it were not for the fact that there were men who came to the Indian not for what he could get out of him, but for what he could bring to him, this advance in his condition could never have been brought about. A Divine Providence seems also to have guided the destinies of these former denizens of the forests, and a judgment seems to have followed those who came to exploit them for their own selffish interest. Father Hannipeaux says that of the permanent traders, none of them that he knew of eventually prospered, though for a time some seemed to be doing so. Of the transient traders, there was no way of following up their history and so a conclusion could not be reached in regard to them, but doubtless if it only could be followed up a similar ending would be recorded of their life also. The sacrifices of those who came to give, not to get, have been followed up with remarkable success.

The crying need at this time was for a law that would prevent the selling of intoxicants to the Indians, and the establishment of Industrial schools. The conclusion to which the experience of the teachers both at Wikwemikong and Manitowaning came was, that only by successive years of training of the young, could the blesings of civilization be brought to them. The laws were duly enacted and in a measure enforced; and industrial schools have been established, and have justified the expectations and judgment of the men who proposed them.

Had all the bands of the Ottawas been satisfied with the treatment accorded to them by the American authorities, as some of them seemed to have been ,the Island would have been peopled entirely by Ojibways, and they would all likely have been of the Protestant faith. But when some of them came back for fear that they would be sent by the American authorities to the country on the other side of the Mississippi, they were cordially received to the Island. They were not only the original possessors of the Island, but they stood in their history in firm alliance with the Canadian Government in their wars, especially the war of the American Independence. Their return was received cordially and a place was given to them finally in the policy and scheme of the Government in their behalf.

To Be Continued

THE FUTURE OF THE MANITOULIN

A Prophesy of 1879

Contributed by
T. J. Patten, D.L.S., O.L.S.
Little Current, Ont.

At a New Year's entertainment in Little Current, Manitoulin Island, Ont., in 1879, Mr. Thomas S. Potts recited the following lines which he had composed for the occasion.

It might be mentioned that at the time the C.P.R., referred to in the lines, was not yet built, and the Manitoulin and North Shore Railway was but the dream of the most optimistic. In 1913 the latter road was completed from Sudbury to Little Current under the new name of the Algoma Eastern Railway. The "Circling iron band, From south to north the Island o'er" is not yet realized, but an agitation is now on foot to extend The Algoma Eastern Railway to the West Bay Indian Reserve, a central location on the Manitoulin.

The name "Shaftesbury," mentioned near the end of the poem, is the name which was given to the Government Town-Plot at Little Current, and was surveyed about 1865. The name "Shaftesbury" is never used except in the transfer of real estate in that portion of the town.

Thomas Sinclair Potts, the writer of the poem, was an "unspeakable Scot" who left his native land enthused with the prospects of the young Dominion, and as might be judged, particularly of the Manitoulin Island. Having received a liberal education in Scotland, he spent some years in Montreal and Hamilton and vicinity as a teacher in private and city schools, and came to Little Current in 1789, where he died in 1897.

It is quite within a great probability that "Before another century rolls," to quote from the poem, that the Manitoulin will fulfill the most sanguine expectations. It is already tending that way, as its beautiful vistas of mountain and lake, valley and river, its well cultivated farms, ranches, good roads, and happy, industrious and intelligent people, amply testify.

THE PROPHECY

The Sachem was chanting his song of death
With his dim eyes fixed on the rising sun,
They knew by his falt'ring sobbing breath,
That the goal of his life was nearly won,
The wind sighed thro' the forest aisles,
Like voices of spirits waiting round
To guide his soul thro' the measureless miles
To the far off happy hunting ground.
But just as the bursting sunlight flows
Like a golden wave o'er the eastern sky
The dying Sachem slowly rose
With a new strange light in his glazing eye.
He gazed with a weird-like look around
And raised his withered hand on high,
The voice had scarce an earthly sound
That spoke the words of this prophecy.

* * *

Before another century rolls
The Manitoulin's hill and glen
Its wooded glades and rocky knolls
Will swarm with busy haunts of men.
The white men here will plant their homes
Enclosed by Huron's silvery tides;
The buzz of mills and clack of looms
Will wake the echoes far and wide.
The giants of a thousand years—
The mighty forest—swept away
For stretching fields that proudly bear
The golden grain and scented hay.
I see a circling iron band
From south to north the island o'er
To where a mighty bridge has spanned
The rocky strait from shore to shore,
And winding through the canoned glens
That rend Lacloche's mountains grey,
Through quaking moss and reedy fens
It holds its wild and tortuous way,
Through woods of birch and giant pine
Until its conquering flag is furled
Beside that wondrous northern line
That winds its chain around the world.
I see the groaning wharves piled high
With treasures borne upon that line,
While crowding fleets around them lie
Laden with wealth of loom and mine,
The furs of Hudson's icy strand
And far Columbia's golden ores,
The spice of sunny southern land
And fabulous gems from eastern shores.
Mine eye a noble city greets,
The sunbeams flash on tower and dome
I stand amid its crowded streets—
The Shaftesbury of the years to come.

* * *

The Sachem ceased, while o'er his brow
The shadowy hand of death was cast,
His hoary head was bending low
And thus and then his spirit passed;
But these his words are living still,
The seed is planted and the flower
Will flourish as the human will
For good or evil rules the hour.

THE WRECK OF THE ASIA

Story of the Finding of the Body of F. M. Duncan

By Master Harry Gorley.

(Submitted by the Manitowaning Historical Society in Competition for Prize Essay)

(On Saturday last a party left here in search of bodies and after camping out that night continued the search the following day when they found a body off Wikwemikongsing, supposed to be that of young Duncan, of Hamilton. The body is that of a boy about ten years old, dressed in fine tweed suit, small silver watch and chain, a knife, purse with flower on side, blue belt, 30c in silver. The body was interred here pending word from deceased's relatives.) "Manitoulin Expositor," Oct. 7th, 1882.

On the thirteenth day of September in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-two, the steamer "Asia" left Collingwood for Owen Sound and other ports on the upper Great Lakes. The steamer was one of the first paddle-wheelers to ply between Collingwood and Sault Ste. Marie, making calls at French River, Killarney and various ports on the Manitoulin Island. The passengers in those early days of the eighties consisted of settlers taking a pleasure-trip, merchants travelling up and down the lakes on business, buying or selling, and occasionally relatives who had been spending a few months or weeks with some of their loved ones, possibly a brother or sister from whom they had been separated for years. Among the passengers were Mr. J. Duncan and his son. Mr. J. Duncan was a merchant of Hamilton and his son Freddie was accompanying him; the boy was then fourteen years of age.

In due time the steamer reached Owen Sound and the usual bustle of changing passengers, moving and boarding freight, also coaling were performed preparatory to a long voyage up the Lakes. It was a dark, dismal night and the storm-signals were all out, giving warning to all ships afloat of the bad weather ahead, and the need of keeping close to a protected harbor. The captain, however, refused to heed the warning and at twelve o'clock the vessel pulled out and headed for French River. The storm was threatening all the time, but the Asia with her two hundred or so pasengers held straight to the course on through the night in the everlasting storm. The steamer plunged, rolling and tossing from side to side, the pasengers running wildly to and fro, praying they might safely reach land. At nine o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth the storm broke out in full violence. The captain, instead of keeping the boat headed into the storm, attempted to turn her around and make for French River. In turning she was caught in the trough of the sea and very soon sprung a leak. Attempts were made to launch lifeboats, but the waves washing over the deck made this impossible. At eleven o'clock the steamer Asia went down. The only two survivors were Duncan Tinkis of Manitowaning and Miss C. Morrison of the Township of Sydenham near Bognor, Ontario, who happened successfully to get into the captain's lifeboat which had been launched before and kept afloat. They drifted unto a small island near French River where they succeeded in hiring an Indian to bring them to Manitowaning safely.

The news of the terrible catastrophe soon spread and search parties scoured the lakes and shores for victims, friends, relatives and unknowns; searching day after day along the south shore of the Manitoulin Island where most of the bodies had drifted. Day by day reports were published, rumors spread of certain relatives of friends being found, but Dunc. Tinkis who was one of the two survivors of the Asia, heard no news of his uncle, J. H. Tinkis, a merchant of Manitowaning, who was also one of the passengers of the lost boat. He therefore organized a party to search the shores where the bodies had mostly drifted. He sought the aid and advice of his two friends, Henry Gorley, my father, and William MacDonald, commonly known as Rattlesnake Bill. Ten days after the Asia went down these three men left Manitowaning at seven o'clock in the morning in a sailboat; they crossed Manitowaning Bay, a distance of one mile to the Indian Reserve, there they succeeded in hiring an Indian with a team of ponies and a waggon. From there to Wikwemikong is a distance of six miles; they drove along following a crude woodroad made by the Indians through the woods, over hills, etc. Wikwemikong is an Indian village on the East Shore of the Manitoulin where the Indians do a certain amount of fishing, and incidentally, explore the shores. It was here the three men hired an Indian sailboat and set off down the shore till they came to Cape Smith on the southeast shore of the Manitoulin. Just around Cape Smith in a marsh they found four bodies all wearing life-belts bearing the name S. S. Asia. Two of them were deck hands bearing no identification as regards their names. The body of Mr. Bucknell, a resident of the Island and known to the three searchers, and an unknown lady bearing no marks of identification. After examining the personal belongings of the bodies they proceeded in their sailboats to continue on in the search for Mr. J. H. Tinkis. The next stopping-place was another Indian village called Wikwemikongsing (little Wikwemikong) some distance down the shore. On a point of land near the village they came across the body of a little boy lying on the sand; upon examining the contents of his pockets they found that he was Freddie McNider Duncan, of Hamilton, Ont. Continuing on in search of the uncle of Duncan Tinkis they sailed as far as Fitzwilliam Island, just east of the Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron. On account of a heavy windstorm springing up they decided to turn around and make for Wikwemikong; giving up the search they went back to Manitowaning. The next morning one of the men who had gone in the searching party the day before, suddenly remembered that a reward was offered by friends or relatives for the finding of Fred M. Duncan; he therefore sought his comrades of the day before, together they manufactured a wooden box, they obtained a team of horses and waggon and set off for the point of land where the remains of the body of the boy had last been seen. The trip around Manitowaning Bay was a slow and heavy one by waggon. The roads in those days were not very good, the condition being nothing more than old Indian trails full of holes and ruts. After a certain amount of difficulty usually experienced in traversing a road scarcely used they reached Wikwemikongsing, from here the coffin was carried out to the point and the remains of the boy, Freddie Duncan, placed in it. It was only a matter of an hour or so in which to carry the body back to the waggon, strap it in securely, rest and water the horses, then start back so as not to be caught in

the dark on the bad roads. In due time they reached Manitowaning and the next day, in the quiet cemetery of the English Church the young victim was buried. A message was sent to the address which was found on his body; the boy's relatives promptly answered in person and arrangements were made to have the remains moved to Hamilton.

It happened that some time previous to the time of the finding of the boy's body, a passing steamer had found the body of the boy's father floating in the Georgian Bay. Mr. Duncan had been buried at Hamilton just about the time the news arrived of the finding of the son. So father and son who had left home only a few days before, bright, happy and cheerful, looking forward to a pleasure-trip together were laid side by side in the family churchyard at Hamilton.

(This is a true story of the finding of the body of Fred McNider Duncan, written by Harry Gorley, son of Henry Gorley, of Manitowaning, the only one of the search-party now living. W. H. Shaw, M.D.) Manitowaning, August, 1921.

In competition for the Societys' prizes, when the subject is historical, accuracy in names, dates and places is required as well as literary excellence. (In stories the creative imagination is the principal requirement.)

[NOTE—It was to Parry Sound, that the Indian brought the survivors, not Manitowaning. The date in leaving Owen Sound is usually given the 12th Sept., 1882. —EDITOR.]

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"MER DOUCE"

(SWEET SEA)

The Georgian Bay and North Ontario Magazine

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$1.50 per Annum | The Bible picures Life as it ought to be; Literature as it might be; History as it was and is. | 15 cents a Copy

Editor : REV. HUGH COWAN, M.A., B.D., 938 Dovercourt Road, Toronto

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This and the last issue of "Mer Douce" has been printed by the Fleming Publishing Company of Owen Sound in The Sun-Times printing plant and they have produced very creditable copies.

* * * * *

British and American ship-owners find keen rivals in the small European nations, who, with cheaper money and lower over-head costs are making a good showing in capturing the ocean trade of the world. Hundreds of British ships are lying at the docks unused.

* * * * *

A United States Commission is trying to discover why meat prices are double of what they were in 1913. They have discovered that there has been a great slump in the prices to the producing farmers, but to whom the addenda of profit before it reaches the consumer they have not discovered.

* * * * *

Likewise an Ontario Commission is apopinted to find out what was the cost of the Chippewa Canal, and why?

* * * * *

A "five-year immigration holiday" has been proposed for the United States. It has been received with various differences of opinion. "If we don't put up the bars and make them higher and stonger, there no longer will be an America for Americans," says Mrs. Moore, secretary for labour, who has just recently returned from a trip in Europe investigating immigration problems. The lack of employment for those already in the country, the difficulty of making into citizens the foreign-born already a part of the population, and the number of undesirables that are awaiting to come, are given as reasons why no more should be admitted.

The poem by Rev. James Binnie, B.D., of Parry Sound, entitled "The Maple," which appeared in our last issue, has been received with much appreciation.

* * * * *

Our Historical Association has suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. J. J. Elliott, B.A., of Midland which occured on January 3, 1922. He was historian of the Midland branch and had thrown himself with enthusiasm into the work, having laid plans for an extensive study of the local history of the district. He had prepared besides from time to time, poems descriptive of the surrounding neighborhood. His longest, that on 'Saint Marie' was forwarded to us just a few days before his unexpected death. This poem together with a sketch of his life will appear in our next issue.

* * * * *

Is Canada going into the hands of American Capitalists? The Trade and Commerce Department of the Dominion has just published an analysis showing that 34 per cent. of the capital of Canadian manufacturing establishments is owned by citizens of the United States; 56 per cent by Canadians; 9 per cent by persons living in Great Britain; and 1 per cent. by residents of other countries. The New York World believes "that at the present time Americans own at least 50 per cent. of the total manufacturing capital employed in the Dominion." The motor-car industry is largely in American hands. Of its capital 61 per cent. is American, 30 per cent. Canadian, not a dollar British. Motor-car accessories is 93 per cent. American. One estimate is that "there is from $700,000,000 to $800,000,000 of American capital invested in Canadian industry. Some might put the figure at an even billion."

The American Tariff is still under discussion. Its object is said to be to restore the buying power of that country by providing markets for the producers and work for the consumers. It overlooks the fact that to shut all other nations' goods from their country is to take away from these nations the power to buy American goods.

* * * * *

A crime wave is flooding the United States. Robberies in the large cities, in which Chicago takes the lead, are becoming so prevalent that the theatres are complaining that their attendance is decreasing, the fear of the people of being assaulted by criminals, keeping them indoors after night. The police of these cities, apparently, can do little to prevent it.

* * * * *

Shall a substitute be found for leather? An effort is being made now to supply such a substitute, initiation in this movement being taken by the Ford Motor Company, of Detroit, who are treating sateen with a mixture which provides what they believe to be a satisfactory substitute. They are manufacturing not only the substitute but also the ingredients which enter into the finished product.

One of the chief sources of supply of the medicine, cascara sagrada, is British Columbia. The cascara tree is a native of the west coast of North America. It was found largely in the states of Oregon and Washington but, owing to the rapid destruction of the tree in these states manufacturing druggists are now looking to British Columbia for their supply and carloads of the bark are annually being sent out of the province for the manufacture of medicine.

* * * * *

The Genoa conference from which much was expected to bring about peace to the world is now ended. The first obstacle they met to the settlement of Eurpoean questions on a permanent basis was the revelation of a secret treaty made between Germany and Russia. If this alliance is continued in face of all desire of the other nations that such a treaty should exist, it means that Europe will once again be divided into two camps. All the resources of Lloyd George and of all the other delegates have not yet brought the settlement of European difficulties to a successful issue.

Jessie Fairbairn Paterson

AUTHOR OF

"POEMS OF HOPE AND LIFE"

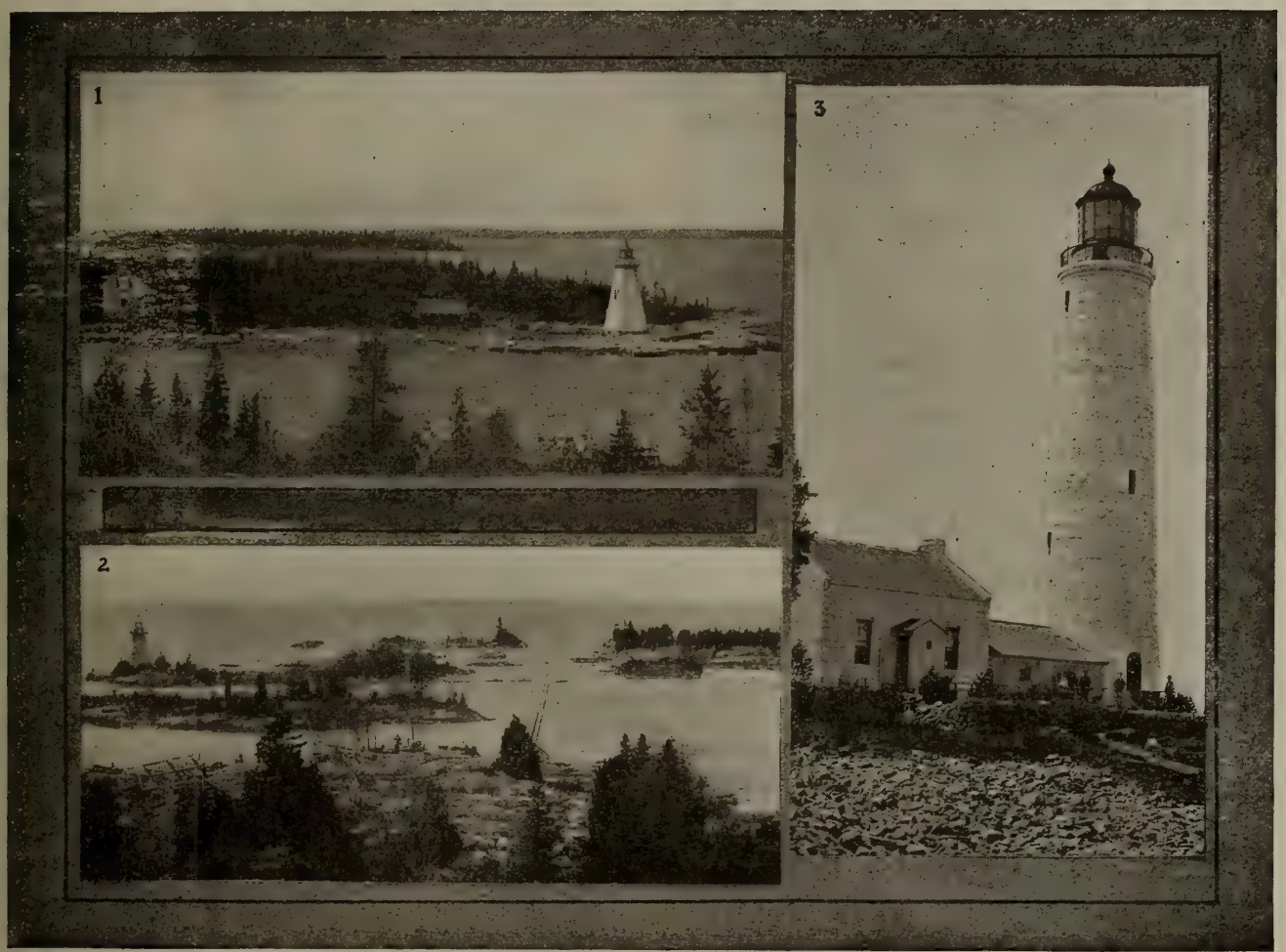
With this issue we begin the publication of a series of poems contributed by Mrs. James Paterson of Wiarton, Ontario. a native Canadian, a pioneer of the early days of Bruce Peninsula, the first Public School teacher of the Purple Valley School, and the first to establish and be the superintendent of a Sunday School in the community. She was born in Beverly, Ontario, and spent the first four years of her life at Brockville, after which her father's family moved to "The West" locating in the village of Teeswater. After completing the full course in the public school of Teeswater, she spent some time in Walkerton High School, where she was qualified for a public school teacher. Although her education would be considered liberal in view of the primitive conditions of the country of those days, yet she attributes her literary ability, not to what she received in the schools, but what she inherited from her father—"My education from a literary point of view was an heritage from my revered father, who was a native of Scotland who was educated in Edinburgh, and my happiest recollections are of evenings spent sitting before the open fire while my father would recite long portions from various authors, Sir Walter Scott being a great favorite. I loved better to listen to these than to be out playing with the others, or amusing myself in other ways."

Her surroundings also had something to do with the creation of the poetic impulse. The romantic scenes surrounding the beautiful Colpoy's and Wiarton bays were taken by the creative imagination with which Nature gifted her, and which also a father's recitations had developed, and pictured in her poems which will doubtless find, and continue to hold a place in the pioneer literature of our country. "It was in 1874 and the beginning of May that I had my first glimpse of our beautiful Bay. It was almost clear of ice but not quite, and the crunching grinding fragments glittered and swished against the shore, while the blue waves danced merrily in gladness for freedom after long imprisonment. Like Wordsworth with the rainbow—"My heart leaped up" when I beheld it, and I love it and have loved it through all those nearly fifty years of beholding it in all its various moods. It is to me like a human face, at once expressive, and sympathetic, for we 'humans' have our various moods too."

It was on this occasion, May, 1874, that she became the wife of James Paterson, now an esteemed druggist of Wiarton, Ontario. The Patersons were a Glasgow family, his father being a druggist in the old "Apothecary's Hall," who, when he came out to this country, took a position as a manufacturing chemist at Toronto. After a time his health failed and he moved to the woods in the neighborhood of the present Wiarton at the south end of the bay. Here James, one of the first white boys in the neighborhood, used to search for the cattle in the woods and swamps of this neighborhood then filled with wild animals of which the ubiquitous and pestiferous mosquito was the chief. For these past forty-six years they have lived happily together at Wiarton and have seen times and seasons come and go, and doubtless their varied pioneer experience during these years would fill a large volume. Of their eight children, six have grown to manhood and womanhood and are all happily married, the eldest daughter living in Scotland.

Individual poems of Mrs. Paterson have been published from time to time, but more yet remain unpublished. Some of these have been placed at our disposal and selections will be made from them and published from month to month during the present year in our magazine.

Canada's Greatest Archipelago
The Story of
The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay



1—Islands off Tobermory 2—South Bay Islands 3—Cove Island Lighthouse

The White Cloud Tragedy

In the fall of 1869 there occurred a mysterious tragedy on the Georgian Bay that sent the whole of Owen Sound and community into excitement.

In the summer of that year, Captain Charles Fothergill sold his farm in the township of Derby, Grey County, receiving for it a considerable sum of money, which he deposited in an Owen Sound bank. With a view to settling in Bruce Peninsula, he purchased a large farm on the west of Wiarton and at once put a gang of men on the place to clear and improve it.

Early in September of the above year, Mr. Fothergill left for Owen Sound for the purpose of buying some seed grain and provisions for the winter, and also to obtain the money with which to pay his hired help. After drawing some $2,000 of his money and loading his boat with the necessary supplies, he started for Colpoy's. As the season of the year was pleasant and a voyage in a staunch little sailing craft inviting, he had no trouble in inducing a number of men to accompany him. These were Mr. John Robinson, a recent arrival in Owen Sound

from the Southern States, where he had been travelling during and after the war between the North and South; George Brown, Postmaster of Owen Sound; Charles Kennedy, an invalid sailor. The boat left Owen Sound in the afternoon, with a gentle breeze blowing from the west, under the most favorable of circumstances for a safe journey, but not one of the four was ever seen alive again.

The Fothergill party failing to return home at the appointed time, their friends became anxious and a search party was sent out. A Mrs. Ogilvy of Big Bay made claim that she saw the boat pass that place which she knew to be it, because having watched it for some time, she recognized Mr. Brown, the Owen Sound Postmaster, as one of its occupants. Shortly after, she saw, she claimed, another boat pass, apparently following the first. The missing boat was found on the beach on White Cloud Island sitting on an even keel, and her cargo of grain, undisturbed. On the shore, near by, lay the sailor, Kennedy, dead. A little dog owned by Postmaster Brown was found with the boat, which barked and whined piteously as the searchers continued looking around for the whereabouts of the others of the party. Fothergill's pocket-book was picked up empty, and leaves from his memorandum book and other private papers littered the beach. No trace could be found of the other occupants of the boat nor was there ever any found, though there was a steamer chartered, and the whole coast scoured for miles around.

In those days a notorious outlaw, belonging to a respected family who lived in Keppel, terrorized the country round about Owen Sound. It was thought possible that he was the murderer of the Fothergill party. There were also three desperate characters living in Owen Sound at the time, and they too were suspected as having had a hand in the mysterious murder, but the crime was never brought home to any of them.

What appears to be a sequel to the above mysterious tragedy, was a discovery made at Griffith Island some years after this, by the unearthing of three skeletons buried a little below the surface. The skeletons could not have been the remains of Indians as the positions in which they were found was not in accord with Indian burial. There were no distinguishing marks upon or about them, no buttons, nor knives, nor any substance resisting the corroding action of the earth through long years, which would give the faintest clue as to their identity.

One of the skulls was of a peculiar shape, while the other two were broken. This has been considered by some with the other circumsances already known as sufficient evidence to establish their identity. If foul play lay back of the burying of those bodies on Griffith Island, it is reasonable to suppose that these three were the skeletons of the undiscovered members of the Fothergill party, and their mysterious disappearance in 1869 finds its explanation in this chance discovery on Griffith Island, thirty years after.

The Lives of the First Settlers of the Manitoulin Island Endangered by the Antagonism of the American Ottawas. Was Inspector Gibarrd Murdered?

After the Treaty of Manitowaning, when the Indians surrendered their rights to the Crown, of the Manitoulin Island and surrounding District, including the Bruce Peninsula and a major portion of Grey County, there was a section of the tribe, who, objecting at the time, afterwards caused great trouble to the first lessees of the land on the Manitoulin. These were headed apparently by the priests at Wikwemikong, who claimed that the consent of the Indians to the surrender had never been properly secured, and who did everything in their power afterwards to prevent white settlers from coming to the Island.

Trouble arose on one occasion when some of the Indians had forcibly expelled the first settlers, French Canadian families, from the Island, forbidding them to remain on the land given them by the Government. An armed force was sent to protect these, who arrested the Priest and some ring-leaders from among the Indians and brought them to Quebec, where a settlement seems to have been partially effected. On the way back Inspector Gibbard suddenly disappeared and the presumption is that he was murdered and his body thrown overboard.

A newspaper controversy followed. An unbiased statement of the case, which we have verified by letters of Reverend Jabez W. Sims and others, appeared in the "York Herald" of July 1863, which we here fully reproduce, as a trustworthy source for ascertaining the facts of the case:

"The Jesuits and Indians having become too overbearing on the Manitoulin Island, a force of armed men have been sent thither to carry out the stipulations previously agreed on, between the Indians and the Crown. The Indians under the dictatorship of the Jesuit priest of Wikwemikong openly say 'They are independent of the Government and can make their own laws on their own land,' and acting upon this assumption have at varous times forcibly sent away settlers who had cleared patches of land. The Jesuit priests, and especially Father Kohler, are publicly alleged as the instigators of the outbreak, and who on the 31st of October last, before Mr. Gibbard, the Government Inspector of Fisheries, said, that "if the Indians had taken his advice, instead of signing a treaty, they would have called the Sioux Indians to help them; and that he himself would have led them on to drive every white man off the Indian lands; that he could cause a revolt more fierce and bloody than the Indian Mutiny, and that as a priest he was ready to arm and die for them." Shortly after this, two of the largest farmers were expelled for having given their adherence to the treaty. De La Ronde and Proulx, when his wife and child were ill, were all turned out of doors in a cold December night last winter.

Other severe measures were taken with the settlers who, without warning, were compelled to quit home and the land which they had with so much labour cleared and improved. In June last, Mr. Gibbard visited the Island, and found what had occurred and drew up a license to protect De La Ronde and Proulx from further annoyance, and delivered to Jesuit Superior Kohler a note, requesting him to explain to the Wikwemikong Indians that they must not trespass on De La Ronde's grounds. Kohler got very angry and used most abusive language, denouncing the Canadian and British Governments and denying all allegiance to either. It was subsequently found that a rising of the Indians was being gathered, and the day before Mr. Gibbard left, 25 landed, who with drums beating marched straight to De La Ronde's house to remove him from the Island. Mr. Gibbard succeeded, however, in preventing them from doing so at the time, but they came back next day, about 45 strong, after he had left, and carried the government lessees off the land. Such being the lawlessness of these Indians, it was resolved to send a body of armed men to restore peace, and protect the rights of the settlers.

The 22 men, armed with revolvers, under command of Sergeant Stayner Cummings, arrived on the Island about four o'clock last Friday morning. They landed first on Lonely Island, and searched it but in vain for the leaders of the Indians in the late outrage. Proceeding thence to Manitoulin, which they reached at noon, they found the shore crowded with Indians to prevent their landing. However, Sergeant Cummings and Mr. Gibbard got safely to shore and immediately arrested the Chief. When the Indians closed around to rescue him, detective Colgan, showing his revolver, stopped them in a few minutes, but confident in their overwhelming numbers, they again pressed forward and one Indian was just in the act of bringing his bludgeon down on Cummings head when Callagher, a Toronto special, placed the muzzle of his revolver against the Indian's ear, and threatened to pull the trigger if he attempted to strike. The Indian complied. The Reverend Mr. Shooney then incited the Indians but was immediately caught and was about to be hand-cuffed. This, provoking the Indians, who, armed with staves of wood, rung the school bell, hoisted their black flag, and with the war whoop, made a regular assault on the party. A hand to hand struggle ensued, and the little band of men, being in danger, a truce was agreed on, on condition that the offending parties should be sent with Mr. Gibbard to Quebec to have their grievance settled. On their return homeward, and just before reaching Shebauwaning, Mr. Gibbard was seen on deck surrounded by Indians; he has not been seen since; no one can account for his mysterious disappearance; some think the Indian, Sawamakoo, murdered him, that the principal witness against him might be removed. Steps are being taken to investigate this strange incident. The Government will doubtless send a sufficient force to Manitoulin to enforce the laws."

1—Westside Cliffs, Overlooking Wiarton Bay 2—Wiarton Park 3—Oxenden Falls
4—Entrance to Bruces' Cave, Oxenden

Shipwrecked Hopes on the Shores of the "Mer Douce"

The story of a district is not without its tale of disappointments. For the early pioneers, the long struggle often times ending in failure, was in some cases pitiable. Among the early settlers in the Bruce Peninsula was a family who have since captured a high place in the history of its country, and have generously shared in its wealth. Coming from the city of Toronto, without any experience of farm life, but guided in their choice of a farm by the word of a land agent they settled on a place not far distant from Wiarton. One of their first purchases was a calf which they hoped some day would make them become possessors of a cow. In due course, after three years working and waiting, their hope was brightened with the prospects of soon being the producers of their own milk and butter. The good wife walked all the way over the trail in the bush to Owen Sound, purchased all the utensils needed for their first effort at dairying, and after resting for the night in the home of one of the leading families of that city, trudged back in hopeful glee, bringing the dairy utensils with her. After having sucessfully completed the forty mile walk she came within sight of her home. What was her surprise and dismay when her first view of the home revealed the skin of the cow nailed at the side of the house to be cured, the young cow, during the mother's absence, having died from milk fever. ffl

Imagine the feeling of disappointment at the ending of her long and weary tramp through the wilderness, the final touch to their long years of waiting, the discovery that the reward which their hope has brought, was mocked by its sudden and complete failure.

When Champlain came upon the Georgian Bay in 1615, he looked over its waters and called it "MER DOUCE"—the fresh water sea—and his heart was gladened by the discovery of this body of water, because he believed, as many explorers did after him, that he was on the way to China. But although his expectations were centred on false foundations, they suffered no shock, for doubtless he died in the belief that these waters would yet lead his countrymen to the discovery of the much desired water route to "La Chine."

When the Recollet Fathers had preceded him in the discovery of the Bay, they had expectations but of another kind, which were that they should establish a church among, and transform into a Christian people, the savages found peopling its shores.

1—Natural Bridge, Lion's Head 2—Smoky Head, near Lion's Head 3—The Lion's Head

When they opened their Mission among the Hurons, and were later followed by the Jesuits, their hopes suffered shipwreck, not because the Indian would not accept of their teachings, but because, the forests became denuded of its inhabitants by the tribal war that exterminated the race whom they sought to serve.

The same may be said with regard to the larger aim of their countrymen, which was to establish on this continent a new France, where, in this large and boundless domain, now peopled by Americans and Canadians, the French people would hold sway. While their hopes in this respect have not been wholly ship-wrecked, as many of the descendants of the early French still remain on this continent yet as a dynasty, France finds no foothold on this continent, and those of her countrymen who do remain are known, and will continue to be known, not as French ,but as Canadians.

There is only one Chicago on Lake Michigan, and only one New York on the Atlantic Ocean, and unless the present day centralization into great cities gives place to some other economic condition we can expect not more than three grat cities at least on the shores of the Georgian Bay. But three times that number, at least, have had lands laid out in plots, and great expectations of becoming the chief one of these three. The years have brought some disillusionments.

Of those whose aspirations were nipped in the bud, that of one, Inverhuron, deserved a better fate. Inverhuron is situated three miles from the village of Tiverton north west, and nine miles from Kincardine due north, on the shore of the horseshoe-shaped Sandy Beach Bay, the latter being known as Sable Bay.

It started as a fishing village and grew to be a town of considerable importance, a seaport for the shipment of the grain of the farmers of the surrounding districts, with a population at one time of as many as a thousand people. The harbour, protected from the north winds by Douglas Point, used to be a shelter for many vessels and it was not an unusual sight to see all its dock space fully used up and its harbour filled with fishing smacks and other sailing craft, while schooners lay waiting for their cargo of wheat. The grain vessels of those days would bear a sorry comparison with the grain vessels of today, and the ware-house with its tiny push cars running along the dock with their load of wheat to be dumped into the waiting hatches of the sailing vessels, would present even a more primitive condition in comparison with the huge grain elevators of Midland, Fort William and other important seaport towns of today. In the wheat-selling season every day was like a fair day in Inverhuron, the farmers coming for miles around with

their grain for which they were glad to get sixty cents a bushel.

The fate of Inverhuron was sealed with a fire which destroyed the grain ware-house in 1882, and another five years later completely wiped out the village. The piers of the original Government dock built in 1885 and the ruins of its lighthouse remain. The town plot surveyed into lots and the foundations of three hotels is buried under the drifting yellow sand by the action of Lake Huron's waves, which has now reached so high as the second story window of the lighthouse. The last event in the history of this expected city was the death of the lighthouse keeper a number of years ago, the above mentioned ruins still remaining a silent witness of the ship-wrecked hopes of the former and earlier days of our country.

On the road leading from Owen Sound to Lake Huron in the vicinity of the Fishing Islands, in the post office of Oliphant, another of these town-plots the ship-wrecked hopes of the past. It never attained even the status of a village. Being close to the Fishing Islands, hopes were once entertained as to its becoming a business centre, but these Fishing Islands themselves also proved in the course of time a disappointment. The marvellous catch of fish that used to be recorded in the early days of their history became an experience of the past only, the fish no longer making it a place of rendezvous as in former days. The numerous town-plots of the city of Oliphant waited for thirty years for its boom but these never materialized. The place was then resurveyed and made into park-lots for farm purposes. Its beautiful beach now attracts summer visitors from Wiarton and other places who have erected there are a goodly number of cottages. The beautiful breeze from Lake Huron, the restful environment of the place in summer, and the post-office established in 1874, still remain. The years have revealed to the investors in town-lots in the original Oliphant that their hopes were centred on other than goodly foundations.

Wiarton Harbour supplies two other examples of similar miscarriage of hopes. On either side of the harbour, which in some respects is as fine a harbour as any on the Bay, are two post offices, Oxenham, and Colpoys. Both of these at one time looked forward to a future of success but Wiarton stepped in and dispossessed both of their aspirations.

These supply examples of the changes which constantly take place in the population and occupations of the people, in a new country. Numerous other instances could be found in the history of lumbering, fishing and other seaport places but these are so numerous that they would require a separate article which we may be permitted to prepare later. In the meantime the above will show that there is nothing so certain upon this earth as its uncertainty.

There were 50,000 acres more of fall wheat sown in Canada last fall than the year before. There is also every evidence that the acreage of Spring wheat will also be greater.

Notwithstanding the low prices, the number of heads of farm live stock in Canada was greater last year than any previous year being a total of 21,594,-881 head of horses, cattle, sheep and swine besides 37,182,117 poultry.

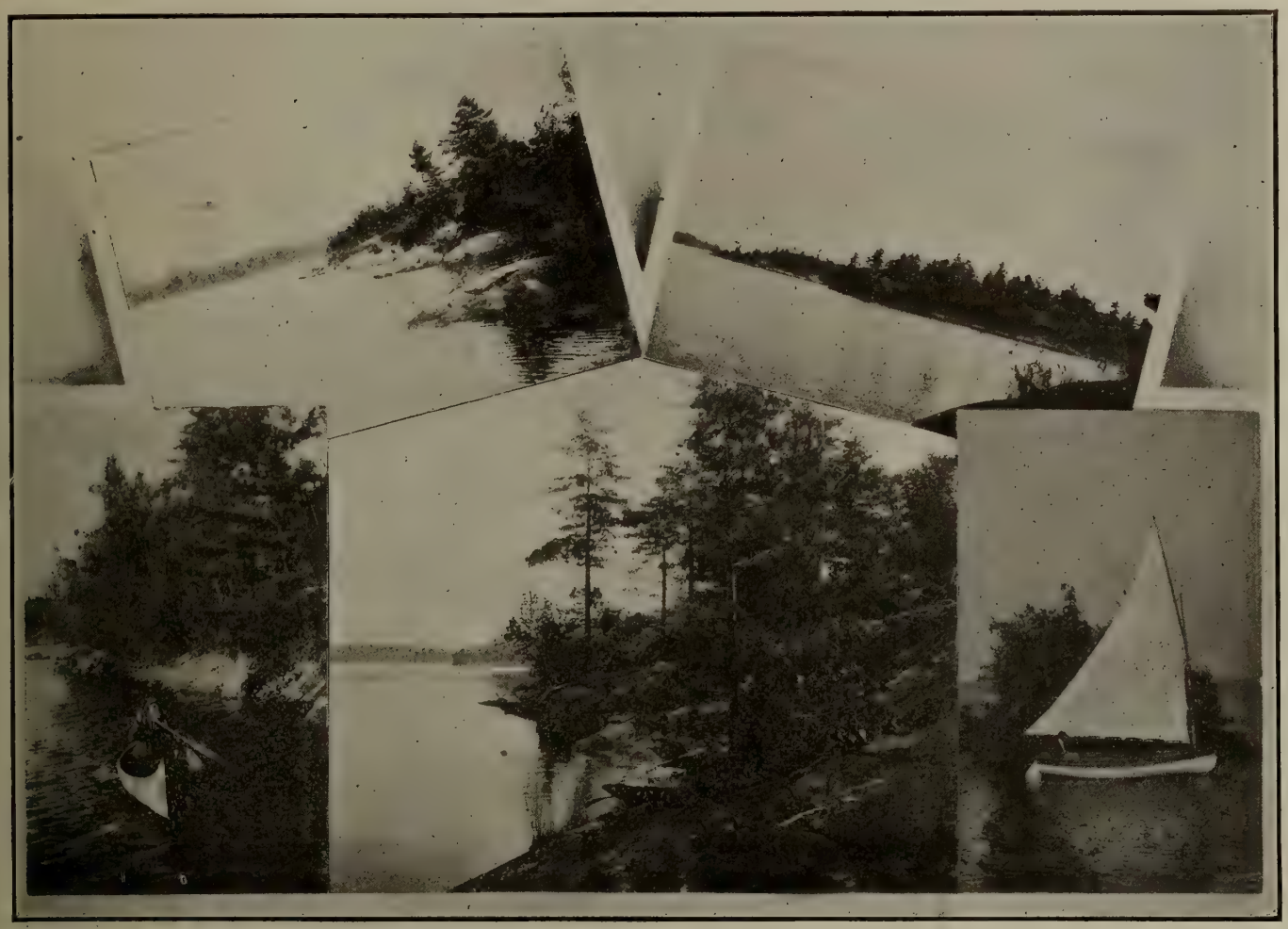
MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT PRAY FOR DELIVERANCE

A shipwreck that might have been notable in the annals of Canada, if it had happened, nearly occurred July 2, 1859, on the rocky cliffs which form the coast line along the north end of the Bruce Peninsula. The steamer "Ploughboy," having on board an excursion party consisting of the members of the House of Parliament, was on a trip to Sault Ste. Marie. During a severe gale an accident happened to some of the machinery, rendering the vessel completely helpless, so that she drifted at the mercy of the wind and waves. As she drifted nearer the precipitous rocks hope was almost given up. As a last resort the anchor with full length of cable was let out but owing to the depth of water it did not catch.

The prospect of immediate death made everyone feel the desirability of holding some religious service, but there was not a soul on board who had any pretentions to be able to conduct any sort of a meeting but a political one or to possess any of the qualifications looked for in a leader of a religious meeting. It was therefore forced on the Speaker of the House, Sir Henry Smith, to read the prayers for those in peril on the sea.

Whether it were due to the prayers of the politicians, effectual and fervent as recited prayers may be, at any rate when about one hundred and fifty feet from a perpendicular cliff of rock, the anchor took hold and firmly held the vessel. This position, in the midst of the boiling surf and the rolling waves could hardly be said to be free from peril as their safety depended altogether upon the stability of the cable. It was therefore determined to make an effort of escape. Duncan McLean, first mate on the steamer, a brother-in-law of Captain Rowan of Kincardine, got a few of the crew to row with him through the storm to Owen Sound, which venturesome trip, for such a small boat in such a gale, was successfully accomplished. Help for the endangered vessel and its crew of passengers was thus obtained, and they were safely taken off the helpless vessel and forwarded to their respective destinations.

In connection with the prevention of fire a new device invented in Germany is attracting attention. "It is a Pistol," an exchange says, "which is light enough and simple enough in construction to be readily handled by a woman or even a child. When the trigger is pulled the extinguishing powder (usually sodium carbonate is projected against the blazing area and the flames are at once extinguished, provided the area is not unduly large, in which case the shots must be repeated. The powder is packed into air-tight cartridges provided with percussion caps, similar to those used by hunters. Experiments with this new apparatus have been highly successful. Even the dangerous fire caused by benzine is instantly put out if it has not spread to too great an extent. It is especially noteworthy that the pistol is effective against vertical as well as horizontal surfaces. Thus it can be used to extinguish burning curtains or draperies." If this new device becomes in general use it will accomplish a great deal towards prevention of destructive fires.



Among the Islands of the Georgian Bay

The Ottawas: the First Indian Dwellers Among the Georgian Bay Islands

WE ARE taking up in this issue the subject announced for the last issue "The Ottawas, the greatest of the American Indians." This tribe of Indians belong to the Algonquins, a large tribe living in the northern part of the American continent, and spread over a huge tract of land from the Atlantic Coast to the head of the Great Lakes, and even farther west, divided into a great many tribes, one in Nova Scotia, a second in New Brunswick, a third in Quebec, while the Ottawas and the Crees made a third, found in Ontario. As the Hurons were kindred to the Ottawa and Chippawas, they too may be counted also as part of the Algonquin tribe.

To Canadians, the Name of This Tribe Will be Always of Particular Importance

Whether or not they were the greatest in numbers or in other qualities about which there will always be a difference of opinion, to the Canadians they will be always the greatest by reason of the association of their name with the history of our country. They have given their name to the capital city of our country; the greatest tributary of the St. Lawrence is named after them and the greatest Island in fresh waters, The Manitoulin, was selected by them as their first central home, and for a long time bore their name, though now called after their chief god.

The Relation of the Individual Indian to the Tribe

The Indian is a child of the forest, delights in the solitude of nature and loves the life of the hunter and wanderer. His childish mind made a companion of the mountains, cataracts and streams of the country.

Although the individual Indian loved a solitary life, for the sake of protection they lived in bands. The tribes were split up into sub-tribes, bands, or villages, often scattered far apart and extending over a large tract of country. Each of these units lived independently of the others and there was no central organization or confederation amongst them save among the Iroquois—a confederacy of six nations, who, led by pride and lust of blood and dominion, destroyed four nations—the Wyandots, the Neutrals and Tobaccos, the Hurons, and the Eries, in a short space of twenty-five years.

The narrow channels among the Islands, the granite rocks on either side, upon which the red pine grows in various forms of beauty make favorite places for Motor-boat travelling by summer tourists and cottagers

The Dwelling Place of the Ottawa in 1615

The Ottawas lived on the shores of the Georgian Bay when Champlain first discovered these waters. Three historians make the following statements in regard to their place of abode at that time:

"A sedentary tribe living west of the Petun or Tobacco nation, according to Champlain's map of 1632. The latter visited his people to whom he gave the above name, (Cheveux Relevez) on account of their peculiar mode of dressing their hair, and explains them at some length praising their enterprise, industry and uncommon domestic neatness. They were then at war with the Fire Nation (Mascoutoons) in which they were assisted by the Neutrals."

"They occupied the long point that juts into Lake Huron, toward the Manitoulin Island. The relation of 1640, which locates on those very Islands the Ottawas, agrees with relation of 1871."

"All those citations would indicate that a Southern group of Algonquin clans, tillers of the soil, and marked by habits and customs somewhat different from those of the northern, were at a very early date, dwelling in the region between Lake Huron and the western end of Lake Ontario, but, during the first half of the seventeenth century, driven downward by the frequent attacks of the fierce Iroquois, they retreated to the southern shore of the Georgian Bay, thence to the long peninsula northwest of Owen Sound, and finally to the Manitoulin Island and to the Mainland north of the Georgian Bay."

Champlain's Discovery of Them

Champlain met with three hundred of the Ottawas on the French River on the occasion of his first trip to these regions, picking blue-berries, which they purposed to dry for their winters' use. They were stark naked and their bodies tatooed in various colours. Later he found a village of this tribe on the Bruce Peninsula, and another some little distance west of the present Owen Sound. These were cultivating corn and pumpkins in the openings of the forest, and also the tobacco plant, with the virtue of which they were well acquainted. They made for themselves utensils of wood and pottery, one example of which we have secured and is now on exhibit in the John Reynolds' collection at Owen Sound. The women he found to be expert weavers of mats which with other early travellers he places on an equality with that of the work of

the Persian women. They excelled also in the making of birch-bark vessels some of which they gaily decorated with porcupine quills in variegated colours, in which the scarlet occupied a prominent place. They were expert also in the making of canoes which were noted for their lightness and the ease with which they could be propelled by their well-made cedar paddles. They made clothes of the skin of the deer, and head-dresses from the bright feathers of birds. They had attained also to the use of metal in the manufacture of utensils of which copper was the chief if not their only one. The copper they made into tools and weapons by hammering them into shape as, apparently, like other Indians they knew nothing of melting the metals. A complete exhibit of all the products made out of copper by the Ottawas is included also in the above-mentioned collection. From all of which it would appear that the Ottawas had made considerable progress towards industrial civilization when first discovered by Eropeans.

Many writers seem to indicate that the Ottawas were more savage than other tribes when the Europeans first found them. This conclusion seems to have been arrived at from the fact that those first discovered by Champlain were tattooed and naked. But the three hundred whom he met were all males and the season was the middle of August. Those who visit those regions today during the hot season of the summer months will realize the great heat in the middle of the day radiating from the rocks of Northern Ontario, ten degrees hotter at least than in Old Ontario, though followed by cool evenings. The females were never known to be without dress. These three hundred were not following the usual practice of the Ottawa Indian but an unusual one during the hot weather. All other indications point out that instead of being the most savage of all the tribes they had made a greater advance towards civilization than any other.

The Ottawas, the Merchants of the North American Indians

In the matter of occupation the Ottawas were divided into two divisions, the one following farming, the other trading. It is from this last vocation that they get their name, which means 'traders.' Both of these groups, of course, followed also hunting and fishing and the traders were the expertest of canoe-men. The improvidence, which was so characteristic of the more northern of the Algonquin tribe was not so characteristic of the Ottawas. Their ability as hunters and canoe-men, and the stores required for their trading made them become more fore-sighted than was usually the case with the primitive Indian. While on the occasion of an especially severe and long winter season they would be caught with an insufficient supply of food followed by starvation in which the old and children were the first to suffer, this was the exception rather than the rule.

The Social Life of the Ottawa Indian With One Marked Distinct From the Others

The basis of the social life of the Ottawa was the family, followed next in order by a group of families, then a tribe ending in the fourth group, the Totem. This Totem was the only form of organization which they possessed. It was a clan organization to which the individual groups were very loosely attached. Each tribe had its own chief and Totem. This Totem consisted in the figure of some bird, beast, or reptile, which was taken as the emblem of the tribe, for example, the wolf is chosen by one clan as its symbol or totem, the bear by another, while a third would choose a deer, a hawk, or whatever else their fancy might suggest. These totems differ in degree, in rank and in dignity. The bear is more honourable than the tortoise, and the Bear clan therefore a greater clan, standing first in rank and dignity before the Tortoise. In the same way the Tortoise is superior to the Wolf, these three being the most honourable clans among the Ottawas.

The Ottawa, whatever his badge, was proud of it, and he was always found loyal to his clan. There was found no secrecy as to the clan to which an Ottawa belonged. The emblem, whether animal, bird or fish, was set up on a pole in front of the village or tent. In addition it was tattooed on the body, so their identity was everywhere known.

There were certain rules attached to this totem system which worked for the preservation of the race. The husband and wife must be of different clans or totems. In this way they prevented intermarrying among relations, and thereby securing and preserving that physical strength which made them the expert canoeists and huntsmen and the intrepid warriors for which they were noted.

A marriage custom peculiar to the Ottawas was a source of great benefit to the tribe in respect to increase in their numbers. The wife had to be chosen in every instance from some other clan and the marriage ceremony consisted in bringing her to his lodge. This custom the Ottawas inverted. The Indian was brought into the lodge of the Indian woman and her willingness to receive him was the only ceremony. This made for the rapid increase of the Ottawa tribe as their males brought their wives from other tribes and their females their husbands.

(To be continued)

The historic development of man is shown by the different tools he used in the different periods of his evolutionary progress. R. S. Holmes, divided the period into the Old Stone Age, The Iron Age, The Bronze Age, and the Steel Age. The evolution of these is not definitely known. The oldest tool, perhaps is the hammer-stone or club-head; then comes the axe, chisel, knife, scraper and saw, but in what order one cannot tell. It seems likely, however, that the chisel developed from the axe, and from a chisel to a knife is but a short step, and the saw is obviously a development from the scraper.

"No reconstruction of education since the time of Ryerson is in any way comparative with the reorganization through which we are now passing."

"Since the school-room is the greatest factor in the spread of contagion in any community, the school health-staff can be a great ai din lessening the ravages from communicable diseases."

So important a factor to the school life of the country is the Public School, that anything that will increase its efficiency or bring its benefits to a greater number is surely of paramount importance.

—Ontario Educational Association.

The Three Great Fires of Ontario

"The most important conclusion, based on the experience and systematic information of many years, is that the protection of forest areas from fire loss is undoubtedly the most serious problem in connection with our forest resources at the present time. Until the menace is removed, or greatly modified, the discussion of a Dominion-wide scheme of regneration by either natural or artificial means is futile.' Reduction of the fire danger depends upon cost. 'If the forests are valuable enough, and enough money is spent on their protection, they can be protected absolutely from forest fiires. This, however, must be accompanied by prootection from insects and pests, and by regulation of cutting, 'which is in Canada a more valuable means of re-establishing forest areas than any expensive method of planting."

The Beginning of the Temiscaming Fire, 1916

There have been great fires in the history of the Continent of America and of these three rank the highest. The Hinkley fire in Minnesota in 1884 was responsible for four hundred and eighteen lives and the burning over of one hundred and sixty thousand acres of forest wealth. The Peshtigo fire in Wisconsin in 1871, cost fifteen hundred lives and devastated twelve hundred thousand acres of timber. In 1825 occurred the Miramichi fires of New Brunswick and Maine, with a loss of one hundred and sixty lives, six towns, and one thousand head of cattle besides the damage done to three million acres of timber forest. There have been three great fires in North Ontario.

The greatest of these being the Temiskaming fire of July 29, 1916, in which two hundred and fifty lives were lost, thousands of homes destroyed, and millions of dollars worth of pulpwood timber lost.

The Manitoulin Fire

The first of these was the Manitoulin and North Shore fire which occurred in the late fifties.

A letter is in existence in the Indian Department at Manitowaning describing this first fire. Like all other fires it was preceded by a period of drouth taking all the moisture from the surface of the ground and leaving it a prey to fire. There are many legends about its origin. Some say that it was an accident, one of those which have been so frequent in the history of this Province in relation to its timber wealth. Others claim it was started by some of the Ottawa or Ojibway Indians in revenge for the giving of the Island away to the Government of Canada, and they made an attempt to burn it up so that there would be no Island for white men to dwell upon. The letter in existence states that the origin of the fire is unknown and that when written was raging on the whole of the western part of the Island and the full length of the North Shore. The ashes of this fire were carried by the winds as far east as Kingston, and, the sky was darkened with its clouds of smoke all over the Province.

The amount of timber wealth destroyed by this fire was greater than that of any subsequent one. The scene it left behind was desolation. In some places a slashing was left, trees thrown over each other in promiscuous heaps, the roots having been burned out, but the trees themselves left intact. In others all was turned to ashes save here and there where the noble pine was left standing with its branches wholly burned off, and the bare trunk alone left standing. In some places, again, a clump of oaks would be seen, themselves left with their form, trunk and branches still fully there but their lives burned out. Yet again a rich clay valley was prepared ready for the farmers' plough, bounded on its sides by the bare bleak rock, a weary desolate scene of the fire's destructive force.

Five years after the second great fire, the Porcupine, occurred the Temiskaming, called the greatest because of the large number of lives that were lost. Many dry seasons have been known in this North land. The hot summer sun beats down on its rocks, and removes whatever little of humidity is to be found in its shallow soil. This year a long period of absence of rain, was followed by the sudden rising of a west wind, which in the short space of a few minutes fanned in every smoldering fire from Nushka to the height of land, and farther north of the watershed towards Hudson Bay to a raging cyclone.

In pulp-wood and newsprint Canada's yearly production is estimated at $163,625,344, of which 80 per cent is reported. We cannot have this trade without the forests. As the world's supply of wood is becoming exhausted a greater demand is made for the Canada product.

Besides pulp-wood, Ontario has eight billion feet of white pine but how long will these last if fires similar to 1916 continue?

The Pulpwood Forest of North Ontario after the great fire. 1916.

Remains of Nuska, after the fire of July, 1916.

The Temiscaming and North Ontario railway used every available means of saving the lives of the settlers of Temiscaming during the fire, and they did a noble work. A train was placed at the disposal of the inhabitants of Nuska, but they refused to avail themselves of the opportunity. Thinking they would be safe they sought shelter in a tunnel where all perished.

Cochrane, situated at the junction of the Temiscaming and North Ontario and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways was one of the centres of the many Temiscaming fires, of July 1916. The ruins of the place are here pictured. Surrounded on all sides by a wood it could not escape when fire broke out in the surrounding forest. This structure built fire proof remained undestroyed, showing the value of precautionary methods for prevention of loss of valuable property by the fire-fiend.

Cochrane, Ontario, After the fire of July, 1916.

A dense wall of smoke rose up and was carried forward by an increasing west wind, followed quickly by pillars of flaming fire, which went roaring through the country, intent only on the destruction of whatever lay in its path.

Immediately the whole of the north land was transformed into a place of danger, and the preservation of lives of all of its settlers the one problem. The officials of the T. & N. O. Railway at once rose to the occasion. News was flashed to Toronto over the wires by H. W. Griffin, Superintendent of Traffic.

"Bad Fire Thornloe."

"Serious bush fire short distance west of South Porcupine."

"At Matheson another fire reported.',

"Heaslip also."

"Earlton reported wiped out."

"A bad fire raging in the vicinity of Cochrane."

Trains were despatched to save the settlers on either side of the railway. Some of them became panicky; others rose to the occasion and put forth heroic effort to save themselves and their children. Many instances of these occurred. A woman with four children was so dazed on the streets of Cochrane that she did not know what to do and seemed frozen to the ground. A railway train was awaiting at the station to carry all in danger to a place of safety. A man coming through the smoke which pinched his eyes and choked his breath, seeing her in this condition, seized two of the children, took them up in his arms pushing the other two ahead and taking the woman, led them to the waiting train where they were kept in safety. Another instance a mother took to the river with her two children, one two years of age and the other three and with blankets which she had provided pushed a log out into the water and placing her children upon it, covered them with the wetted blankets, by which she sought to save them. The flames approached with a roar like a tornado. The blankets and the log took fire but the woman kept splashing water upon them until the fire had passed. In this way the heroic mother saved herself and children.

But all the incidents did not exhibit the same amount of resource. Many lives were lost because they did not avail themselves of the splendid opportunity for escape that was so generously and promptly provided by the officials of the T. & N. O. Railway. Perhaps the worst instance of all these occurred at Nushka where sixty-five lives were lost, practically the whole population of the place. At the suggestion of the priest, they sought shelter in the tunnel of a rock, but when the hot wind came rushing through it like a cyclone as it now was, men, women and children, not one of them escaped.

In another instance the train crew succeeded in rescuing a home of motherless children, but the father would not leave in the vain hope of saving his house and barn, and so perished in the fire that burned all of his buildings.

When the extent of the fire became known and the number of sufferers approximately ascertained the Provincial Government set aside a grant of $100,000 for their relief; the Board of Trade, Toronto, $50,000; the Dominion Government, $100,000; and numerous gifts of money, food and clothing came in from all parts of the province.

It was resolved to put the whole of the relief under one commission. Thomas Bradshaw of Toronto was made Treasurer of the fund and F. D. Tolchard, Secretary of the Relief Committee.

The Railways provided free transportation and food, and accommodation was provided at every station for the escaping sufferers. Experienced men were sent out by the Relief Committee to visit all the places and ascertain the losses sustained by the different families in the district. These made a report to the Committee and provision was made

E. M. Goodman, Ex-Mayor, New Lskeard, and pioneer station-agent who was lent by T. & N. O. Railway to the Relief Committee, 1916, to make estimates of the fire losses sustained by Tamiscaming settlers

for compensating them in proportion to the loss they suffered. In a very short period all the evidence of the fire passed away and those of the sufferers, that returned to their homesteads, were soon fitted out with all the necessities of food, clothing and houses, so generous was the support given by the good people of the province.

Prevention of fires in a bush country is impossible. It only remains to make provision to lessen the loss of these as much as possible for the settler's lot is not easy under the best of circumstances. For these recurring fires, the settler blames the prospector and tourist; the railways blame the settler; while both blame the unscreened smokestack of the railway engine. There is truth in that all of these are a possible cause of a great fire, but only in a dry season. The season has more to do with the spread of fires than any other cause.

After their great fires, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Maine, and New Brunswick took comprehensive measures to prevent further disasters by modern up-to-date systems and careful supervision during the period of settlers' clearing-fires. There is room for much improvement for preventative measures against the recurrence of fires in this province. Much has been done; more remains yet to do.

The Biographical Section

"Gathering the Fragments of the Story That Nothing be Lost"

CHARLES COBBOLD FARR

The Founder of the District Seat of Temiscaming

In the Summer of 1871 a young man of artistic temperament, endowed with a liberal education, landed on the streets of Quebec, sent out to this country from England to achieve the realization of his boyhood dreams. He was the third son of a Church of England clergyman, the Reverend John Lee Farr, of Frostendam, Suffolk, England. His parents had sent him to Haileybury College England, from which he later graduated, with a view to the East Indian Civil Service. The opportunities for achievement in his native land were too limited in scope, so on the advice of his parents and by his own free choice, his future plans are changed from India to the Dominion of Canada, where the greatness and multitude of opportunities for achieving wealth were painted before his mind in roseate colours. But what a great gulf between the land of reality and the country of his dreams. He viewed the opportunity as himself later has told us, "a lonely lad, with a heavy heart, thoroughly homesick." The ease and comfort of his British home, the paternal care and sympathy of a mother's love in the time of disappointment, these were a thousand miles away from him. There were opportunities in this country, but it was only through struggling hardships, indomitable willpower, persevering courage and continued health that they could become a means to his success. These qualities of mind and heart, the young man fortunately possessed.

The army of the unemployed! He was now one of them. When first he landed in this country he had £500 in his pocket, but this was soon dissipated in a land where everyone was awaiting with greedy eyes to relieve him of the danger of carrying it about with him in his pocket. As it is said to-day, by those who would give counsel, "Why don't you go to the lumber woods?", so there was this advice given to Charles Cobbald Farr, the lad whose future career, was destined to be woven into the history of this great Northland. Yes, he would go anywhere and do anything that would enable him to place the lowest rung of the ladder of achievement under his feet. He pushed inland to a place called Muskoka and viewed the forest pines, whose bodies were to be hewn down and transformed for his employers into American dollars and cents. It was the first time he had seen an axe, a cant-hook or a cross-cut saw. He had never heard even the names of these before, for these were not familiar terms to the students of Haileybury College. The lumber camp and its inmates, the church rectory, with the Christian minister and his wife, what a contrast of environment, to the youth, who for the first time found himself far away and new to every experience of the ways of the outside world. But Charles Farr was not the young man to quail before a task and soon his inexperience was pushed into the relics of a by-gone past.

In December of 1883 he drifted into the region of Lake Temiskaming, where having now learned the craft of the woods-man he joined a surveying party appointed to make a survey of the boundary between Ontario and Quebec. A few weeks later while walking over Lake Temiskaming with an axe on his shoulder he viewed the promised land of his future career. "I cast a casual eye over to where Haileybury now stands, and I said in my soul, 'If ever I get the opportunity of making a stake in my life, it will be there.' But in the meantime he had to continue the occupation of a woods-man which he exchanged shortly afterwards for employment with the Hudson Bay Company, altogether sixteen years elapsing before he settled on the farm which later became the District Seat of Temiskaming.

In was in the Spring of 1889 when the first step towards fulfilling his dream was taken. He purchased the squatters' rights of the farm known as 'Old Humphrey's Depot' and moved over to the place. "The people laughed at me for a fool" he said, when they asked him why he moved there, which he answered by saying "The Nipissing and James Bay Railway is going to have a depot here."

From this time he began to bring the possibilities of this section of the country before the outside population of Ontario. He was indefatigable in his efforts with the Ontario Government to secure a railway knowing that if the country was to open out for settlement this was an absolute necessity. "I received cold response to my arguments, for the Hudson Bay Company was against me, and in the interest of their fur-trade, they industriously circulated the report that not only was there not land enough to grow a hill of potatoes, but even if there were, the vigour of the climate was such that they

would not grow, even if you supplied an overcoat to every potato." "I made periodical trips to Toronto, spending more weeks on snow-shoes than days upon a train." In due time the railway came. Deputations waited on the Government and the late Honorable George W. Ross was won over as an enthusiastic supporter of the project. Soon the route was surveyed and Haileybury became as Mr. Farr hoped a depot on a railway with Hudson Bay as its destined terminus.

But the growth of Haileybury has been brought about by fortuitous circumstances rather than by human effort. The greatest impetus to its growth was given by the chance discovery of silver at Cobalt which soon became a mining camp of major importance. Haileybury was but a few miles distant away, and was well situated to become a town, whereas Cobalt did not present the same facilities for town-planning. The boom-day for Haileybury and the Temiscaming District had now come. It forged ahead, soon becoming a town with nineteen miles of streets, six miles of which were graded and drained, ten miles of board and concrete sidewalk and Mr. Farr himself its first Mayor.

In two respects the ambitions of Mr. Farr suffered disappointment. When the country was being surveyed and opened out for settlement John Armstrong was sent up there as the first Lands' Agent. This had been promised to Mr. Farr, who blamed Mr. Loughrin, the sitting member of Parliament, for not giving it to him. Mr. Armstrong, observing the advantages that Haileybury possessed for becoming a town, paid a visit to Mr. Farr and sought to secure from him the farm which with its post-office the first in the district, had already become the nucleus of a village.

"This is the stake of my life and I do not want to sell," was the answer of Mr. Farr to Mr. Armstrong.

"All right," was the answer; "This is a magnificent site but since you will not sell I will have to buy a farm elsewhere." Mr. Armstrong then went over to Mr. William Murray at the mouth of the Wabis River and purchased from him the squatter's rights of his farm, surveyed it into town lots, and so established that which has since become the important and thriving town of New Liskeard. It is well situated at the foot of the first Clay belt and surrounded as it is by a splendid farming community it has an assured future. There is not the least doubt that had this Government post been held by Mr. Farr much of the commerce and industry now centred at New Liskeard would have been located at Haileybury. As it is however its progress has been steady and rapid.

In another respect his plans suffered a more complete disappointment. When he occupied the position of factor for the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Temiscaming, he saw about him the earnest and rapid development of the district on the Quebec side of the boundary due to the aggressive policy of a well-organized Colonization Company under the direction of the Oblat Fathers, generously supported by the Government of that Province and many of its leading citizens. This stirred up in his mind the feelings of resentment at the apathy of the people of Ontario towards making use of theirs, a greater heritage across the boundary. He therefore conceived the plan to bring out worthy citizens from his native England, a small coloniza-

1. Haileybury in 1906, looking out on Lake Temiscaming.

3. Haileybury, a nucleus of a village with its first thirty inhabitants.

2. The residence of the late Mr. Farr, now the home of Mrs. Farr, and her family.

3. The High School, Haileybury. Secondary education well looked after by good public high schools.

tion scheme of his own. "In the Fall of 1895, I bethought me that since Canadians did not seem inclined to make use of that which the good God had given them, in the way of chances to make a living or even more, Englishmen would. With the hopes of bringing out a goodly number I went over to England." From this visit he brought out several very desirable emigrants the bulk of whom have made good and have become ornaments to the Country of their adoption. These, in turn, influenced others, all of which stirred up in him the expectation, to establish on the Ontario side of the boundary, a colony of his own countrymen. But the scheme, although starting out so auspiciously, has suffered complete collapse. The close proximity to Quebec, the suitability of the French Canadian for pioneer work, the assistance given by the above-named Colonization Company, has secured for the French speaking people a large share of the lands and industries of the district, and in Haileybury itself, the town to which he gave the name of his College, the French is the native tongue of its major population.

This sketch would certainly be incomplete if we left out reference to his writings. The literary activities of Mr. Farr have been considerable. He edited the 'Hailyburian' the one newspaper of his town, contributed to the 'Rod and Gun' and other periodicals, but his most important production was a pamphlet, descriptive of the territory, written at the instance of the Ontario Government. A rather amusing incident occurs in connection with the production of this document. He pointed out to the Minister of Lands the need of such a pamphlet and offered to write it. The Minister looking at his moccasined feet, and his impossible clothes, listened with incredulity and told him to supply the material and his secretary, Mr. Yeigh, would prepare the sketch. The pamphlet was prepared, and handed to Mr. Yeigh, who, on examining it, observed its literary qualities and pronounced it already fitted for publication. This pamphlet had wide circulation and is still in existence, and although many articles have been written since concerning this district nothing more worthy has been added descriptive of the district and certainly none has surpassed it in literary quality.

After a lingering sickness Mr. Farr died in the year , and his wife and daughter remain in their beautiful home overlooking the picturesque expansion of the Ottawa River which we designate Lake Temiscaming, built on the site he had chosen as that upon which he was to stake all his future. She too has many recollections of the past hardships and difficulties of pioneer life, which the people of today know only by hearsay. She has many photographs of varied scenes picturing the district as it was in the early days, many of which she has lent to our Society and some of which we use to illustrate this article. The dreams of the youth have been realized, but, as said, more by chance than by effort. He knew nothing of the great wealth of silver that lay undiscovered in that district and which has since made many poor men rich, and rich men poor. Haileybury's future growth in population and development of industries will be determined by the development of the resources and the progress of the district of Temiscaming and of this, there can, of course, be no doubt. .

The Ontario Educational Association
Discusses History

N Association that was in existence before Confederation has just finished an important session held during Easter week in Toronto. For sixty-one years it has met for the discussion of educational subjects, but no session surpassed the present one in numbers and enthusiasm. The best of our educationists from all parts of the province foregathered, and the interest in the discussions kept up to the end of the three days' session.

The subject of History occupied a very prominent, if not the most important place, in the discussions, Professor Soares of Chicago University, Mr. M. W. Althouse in the Public School Section, and Professor Morrison of Queen's University being the chief leaders in the discussion.

Professor Soares described History as the story of how this great social experiment of people trying to live together had worked in the past. The value of it is found in that it is the story of the same sort of thing we are trying to do now. If it could be made a subject of great moral value it would be necessary to observe truthfulness in writing and teaching it. This is accomplished not by little sermons at the end of the lesson, but by the teaching of the process of history just as it happened. "No nation on earth has ever dared to tell the truth about its history," he said, "Patriotism has been built on lies."

In the discussion of the subject, "Can history be taught?" Professor Morrison claimed that no other subject had such a power for quickening the imagination save literature. As an instrument of re-search he doubted if there was any science which afforded more complex mysteries for investigation. Yet this best instrument for developing the intelligence of children was in the hands of some teachers "The dingiest subject in the school curriculum." The chief object in teaching it should be the stimulation of the imagination. For Canadian children the stories should be those of Canada's history, from Champlain's canoe to the last Canadian Pacific or Canadian National enterprise. He strongly objected to the viewpoint of Professor Soares that history was taught in the schools of all countries with a biased mind, in order to give one's own country a more exalted place than the truth would allow it. "In Scotland," he said, "We had no propaganda." The greatest of histories, the Bible, should have a place in the studies of our schools. "Canada must fix her moral standard on the book." "It is the best treatise on civics which I have met with."

"The most valuable of our public school subjects", is the claim made for history by Mr. Althouse. As a means of teaching love of country, for the proper understanding of literature, and as a good foundation for intelligent citizenship in a free country, it has no equal. He said that Constitutional history had absolutely no place in the public school below the Fifth form and that teachers should stress BIOGRAPHY, and encourage loyalty and self-scarifice.

Professor W. S. Wallace, made the assertion that the present system of instruction in history is detrimental to its efficient study, as it was simply a mass of dates. It could be made an interesting and absorbing subject. "In some cases I have found ninety per cent. of my students do not appreciate Canadian history when they commence the course, but many change their opinions before they complete the course. "We are in the clutch of a system which is very difficult to change."

The text-books in use came in for serious criticism. "If I couldn't make a better history than the text-books we have placed in our hands I wouldn't teach school any longer," said one Principal. "Let's get together as teachers and make out our own text-books."

Another delegate on hearing a lady mention that the Ontario Public School histories were made for graded schools remarked, "That's a piece of news to me. I didn't think they were made for any schools."

Dr. Anderson, of Regina, Saskatchewan, discussing "The Foreign Problem" said it was not confined to the West. The difficulty was in making Canadian citizens out of the foreign-born. Thirty-five percent in Vancouver, twenty-six percent. in other Western Provinces, forty-two per cent. in the Rainy River district, twenty-two per cent. in Hamilton were examples of the numbers of these throughout the whole Dominion who did not become Canadian citizens. In adults, it was practically impossible to change their outlook on life or their habits, so that any improvement would have to be looked for amongst their children who ought and could be made Canadian citizens. He gave an experience of his own. "In 1908 he went out to a small community, twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, and found on his arrival there a group of forty children, dirty, ragged and unkempt. His first task was creating a condition of cleanliness. Then, when he attempted to begin teaching them, he found that they spoke no English and that among all there was a babel of tongues. Gradually, however, he had inculcated in them a desire for learning. They picked up the language of their adopted country quickly and accurately, and there were many outstanding instances of boys who had gone right through the lower grades and had eventually graduated from the University of Saskatchewan."

The present-day school system came next to history as a subject for discussion. Premier Drury claimed that without education permanent progress was impossible. He pointed out the need of a well-balanced well-proportioned educational system in which the common people would receive their fair share of consideration, for upon these the welfare of our people depended in no small measure. To this end it was necessary to have teachers with adequate salaries, persons who would make teaching an end and not a stepping stone to some other profession.

POEMS OF HOPE AND LIFE

JESSIE FAIRBAIRN PATERSON

1—View of Wiarton and Colpoy's Bay 2—Pretty Village of Colpoy's 3—Harbor Scene at Wiarton, showing Rocks which skirt Colpoy's Bay 4—Sunrise at Wiarton

THE PROVING.

In Memory of William Ferguson Jr.

'Twas night, and storm. With loud insistent roar,
Old Huron's billows beat upon the shore.
Cast on Kincardine's coast a vessel lay
Stranded. Her crew prayed for the dawn of day.
Men hurry shoreward, as from lip to lip
Passes the tidings of a foundering ship.
The cries of doomed men, now low, now loud
Smite ears and hearts among that listening crowd.
One was a youth, fresh from the house of prayer;
He too with others bent his footsteps there.
The while he stands upon the wave-beat shore
Faint sounds a cry above the vehement roar.
"O help for love of God." The voice is lost
Amid the roar of waters tempest-tossed.
"I cannot bear it. I must go," he cried;
"Come let us dare whatever late betide."
"Stay, stay; not so; too fearful were the cost,
'Twere but to swell the number of the lost."
Was it a Voice spoke to his spirit's ear,
"I come to prove thee. Follow without fear?"
"O night, and storm, and angry-foaming sea,
What is this message that ye bring to me?"
Again the Voice speaks to his inmost ear,
"I come to prove thee. Follow without fear."
The hour is come. Endeavor now hath need
To prove its worth by passing into Deed.
Ye know the story, how he dared and died,
Crushed by the bulwarks from the vessel's side.
Count ye it failure, tho' he failed to do
The thing assayed and others saved the crew?
Count ye it failure? On the bitter Cross
He Whom we worship bore for men life's loss.
Brave Soul, and true, a record thou hast left
Boon to the hearts of parents sore bereft.
Say not, heroic mothers all are fled.
His, might not look upon her noble dead.
"My boy, my brave, brave son," she said.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Jessie Fairbairn Paterson.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

How can I look upon the bay again?
Its peace, its loveliness forever gone;
To me, a source of ever-present pain.
In days gone by the sun has brightly shone,
The smiling waters answered smiling skies,
Reflecting all the welkin's glorious dyes.
Now, when I look upon it, I make moan,
For grief, relentless grief, hath claimed me for its own.
Friends gather round me, but I heed them not;
They seem but ceaseless movement to and fro;
And one face comes, and one it seems to go,
Each looking sympathy, I dimly wot;
Yet nought, or said or done can reach the spot.
Their words like clouds upon a coffin fall,
My grief hath made me senseless unto all;
My grief, it covereth me like a funeral pall.
I watched my boy as forth he walked that day
With all a mother's pride, but with no thought
That with so direful issue it was fraught,
So common-placely, did I bid him stay,
(Lest, even in seeming, he mar Holy Day).
How could I know that was to be the last—
My last look upon my boy as forth he passed
Into the village street—the closing door
Would Shroud him from my sight forevermore?
O Father, could Time turn again apace,
That I might look one moment on his face,
Might rain my heart's tears on his living brow,
I think I would not mourn as I do now.
But oh,—that he should go
Thus from my sight, and I shall never know
What thought's strove in his heart, what cry for aid
When he was sore dismayed.
Was he afraid
When over him did flow
The waters wild and dark,
When grasping vainly for the upturned bark,
(That little bark so frail),
And felt, yea, knew, that nothing could avail
To save him, yield he must his young life's breath,
And sink into the cold embrace of death?
Yet, O my stricken heart, be still;
He knew full well to whom to go for aid,
Who for help of those in peril said,
"Call on Me in the day of trouble, call
And answer thee I will."
He knows us well, Who made us,
Knows our frame, remembers we are dust;
In Him I put my trust,
Yea, though He slay me, I will trust in Him,
Till darkness be made light,
Till faith be sight.

Wiarton.

"Gathering the Fragments of the Story that

On Receiving an Easter Card from a Friend Decorated with Violets, Daisies, and Forget-me-nots.

Forget-me-nots, violets, daisies
What visions of summer they bring.
From my lip leaps a song in their praises;
For they herald the coming of Spring
Sweet maid; clad in verdure so tender
We welcome thy presence again
Thy skies are a blue and gold splendor
And a-bloom is each hillside and plain.
Long the Earth has lain wrapped in the ermine
That shelters her children from cold.
Tho' not bereft wholly of sunshine;
The winds were too bitter, and bold;
For the wee buds and blooms to awaken;
They must cuddle down close to her breast
Dear Mother Earth her nurslings were taken
To her heart for their long winter rest.
But the Spring—O she comes nigh and nigher;
And the day it grows longer—apace.
And the sun, he climbs higher and higher
Moving steadfastly north in his race.
Unweariedly onward he marches,
Bringing Beauty and growth in his train;
And the green of the birches and larches
Hails with gladness, welcome waves,
To the green of the plain.
The long-prisoned waves are a-dancing
To musical measures of sound
Each wavelet sun kissed brightly glancing
Glad beams for the freedom new found
From afar o'er the pathless expanses
By the wise and ware gander led forth
The 'honking' triangle advances
To its meeting ground far in the north.
The robin returns, and his gladness
Is poured forth from earliest dawn
And each song-bird in musical madness
Swells the charms till daylight is gone.
Till the brooding night tenderly takes all
Beneath her kind wings; till the morn
Shines anew in the east, and awakes all
To welcome another day born.
Sweet violets, forget-me-nots, daisies;
As we mark you arise from your sleep;
Our hearts are filled full of the praises
Of Him who in safety doth keep
All creation, from lowest to highest.
Though thou knowest not His ways. Understand
He hears thee, O man, when thou criest,
And thou'rt safe evermore in His Hand.

Jessie Fairbairn Paterson.

Easter, 1907.

Shall the Baltic support Russia? There is said to be political and commercial co-operation among the smaller nations of Europe. But is this likely to continue? Co-operation in the production of foodstuffs would be a European blessing. The same could not be said with regard to military and political co-operation.

Does charity pay? We have been raising large sums of money for the relief of famishing Russians, and we are being repaid with an alliance of the Russians with the Germans, fortifying themselves for a war that shall put to the sword the nations who have thus so generously assisted them.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

By A SCOUTMASTER

Illustrated by Robert Robertson, Toronto

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Summary of Preceding Chapters

A Toronto patrol of Boy Scouts are encamped on Parry Island. Warren Wilcox, whose camp name was "Sol," was left in charge of the camp, while his companions are away on a fishing and duck-hunting tour. He is lured into the woods in an effort to get a snap-shot of a spruce partridge which alighted near the tent. He cannot find his way back.

Sol, after lying for a few days sick in a hut in the woods, starts out in quest of his way back to the camp. He encounters two drunken Indians, who bind him with thongs, and send him out to drift helplessly in a canoe on the Bay. He is rescued by an Odahwah Indian, and is taken to Pleasant Island to camp there for the night. Through the night something most unusual happens just outside of their tent.

At pleasant Island, Sol and his rescuer are joined by a missionary and his guide, with whom Sol has a pleasant day's companionship. In the meantime, the companions of Sol, have a vision of a phantom ship, which Rusty, their guide, interprets as a good omen for the return of Sol. Several days having elapsed without any clue of his whereabouts, they now resolve to send word to his family of the catastrophe that has befallen the camp.

Immediately on receipt of the news,—the Manager of his father's firm appears in person on Parry Island, and institutes a vigorous search, but failed to locate him. Returning to Toronto, he took back with him all of the boys save Opie and Lorne. In the meantime, Sol is being cared for by the Missionary on Pleasant Island and suggests to the boy that he follow the example of the Indians by taking a mid-day rest.

Sol, after a rest on Pleasant Island, in high glee is paddling his way back to the camp alone, when an inadvertent mishap leaves him stranded on a rocky islet some distance yet from the Camp.

CHAPTER IX

Behind this Island a little to the right of him, was another one much larger and well-covered, in marked contrast, to the naked, treeless granite upon which he had landed. As the distance between these was short he concluded that he could easily swim to it, as it afforded a much more desirable place upon which to spend whatever time was to elapse before he was picked up by a passing vessel. Divesting himself of his clothes, he arranged them in a bundle, and with his suspenders, strapped them over his shoulder. "This," thought he, "will make the swimming easier." Thus prepared for the trip, it was not long before he landed on this more desirable spot.

"Here I can have a fire at any rate," he spoke aloud, as he stood up on the shore, "if so be that I have not lost my knife and flint." He fished them out of the now-soaking pocket in which he had carried them.

"Here they are, all right. Now for a dry-up and then for a fire. But nothing to eat, unless I see a squirrel, and I'm getting hungry already."

Ringing out his clothes, he spread them out on the rock to dry.

The sun shone down through the dry October air, and created such a warmth that it was not long before Sol was re-clothed in civilization's garb, now showing no trace of the two water-voyages they had made that morning.

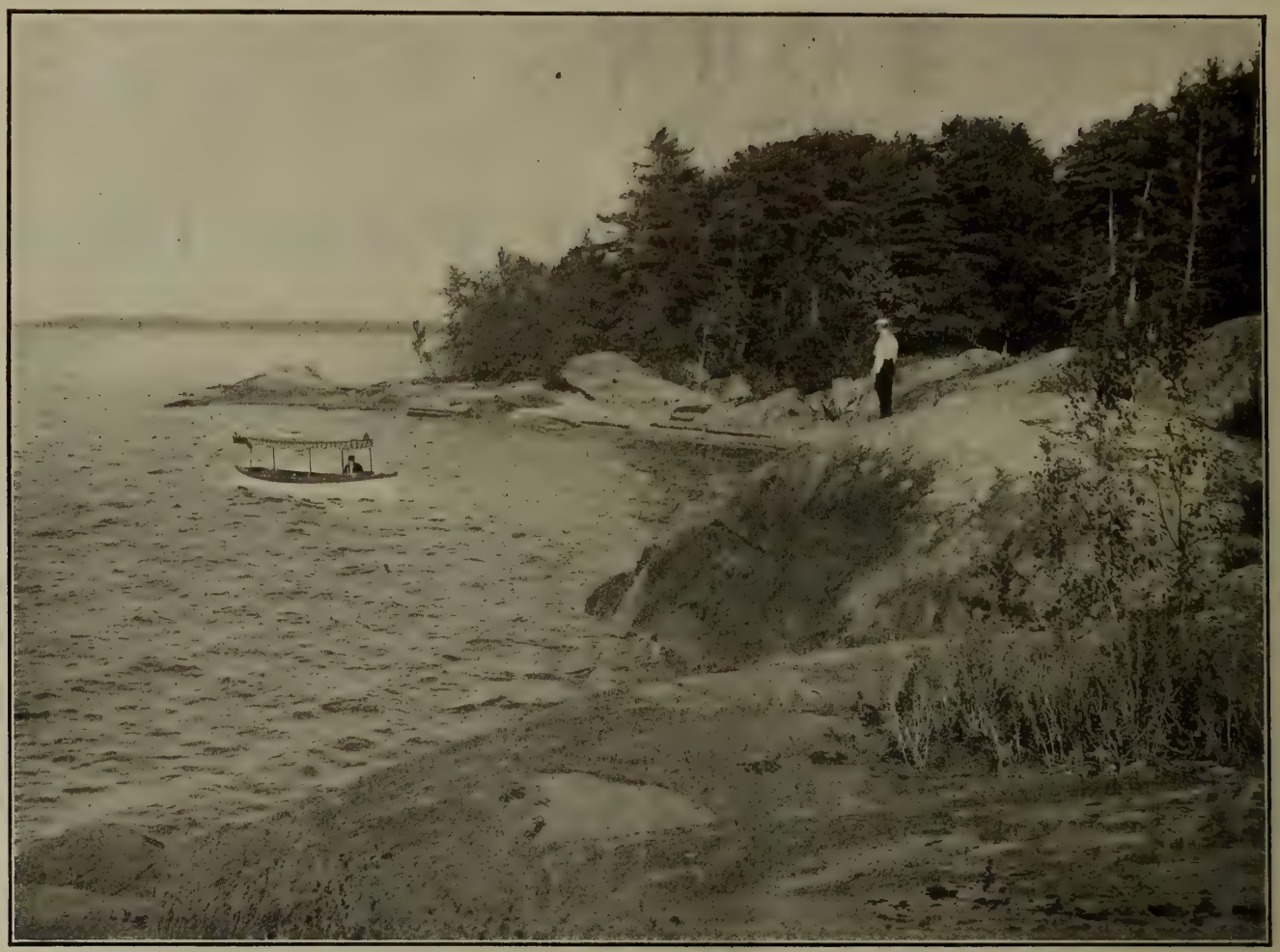
As Sol explored round about the shore, in search of a place to build a fire, best observed by a passing vessel on the Bay, his interest was attracted to a channel cut into the island, at the end of which he discovered a cave of considerable dimensions. Sol crept through the opening that led to this cave, and from a beam of light that shone down through the narrow crevice from the top towards the back of the cavern, he was able to make a complete survey of the whole interior.

What's this?" he said, as, standing up, he looked over a ledge revealing to him a second apartment, separated from the first by a wall of rock over which he was now looking. "Somebody's cache! What a lucky find!"

Sol lifted himself over this wall of rock, and began making minute inspection of everything stored away in this unexpected spot—cans, and bottles and boxes, some blankets and a revolver, loaded ready for action. The cans and bottles he ascertained to be filled with intoxicating liquors, and the boxes with food. Sol was puzzled. Was this the chance discovery of a long-forgotten cache? There was no sign round about as if it were a frequented spot. Indeed every evidence seemed to indicate that the place had been unvisited not merely for weeks but months. Sol examined one box to find that it was filled with hard tack.

"Whoever owns it, it certainly is a lucky find for me, if I'm to be marooned very long on this place."

"This Island is a veritable Juan Fernandez to me, and I may become another Robinson Crusoe, if I stay here very long," and the gay-spirited laugh, that used to fill the Camp at Parry Island with cheer, echoed inside the cavern, but stillness gave it such an uncanny sound, that Sol, in spite of the pleasure aroused in finding the food, felt himself seized with a nameless awe that he could not dispel



View of Pleasant Island, where Scout Warren Wilcox is reported to have spent a night during a storm in his adventurous career on the Georgian Bay

till he again went out and walked the shore, wondering at the significance of the cave and its contents. The presence of intoxicating liquors in such quantities caused him to conclude, and that rightly, that this was the storehouse of some Indian trader—that class of men who once frequented the Bay in great numbers, intent only, for the sake of its gain, of spreading debauch among the aboriginal inhabitants of this country.

Taking a handful of the biscuits with him, he sat on the shore, eating slowly and with a pleasure, enhanced by the background of assurance, that with such a store of provisions a long day would intervene before starvation would be a calamity, which he would need to dread.

Strolling about, a little distance from the shore he made a still more unexpectant though gruesome discovery. On a spot of shallow ground he observed a hollow, at the end of which he saw the foot of a skeleton protruding. The soil was soft and mellow, and was easily removed with the hand. Sol busied himself now in unearthing what proved to be the complete skeleton of a man, with every part intact. save that the skull was fractured, an evidence of foul play as the cause of his death. The major part of the afternoon he spent in discovering these parts and placing them in their respective places.

"Perhaps," he thought, "it is the owner of the cache, poor fellow, but who would have buried him?"

After this Sol again took his seat on the shore, looking out, if by chance some vessel or canoe might come within observation of him, but it was one of the most unfrequented of waters of the Bay. The Indian trader had chosen wisely the place of concealment for his illicit commodity. As he sat there, Sol's thought went back to Pleasant Island, the Missionary, his message to the Indians, their hymns and their prayers.

"Was it with intent," thought Sol, "that he used to hum, "God will take care of you," when I was around."

He turned the hymn over and over again in his mind; he meditated upon its meaning, to find his thoughts rise up in expectant hope to One who Himself knew the deep meaning of Loneliness, but never of Despair. The reveries of Sol made him oblivious to all passing circumstances, and blotted out all sense of time. He looked up; the sun had set. A grayness was hanging over the waters that was fast hastening to become the blackness of night. A deep stillness prevailed. A mystic solemnity, an awesome courage, possessed his spirit. The night had become chill. Sol bethinks himself of the blankets. He lights a little fire in the cavern, with prepared material, and under the light of its cheering

blaze, he made himself a tolerably comfortable place to rest. He viewed the gun—its seven chambers were loaded. Sol sat it on the ground near his side. It seemed to him a companionable friend in the darkness of the night. The comfort of the blankets, the warmth of the fire, and Sol is soon asleep.

But through the night his slumbers are rudely disturbed by hearing human voices. He hears the rattle of oars, as they are being set away in a boat which is apparently beached not far from the mouth of the cavern.

"It's a year, Jake, since we've been here. I wonder if things be disturbed."

"Ay ay, it's a year to the very day. I wish we had chosen the daytime instead of the night to come.'

"I suppose ye're afraid of McGregor's ghost"

"Poor McGregor! I felt most awfully sorry when the Boss lifted the axe. Don't you remember his poor pitiful face, and his words, "For God's sake McKenzie, think of my wife and my little boy!"

"Ay, ay. Mac was the hard-hearted cuss. A man that would sell the soul of an Indian for an extra dollar was not the man to heed the cry of a fatherless bairn."

"And how he laughed when he said, 'I didn't want to finish McGregor, but dead men tell no tales.' "

"Do you think McGregor knew?"

"If he had eyes, he certainly did. We were never so nearly caught before."

"Do you think he would have told?"

"Told! Certainly! A McGregor has never been known to keep a still tongue in his head. Forbye, if the Indians would get to know we kept it on the Bay they would follow us and watch us like cats. You might keep out of the road of a white man, but never of an Indian, if he makes up his mind to find you. But have ye the lantern?"

"Right here in my hand!"

"And matches?"

"Just a few. Tut, tut that one's gone. Didn't know there was so much wind."

"It must be rising. But hurry up and let's get our cans and out of here, for it is not myself that wants to be here long at this time of night."

"Tut, tut, another gone!"

"Another? Then its not the wind, but an unholy spirit of the dark, or I've not been taught truth at my mother's knee."

"There's another."

"Another, that's three. Then it's McGregor for his bones must be somewhere near here, and his spirit will be back to the old place to-night. My mother used to tell that they came back every year and its just one year ago to-day."

"Here we go this time. Now for the cans and the bottles."

The men moved to the cavern and were approaching. From the light of the lantern Sol could clearly observe them. One was a short stout man, with dark bushy hair; the other, tall and thin. Both had whiskers over their face and of the same dark colour as their hair. They looked the part of the trade they followed.

Sol reached out, and took hold of the revolver, just as they reached the door of the cavern.

He picked it up, and rose up in a half standing posture, with the gun in his hand.

For a second both of the men stood and stared. It seemed to Sol like an age, so tense was the moment and his spirit. Sol moved his hand as if to aim at one, or both. This motion aroused the taller from the stupour of fear which the unexpected sight of Sol had at once produced. Without a word he turned and ran for the boat. The shorter one, and with the lantern followed quick suit, but in doing so stumbled over the bones of McGregor, now laid out on the ground in natural shape by Sol. With a yell he dropped the lantern and fled with greater haste. When they reached the boat, he heard a third man.

"What now, what now?" and with an oath, "Ye fools!"

"The officers of the law! The cave is full of them. They've got you at last McKenzie."

"Jump in ye knaves and be quick out of here!"

Immediately they pushed from the shore and were out on the water.

Hearing their hurried departure and the rapid dipping of the oars in the water, Sol breathed more easily. The instinct of the body, or involuntary courage, or a divine inspiration, moved Sol to quick action. He seized the lantern and put it out, thus continuing the men in the boat in the delusion of a posse of constables after them.

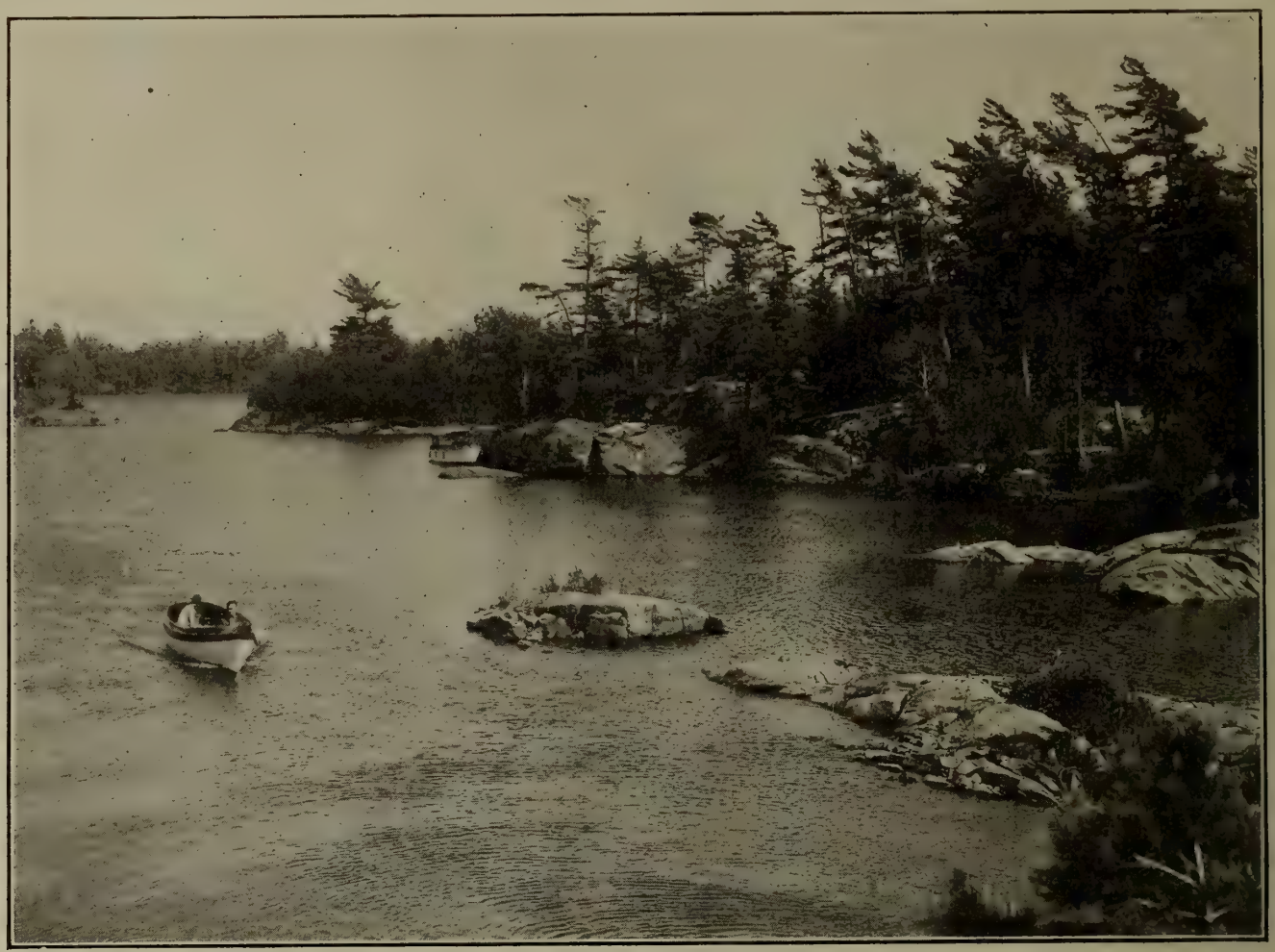
"Ay, they know their business! Out goes the light!" Sol heard coming back from over the water, for already they had put much distance between them and the shore.

Sol was now too unnerved to go back to the cave. His heart beat rapidly, his body trembled from head to foot. The meaning of the skeleton had now been made known to him. It was a murder, and he was standing enveloped in darkness in the place where the villainous deed had been done.

That the participants of the deed hesitated to go back to the place of crime was evident since they kept away from it for a full year, and even then visited it, as their conversation disclosed, very reluctantly.

Sol continued in a state of flutter. "I wish I hadn't put out the light after all; if I had it I could see to get back to the cave. But to his great relief he could see the lifting of the darkness in the East. With the thought that the daylight would soon be with him, he went to the cave. He stirred up the ashes of the night-fire, and found them a smoldering ember which soon blew into a little blaze. In a short time the cave was lit up with its companionable light, and, with the aid of one of its burning embers, he built another on the shore. He was not now afraid of the return of the three visitors of the night, but hoped that ere long he might attract the attention of some passing craft. The darkness, that lay as a blanket over the blue waters of the "MER DOUCE," now lying in placid calm, was being gradually lifted up through the grayness of the approaching morning. Sol was gladdened at the sight of a canoe, bearing directly on the Island and with three persons in it. As soon as they neared the shore, Sol observed that they were three Indians.

After their landing, an animate conversation followed, conducted in the Ojibway language. Sol understood nothing of their conversation but he had reason to believe that he himself was the subject of it. The Indians in the meantime prepared him a breakfast of fresh fish, bread and tea, and showed him no little kindness, after which the younger of the three informed him in good English that they



Beauty spots, protected from winds are everywhere to be found among the Islands on the East Shore

were on a canoe trip which they must first finish, after which they would come back and take him with them.

Sol protested, but Indians are all alike; they'll do the thing you want, but only when it pleases them.

"You surely do not intend to leave me here alone. Your canoe can stand four persons. Why not let me go along with you?"

"We not going far. Be back soon."

"How much money do you want to take me to Parry Harbour or Parry Island? Name it now, and I'll give it to you when I get there."

"We come back after a little. You all right. We leave you some more bread, tea and fish. We come back soon, sure."

Away from this attitude of mind Sol could not wean them. As a matter of fact these Indians were out for the express purpose of finding Sol. They knew of the large reward that was offered for his discovery. They were delighted in the luck that enabled them to find him but desired to secure the assurance from the authorities that it would be paid to them before bringing Sol with them from the Island. Indian-like, they did not know that Sol might not be there when they returned, so unable are they to reason out a problem to its legitimate conclusion. Thus Sol found himself again deserted and alone, not knowing the cause.

(To be Continued)

THE EDUCATION OF THE BRITISH CHILD

LITTLE gets into the papers of a struggle now in progress which may determine the destiny of the British people. This is a struggle over the body of the child. Shall the children of England be educated to love Life or only to earn a living?

On one side there is a body of people who say: "The business of the school is to fit children to be accurate mechanics. Education means training the child in efficiency, training it in capacity, fitting it to earn its own living. Therefore away with fads. No Greek or Latin; and as little religion as possible."

On the other side there are people who say: "The business of education is to prepare the child for the enjoyment of Life. The highest enjoyment is of the mind. Therefore a child should be taught in addition to a trade, history, literature, philosophy, and languages."

It is a pity more is not known of this strife because the more people think about it the more they will come to think about Life itself.

The Cave of the Spirit

A Traditional Legend of Indian War and Love and Hate

Summary Preceding Chapter

An Iroquois war-party discovers and exterminates a Huron village at Wah-so-ko-sing. . .A young man of Ojibway descent, of giant size and stature, is taken captive, but is saved from the usual torture and Cannabalism by the intervention of the Chief, who, captivated by his martial appearance and fearless and courageous spirit, resolves in answer to a dream, to adopt him into his family and make him his son, a constant practice of warring Indians. The youth escapes, but is recaptured. The war-party on their home journey fall into the hands of an Ojibway hunting camp and are surprised in their sleep and tomahawked to death, the Chief and the Huron captive alone being saved. Wemikong, an Odawah young woman, being adopted into the Ojibway tribe to become the wife of the chief's son permits the escape of the Iroquois chief, because of his instrumental kindness in saving the Huron youth. She is saved from suspicion by the presence of a little red-legged gull, a pet of the Huron village, and which is taken by the superstitious Indians as a symbol of the presence of the Great Manitou. An apparent growing attachment between the Huron youth and the Odawah girl arouses the treacherous jealousy of Wahwic, the Chief's son. He is brought to task by Wemikong for his moodiness. Wemikong is a French-Odawah young woman, the daughter of the first whiteman to visit "The Cave of the Spirit." Her mother is Ningai, daughter of the Odawah chief. After a successful hunting season and to get away from the scene of the Iroquois slaughter, the Ojibway camp on the Peninsula propose returning to their home on the north mainland, but on the return journey are overtaken by a storm and find shelter on the largest Island of an archipelago group. The next morning they awake to find that winter has set in and the waters all around about covered with ice.

The Ojibway Camp Imprisoned on an Island in the Bay

(CHAPTER 4)

On the Island where the Ojibway hunting party found themselves imprisoned there was no game and little vegetation, and nothing at all on any other of the accompanying ones of the group. In the summer whortle-berries grew in abundance, their small bushes apparently finding some means of nourishment in the crevices of the rock, but in the winter, save a few poplars and birches, and this one grove of evergreens in the midst of which they had pitched their wigwams the rocks were entirely devoid of anything that could supply the encampment with fuel for their fires.

There was still the hope that, after this first visit, the winter would again go away, to come back at a later and more opportune time, but instead the weather continued to grow colder, and the ice instead of disappearing grew thicker and stretched out wider from the shore. Their supply of tobacco while not ample was yet far from being exhausted. Their venison would probably last until the early spring, and fortunately could easily be supplemented, for while all other conditions were unfavorable, the locality abounded with fish, four varieties, white trout, pike and pickerel, being easily caught here in large numbers. The likelihood of famishing for lack of food might thus be prevented if the weather were sufficiently moderate to enable them to trawl or spear for these under the ice, but in respect to fuel it was indeed certain that there was not enough trees to supply fuel which would last them longer than half of the season. The whole band viewed the prospect with gloomy dismay.

Wemikong in the Hands of a Changing Tribe

(CHAPTER 5)

Teh-koom-mah the brave Odawah chief is dying. They brought him home lacerated, torn, weakened with pain and loss of blood. Stalking through the woods he stumbled upon a young brown-nosed cub-bear tearing a decayed log that an ant-colony had improvised for their dwelling place. The young cub was so intent on gathering in his food of ant-flesh that he did not hear the silent treading, Teh-koom-mah approach. An arrow whistled: the young bear was stunned, Teh-koom-mah fell upon it with the war-club which he carried in his girdle, but as the young bear feels the weight of the club descend he sounds forth the call for help, which was quickly taken up and answered by its mother. She too was similarly occupied to her cub but hidden from view by the root of an upturned tree from Teh-koom-mah who did not know of her presence until the call of danger sounded. Approaching with a leaping bound from behind, she stood erect, and struck out with her fore-paws, sinking her claws into his back leaving an ugly long wound as she drew them downward through his flesh. Opportunely for Teh-koom-mah he had not to face the enraged mother-bear alone. A party of hunting Ojibways had just arrived and were on their way to the Cave of the Spirit following the trail along the shore that was to bring them to the village, and had approached the spot just as the bear sprung upon the old chief. When the mother-bear saw this band appear, she desisted in her attack and faced about, still standing erect, and prepared for defence. But from the Ojibway party arrow after arrow pounded against her head causing her to drop on her feet, wheel round and seek shelter in flight. As she turned an Indian from behind wielded his war-club over her head, and she, too, was soon fallen, a victim to the strategy and prowess of Wahwic, the son of the Ojibway chief, a young hunter of superior reputation among the tribe. They carried Teh-koom-mah to his lodge, where, Wemikong his granddaughter awaited his return. Long ere this, Ningai, her mother, had followed Perrott, her father,

Nature never lacks in power to produce variety of scenery but she seems to have surpassed her usual self among the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay.

to the bourne from which no man returns, carried away by a plague of cholera which annihilated the whole family save the young Wemikong and her ancient grandfather, Teh-koom-mah the chief. But now, he too is gone. He had miscalculated the difference in strength between Teh-koom-mah the ancient, and Teh-koom-mah in his prime, and an encounter which twenty years before would have brought him additional honour as a hunter, now brings to his lodge emptiness and death.

The village was thrown into a state of excitement when it became known that Teh-koom-mah the intrepid hunter and warrior of four-score years, was a victim of a tragedy that was going to rob them of their chief. Inside the lodge, the Ojibway chief and his men who had borne him thither, were listening to the faltering message of the dying brave, who wished to reward Wahwic, his rescuer, by the bestowal of Wemikong to him as his betrothed bride. The medicine-man had not yet arrived, with his incantations and songs to chase away the dark spirits which are reputed to surround the abode of death.

"Wemikong! Wemikong!" called the dying man, desirous that his promise to Wahwic should be implemented by that of hers also. The call was lost on the ears of Wemikong who sat outside, pensive and alone, knowing not the full meaning of the untoward events of that day, but instinctively feeling that they were fraught with grave and tragic consequence, to herself, the last of her band, and only a half representative of his blood, tradition and honoured past. By this time the women of the village had fully gathered round about, and inside the lodge. Soon Wemikong heard a wail, repeated by one and taken up by the others until every female voice was requisitioned to give expression to the passing away of the greatest and best of their band, defeated and dead through the occupation that in the days of his strength provided him his greatest opportunity for the strategy, success and prowess for which he was so widely renowned.

The burial of Teh-koom-mah, the funeral ceremonies, and the days of mourning are past. The election of a new chief, and disposal of Wemikong are the paramount questions for settlement by Council. The aspirant for succession to the Chief's office is also the aspirant for Wemikong as his bride. Receiving the election by vote of Council he deems it expedient that he shall step also into the Chief's lodge, disturbing none of its previous arrangements save that he shall be there in relationship as the husband, instead of next-in-kin as Teh-koom-mah, to Wemikong. But Wahwic, the young Ojibway, has a prior claim. Compromise is made. Wahwic's claim is acknowledged by the Council, an Ojibway

INDIAN SCENES—CAPE CROKER RESERVE
Travelling by canoe, the feathered hat and war paint, the wigwam of poles and skin, or birch bark has ceased to be a part of the Indians' life,except in a pastime.

woman, the sister of Wahwic, is presented as his bride to Teh-koom-mah's successor and Wemikong closes her lodge to accompany the Ojibway hunting camp to the Peninsula to return later to her own lodge, and there after an appointed period receive Wahwic into it as her husband.

But events moved rapidly for Wemikong and Wahwic. The Iroquois war-party and their slaughter, the arrival of Ke-ke-ah-mik, the successful hunting season, and now their imprisonment on the Island, with the prospects of extermination before spring of some, if not all, of the band, makes the sphere of their existence far-removed from the uninteresting and monotonous. The elements of change and tragedy are never wanting in their experience.

Ke-ke-ah-mik, whether spurred to activity by the counsel of Wemikong and her immediate presence, or because he felt himself now safe from the Iroquois encroachment was certainly the most active and industrious of the Indian adults imprisoned on the Island. Taking a little Indian boy with him, he set out to test the ice, and the prospects of fish underneath it.

"Where will we make the hole?" asked little Perrott, named after and in honour of Wemikong's father, the first whiteman to visit the Spirits' Cave.

"At this place," Ke-ke-ah-mik, answered, as he pointed to the spot he had chosen. "Here the water is deep near the shore and they will come up to it for food."

It was a good judgment. The hole was cut in the ice, the baited hook was let down, when immediately there was a jerking and a tugging at the line.

"Run Perrott,' 'called out Ke-ke-ah-mik to the little boy.

Immediately he scampered over the ice, drawing up the line after him but with more rapidity than could be by reeling, and yet steadily, for it was made to pass through Ke-ke-ah-mik's hands. Their first catch was a fine specimen of a trout. Soon a considerable heap of fish lay on the ice near the hole, the reward of their efforts.

"I will run for Wemikong," said Perrott.

"Yes, run," encouraged Ke-ke-ah-mik, for there was none that he more desired should see and praise the success of their experiment. Wemikong and several others, each representing a wigwam were soon on the scene, to get their share of the catch. The fish were picked up hurriedly and carried back to the camp, each wigwam getting its allotted and sufficient share. Wemikong was the last to leave. After selecting two, a third remained. Tossing it towards Ke-ke-ah-mik,

"Take it to her lodge," she said, as she pointed to a young squaw, going back with her portion. "She will make fire for your wigwam, and you can give her fish."

"My dream says that Wemikong is for my lodge. What does your dream say?" answered the not-too-slow, Ke-ke-ah-mik."

"Perhaps Wahwic's," and she gave a toss of her head, indicating clearly that if this were the will of Teh-koom-mah and the Ojibway chief it was not hers. Thus having expressed herself she picked up her fish and started for the camp taking Perrot with her.

Ke-ke-ah-mik was now left alone on the ice. Apparently ignoring Wemikong's answer, he threw his trawl again itno the water, and after a little time was rewarded with a trout the largest specimen yet caught of the group. He picked it up as it struggled and reaching his hand for the smaller, carried them both back to the encampment. The larger one he took and handed to Wemikong; the smaller, he went forth and handed to the one to whom Wemikong designated it. Wemikong took the profferred fish unhesitatingly, rolled it up in a clay jacket, roasted it carefully and then when cooked, carried it over to Ke-ke-ah-mik.

"Come Perrott," called Ke-ka-ah-mik, "You and I caught the big fish, you and I will divide it."

The fish was divided according to the number of the household and Perrott carried it around and gave to each their part. Thus were the camp made happy notwithstanding the froces of nature that were arrayed against them. They might lack for fuel in this their prison camp but they would not lack for food, unless the fishing skill of Ke-ke-ah-mik failed him.

The day following their first catch of fish Wemikong, walking around as usual with little Perrott, came unexpectedly upon Ke-ke-ah-mik sitting on a rock boulder some little distance from the camp and his little gull sitting by his side.

"Where did you get the bird?" asked little Perrott, by way of conversation, for it was common knowledge from whence it originally came.

"It came with us from Wah-sah-ko-sing," answered the young Indian.

"Was it yours?"

"No. It belonged to a little boy of the band, my sister's boy. The bird knew me and when all the rest were dead it came with me."

"Did it follow you when you ran away?"

"Don't know, but I found it when I was at Killbear and it followed the canoes from there. It stayed with mine all the way over here, flying ahead and showing us the way."

"Where are your folks now?" asked Perrott.

"Haven't any now left. They are all dead. The Manitou saved me," he said as he stroked the back of the little gull.

"How did the Manitou come here, Ke-ke-ah-mik?"

"On the birds' wings. He sat on her back and she brought him here."

"Is he here now?"

"Maybe. Did we catch any fish yesterday? That's because Manitou was here."

Wemikong believed in activity. Her spirit was always restless like the waves of the sea in the day of storm. Hers was the spirit that increased in courage as the advantages become more unfavorable and in activity as obstacles to achievement became more numerous. She viewed with dismay, as did the others, the scarcity of fuel on the Island.

"Why are you not going after wood?" she asked Ke-ke-ah-mik.

"Have no snow-shoes," was his answer.

The winter's equipment of the camp was at the Cave of the Spirit and their snow-shoes with the rest. In his answer Ke-ke-ah-mik voiced an essential need if they would go far on any journey with such a season as was now before them.

Wemikong immediately turned about and struck for the tent. In a few days she returned to Ke-ke-ah-mik with a neatly made set of snow-shoes, with the totem of the beaver impressively painted upon them in crimson colors. Ke-ke-ah-mik was now equipped for a journey in quest either of fuel or a new place of encampment, but this gift from Wemikong only added to the jealous hatred with which he was now viewed by Wahwic.

(To be Continued)

SUN DUST

T is easy for us to understand how sound is carried for a short distance; it is more difficult for us to understand how it can be carried thousands of miles. We can understand how it is carried over a wire and directed to the place where it ought to go but it is more difficult to understand how it can be spread out through the atmosphere in a circumference of many hundreds of miles and still the sound picked up by receivers, made by the hands of boys and girls throughout the country.

"It is not known that these sound waves are carried by clouds of dust found in the air. If there were no dust we should have a blue sun in a black sky, and the rain, instead of condensing gradually, would condense suddenly and come down in torrents. It is the dust, too, which diffuses the daylight, and but for such diffusion sunlight would be fierce and glaring and shadows all sharp and black."

Where does this dust come from? It is this dust which gives to us the blue sky and the gorgeous colors of the sunset and also the clouds.

Some of this dust comes from the earth carried up by the wind or flung into the air by volcanoes; some from the moon and meteoric stones pulverized into dust in their course of travel through the air; some from a comet's tail; but the greater part comes from the sun, travelling a distance of ninety-three million miles to get here. The long waves used in wireless electricity are reflected and guided by the dust in the upper atmosphere.

"This astonishing substance, which we can only call dust, envelopes the Earth like a screen, and against this screen they are reflected back and guided round between the screen and the Earth as if in a sort of gigantic speaking-tube. But for this screen wire-less waves would be lost in outer space and wireless-telegraphs would be exteremely difficult, if not impossible."

The mysteries of the great world outside of us are being gradually revealed to us, but the mind will have to travel as far upwards in the way of knowledge, as the sun-dust travels downward, before we can be said to have reached any degre of perfection in its attainment.

:: OUR COUNTRY ::

From Start to Finish in the Great World War

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER VII

Preparation For the Final Blow

EVERY year of the war has had its own special problem. In the first year of the war, the problem that faced the Allies was that of men; in the second, munitions. In the year 1917, if the submarine warfare of the Germans were permitted to carry out its ruthless purpose, the problem would have ben that of food or famine. As it was, it resolved itself into a problem of shipping. On the Front Line the problem never varied. With the infantry, it was solely a question of winning battles; with the Medical Service, of saving the sick and wounded. So while the folks at home were chiefly interested in the successes and failures of the German submarines, we were concerned with the two projected offensives of the spring campaign, the battles of Arras and the Third Ypres.

After the dying of the Allied Offensive the preceding autumn, the Germans realized that the positions that they then held, on the Somme were altogether too precarious for the spring warfare. With increasing men and munitions, the Allies, they then knew, would continue if not surpass their Somme efforts. They therefore purposed the building of a new line of defence behind the present one, the pivots of which would at be the Arras and the Aisne rivers. This has been variously named the Siegfried or Hindenburg line. The preparation of this line, and their retreat to its shelter, they succeeded in accomplishing with little difficulty and less loss. The thousands of Russian prisoners in their hands supplied them with the man-power to do the work of tunnelling and of fortifying these new positions. The weather provided them with a suitable time to withdraw. Roads and bridges were destroyed as they went back, and other obstacles placed in the way of our advance. It was therefore impossible that our troops could follow them up with that rapidity which could do them much harm, and at the same time maintain for our own men positions of safety that could withstand the shocks of their counter-attacks. After following them up and harrassing them to that extent that we were able, it was determined by the Higher Commands that their line should be attacked at both ends. The British were detailed to strike at Arras and the French on the Aisne.

At Arras they held a very strong position, the key of which was Vimy Ridge. Their defence system was the one to which by this time we had become quite familiar. They had three positions, a first, a second and a third line. Each of these was made up of four parallel lines of trenches, studded with fortified redoubts, and criss-crossed with numerous communication trenches. In some places a fourth line was added, the whole belt of fortifications varying in depth from two to five miles.

Our Canadian army occupied that part of our front line that lay before Vimy Ridge. This strongly fortified Ridge had a memorable record already connected with it. It was here that the French General Maud'Houy stood his ground in October, 1914, against the army of Von Buelow, and successfully resisted his attempt to hew his way through the French lines to the Channel ports. It was here also that the French effort of May and June, 1915, to recapture the Ridge miscarried. It was here also that the British were compelled to relinquish a partially successful effort to that same end the following September. This place, the enemy now deemed impregnable. It was fully expected that when the Arras offensive would be launched, the Canadian army would be entrusted with the attack on this fortified stronghold.

The city of Arras in pre-war days was the educational centre of this district of France. A great many people who had made their money in the nearby mining villages moved to Arras and built their homes there. Situated on high ground, beside a nice river, it occupied a splendid natural location. The buildings were nearly all made of white, chalk-like stone, which form the underlying rock of that country. This gave all the buildings a beautiful massive appearance. In Arras, too, were located many of the best schools of France, a University, a Normal School, and several large private schools. It is not a great manufacturing town, and not a particularly thriving centre, as the coal-mining towns near by, Lens, Lieven and Lille, attract most of the business.

When we went up to this sector this city was within a mile of the Allied line, and occupied as at Ypres, the centre of a bottle neck. It might have suffered the same general ruin, but instead it remained a place of comparative quiet for the past two years. It had suffered considerable shelling in the autumn and winter of 1914. The cathedral had been badly damaged, but still maintained in outline its former structure, and is quite capable of being repaired. Their magnificent Palace of Justice, which is the administrative building of that department, is altogether in ruins, and a sign is posted up stating that the ruins are not to be touched, nor any

part carried away as souvenirs, as the French Government proposes to leave it as it is, a perpetual remembrance to generations of the barbarism of Germans in years gone past. Only a few hundred civilians were living in it, though habitable, as the buildings, though in some measure injured, were not wholly destroyed. Occasionally, only, could children be seen playing on its streets.

But it woke up to a new life in the late winter of 1917. The British had fortified it and made it a military town. After the manner of Paris and other old French towns, Arras had an underground labyrinth of huge ancient sewers, the map of which had been found by the military. These were enlarged, and together with the quarries from which the stones of the old town had been taken, were fortified into sheltered places for the assembling of the British army, preparatory to the great spring offensive.

In order that the part that we were to play in this offensive might not miscarry, shortly after New Year's, battalions, when they were relieved from trench work began to rehearse the part they were to play in the taking of the Ridge. The Germans occupied the crest and plateau at the top, from which they could look down on us as we occupied trenches that touched the fringe of it. The first three months, the manner of the attack was planned; training was carried out; every little detail was included as carefully as any manager trained a company who were about to produce an elaborate production on the stage. The result of this careful planning and conscientious training was, that in one day, at a comparatively small cost, Canadians regained possession of Vimy Ridge, the attempting to capture which had cost both French and British so many lives in the past.

The Battle of Arras was fought on a front of twelve miles. After a few days of systematic shelling of the enemy's lines, all our guns woke up on this whole front on the morning of the 4th of April. A bombardment surpassing anything yet undertaken was kept up without cessation until Sunday, Easter morning, when our guns ceased for the day. They did not open out until four o'clock the following day, which then opened out for an hour and a half at four o'clock in the morning with an intensity increased a hundred fold above any preceding preparation for an infantry attack. At nine o'clock the whole Ridge was in our hands with the exception of a small corner named Hill 145, which we incorporated into our possession the following morning. The mile of plateau on the farther side of the crest was stubbornly contested by the enemy. From shell-hole to shell-hole, in the face of a deadly rifle and machine-gun fire, our men advanced with resolute courage, until soon this also was captured, and the last of the great German view-points south of the Lys was ours.

The battle lasted for about a month. The rest of the time we devoted to capturing villages and raiding trenches. Nine of these villages came intc our hands besides 5,000 prisoners and 286 field-pieces of various calibre. In the meantime a decided change came over the outlook of the Allies on the Western front. Russia was out of the war; the Germans were strongly entrenched with men from the East; the French had failed in their attack on the south pivot of the new enemy line. The battle was thus halted and compelled to become a "limited victory." We had gained our immediate objectives in every case; we had weakened the enemy in men and morale; but there was no far-reaching result from it on the war as a whole.

The other part of the project of the High Command, an offensive in Flanders, had already begun. Some of our Tunnelling Companies and Engineers were already there, and were doing effective work, but the main army was still at the Arras-Lens front. To create a diversion, the High Command ordered our army at midsummer to advance a little further towards Lens. We had been steadily encroaching on the defences of this city, but there was an important position of the enemy, a good observation point, south-east of Loos, Hill 70, which it was thought well to attack. Here again was a place of memorable record, for it was over this Hill that the troops of the 15th British Division had pushed on into Cite St. Augusta on the 11th of September, 1915, and from which they never returned. We took practically all our objectives the first day. The enemy repeatedly counter-attacked, but these we invariably drove back and severely punished, holding this point of vantage and 1120 prisoners securely in our hands.

This engagement is looked upon as a very subsidiary part of the operations on the Western front during this season, but something of the importance of it may be gleamed from the extent of our casualties, and we are sure that the enemy fared no better in this respect than we did. The main dressing station for our Division was set up at the school-house at Noeux-Les-lines. This was a brick building with three large rooms on the ground floor, a good large yard in front with a tidy brick house, the home for the school-master. There were also some small sheds in the yard which had been used as coal-bins

THE GERMAN-RUSSIAN PACT

Five Years After the Great War. What Germany Is Doing Behind the Door.

What the Newspapers are Saying about It.

"An Alliance of Hatreds." "A grave political peril."

"A secret military agreement involving the mutual use of Soviet soldiers and German officers."

"The final death-blow to Woodrow Wilson's dream that the World War meant the end of the balance of power and an alliance in brotherhood for the nations."

"German troops are being organized in Russia, while German airships are being built in Switzerland, Holland and Sweden, even in France."

"It foreshadows a new European line-up, with Russia and Germany forming what may become a military as well as an industrial and political alliance against the rest of the Old World."

"Here is Germany recognizing Bolshevism and joining with it. This has a meaning for America as great, in my mind, as the war had."

"Since Russia broke faith with her allies, abandoning them when the fighting was heavy, and since Germany surrendered to avoid invasion, the two nations have been the moral outcasts of Europe." "They are fit copartners in an alliance of Hatreds."

"The Germans have done more in three days to prove the French contentions that they are untrustworthy than the most unreasonable French militarist could have desired."

Rafting Scene Among the Islands

and play-rooms for the children. On the whole it was a most desirable dressing station. It was here that all the casualties which were stretcher cases, and all the gassed of this battle, passed through.

One of these rooms was used for admission room, where all cases were brought in, and records made out showing each man's number, rank, name and unit to which he belonged. A tag was attached showing this, and hot drinks and food were given them if they were able to receive these. They were then passed into the next room, where dressings were changed as required, fractures were splinted, and the gassed men had all their clothes removed, as this was our first handling of men who had received "Mustard gas." They were washed carefully to see that all gas was removed, dressed in their pyjamas kindly furnished by the Canadian Redcross, wrapped in blankets, and passed into the evacuating room. Those who required special attention, as for instance when their eyes were burned, were carefully marked out and immediate steps taken to attend to their especial need. From the dressing room, they were all carried to the third, or evacuating room, where the most urgent cases were placed next the door, to be sure they would go on the first car.

Some idea of the labour necessary may be gained from the fact that it took 35 ambulance cars to remove the wounded men from this dressing station to the Casualty Clearing Station, while 21 cars, assisted by some horse ambulances, were very busy bringing them in, and in just over sixty hours, 3312 gassed and wounded men were passed through after having received, each one, careful treatment.

After having spent a month in this last effort we moved to the north, and took our place with the others in the Flanders offensive, playing no inconsiderable part in the Third Battle of Ypres.

The First Unit to Land in France

Amongst the first of these men to land in France was Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, D.S.O., who remained in active service until the close of the war and was one of the officers in charge during the last march to the Rhine. Colonel Wood is now visiting the old battlefields, marking changes and taking photographs of interesting places recalling the strenuous days from 1914 to the close of the war which others experienced. He will write a sketch for a future issue of the Magazine giving his impressions of the effect of the war on Europe after these five years since its close.

An April Snowfall

Low broadspread skies of grey hung broodingly
Over the withered landscape, brown and bare;
Over the livid waters—everywhere
A burdened stillness crept intrudingly.

The wind, which for a night, and day, had raved
Its protest into every listening ear
Had sunk to rest, as, only peace it craved;
And in that pregnant silence far and near
All things seemed waiting what might next appear.

Then softly, lightly as a blind child's touch
Falls upon that it fain with hands would see:
So, softly fell the snow, and silently
Covered some blossoms I had pitied much.

Lightly it rested on each shrub and tree,
Until like giant coral-fronds they seemed;
Such as my childhood's fancy oft had dreamed
Spread their broad branches, and in whiteness gleamed
Beneath the waves of some far southern sea.

Lo, ere the night closed in the snow-shower passed;
Leaving the unclothed landscape clothed upon
With winter's same to 'mystic wonderful.'
Then burst upon the sight of a glad surprise
The world became a panorama vast
Painted in richness of the Orient' dyes.

For a brie fspace the sun was molten gold
And fast and far its tide of glory rolled,
Eastward, the leaden clouds piled mountain high
Joined soiled earth to seeming solid sky
Where cataracts rolled in mimicry sublime
As o'er upheavals of our planet's prime
Leaping the dizzy heights to the abyss
That footed each dark, frowning precipice.

Eastward the view lay veiled in loveliness
Half-hid, half-seen thro' amethystine dress;
Dreamlike, entrancing—O that it could but last.
There, the grey sky pavilion-like outspread
Opened to westward; and a glory cast
O'er all the scene; dyeing the hilltops red.

Jessie Fairbairn Paterson.

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The Algonquin Historical Society Magazine

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Midland's Semi-Centennial

An Historic Review of Fifty Years of Development of It's Resources, Industries and Commerce.

IN pursuing our settled purpose to discover the conditions and activities that have given rise to our Canadian urban centres, we are making MIDLAND'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL a leading feature of this issue of our magazine. The county of Simcoe has several important towns other than Midland—Barrie, Orillia, Collingwood, Allendale and Penetanguishene—but Midland is the youngest and the one which has come into most prominence during recent years. It was brought into existence exactly fifty years ago, through the action of the Midland railway directors choosing Gloucester Bay as the terminus of their road. This arm of the Georgian Bay penetrates several miles into the land, forming a deep-water harbour of thousands of acres in extent, so well protected that at times when the waters outside are lashed into waves so furious as to make navigation dangerous if not impossible, yet in the harbor there is comparative calm. To the suitability of this harbor for a shipping port, there was added, in comparison with other harbours on the lake, this other advantage of grade, or absence of grade in freighting tonnage southward. The steady growth of the town since, shows how sane in their choice was the judgment of these railway directors.

Transportation facilities are without doubt, the first requisite for a live town. As soon as these were promised Midland, immediately activities sprung up to establish it as a commercial and industrial centre, so that when the first train rolled into Midland a thriving village had already been established. Notwithstanding that it was with a view to a shipping port that the place was chosen by the railway for its terminus, yet it was as a lumbering centre that it began its career, and this industry has played a very important part in its history since. The following summer after the announcement had been made that the Midland Railway had chosen this as its Georgian Bay terminus Mr. H. H. Cook erected a saw-mill, and began lumbering operations, cutting timber not only from the surrounding district, but also from extensive limits which they possessed on the north shore. This original mill was burnt down in 1876, but later reerected, and the property transferred to the British North America Lumber Company, the shareholders of which were mainly Old Country capitalists. This firm went into liquidation in 1882, and in the following year James Playfair came here in contract with the Banks, to saw up he unsawed stock of logs on hand which these banks held, with other property, in security for loans previously advanced to the company. Four years later Mr. A. Miscampbell, a former book-keeper of Mr. H. H. Cook, took over the mill, and began cutting the timber for the Emery Lumber Company of Saginaw, with Mr. D. L. White as resident representative of the company. In 1895 James Playfair bought the property and entered into contract with Arthur Hill of Saginaw, Michgan, to cut for a term of years an output of two hundred million feet of timber. Before the contract was finished, D. L. White joined with Mr. Playfair, and

Three Georgian Bay Harbours. 1—Midland. 2—Owen Sound. 3—Collingwood

together they purchased the balance of the timber owned by Mr. Hill in the township of Freeman, and with other limits purchased from time to time, continued to operate to full capacity until 1916, the second year of the war.

The great demand for vessels for war purposes became so insistent in 1916 that the government requested that a ship-building plant be operated at Midland. Accordingly in 1916 the Midland Shipbuilding Company was organized with Messrs. D. L. White, Jas. Playfair, D. S. Pratt, F. W. Grant and Jas. Wilkinson among its directors and princpial shareholders. The mill property was purchased by this company, the mill torn down and a ship-building plant is now established and in operation on the location where Midland's first industry began its career in 1872.

The company lost no time in acceding to the needs of the war. Four ocean-going freighters were built, each with a capacity of 3,000 tons, and doing duty for the country before the armistice was signed in 1918.

At the close of the war the company diverted its efforts to the building of vessels for the needs of the Great Lakes in which avenue of service they are now engaged, followed by the universal hope of the town that in this industry they may have a long and useful career.

Conditions and Men That Produced It

FIFTY years ago, five shanties built in the woods at the foot of Christendom Bay, each one surrounded by a small potato patch, constituted the nucleus of the thriving town of Midland of to-day. Could any resident of the several other thriving towns then on the shores of the Georgian Bay suppose that in half a century, the five huts of these early fisher-folk would become a thriving town of 7,000, and rivalling them with equal, if not superior, chance, in an effort to capture the future trade, commerce and industry of the district. The transforming of the conditions of fifty years ago into the modern town of fifty years afterwards was commenced by the arrival there of five railway men looking for a harbor which they could use as a sea-port and terminus for their projected railway from Port Hope through Lindsay, Beaverton and Orillia to the Georgian Bay. When Penetanguishene was chosen as a military post in 1813, the harbor of Midland was suggested as an alternative, but after this first notice of the value of the bay as a harbor, for sixty years it remained without further notice except by these five early settlers, who used its waters only as a fishing rendezvous to supplement the precarious living supplied by the little potato patch which surrounded each of their unpretentious log shanties.

A portion of the launching party at the Midland Shipbuilding Co.'s yard on Thursday, October 16th, 1919, when the "War Fury" made her initial plunge. Commencing at the left they are:—Mr. Fred W. Grant, Mrs. Fred W. Grant, Mr. D. L. White, President of the Midland Shipbuilding Co., Col. Thomas A. Duff, Mrs. I. Gear, of Montreal, who christened the boat, Col. Wm. I. Gear, Mrs. Thomas A. Duff, Mr. Fred'k Mee, of the Steel Co. of Canada, Hamilton, Mr. James Wilkinson, Manager of the Midland Shipbuilding Co., Mr. D. S. Pratt, Mr. Wm. Inglis, of the John Inglis Co., Toronto, Mr. James Playfair, Mr. F. C. Brunke, Mr. Ed. Ramage, Mr. Robert C. Blythe and Mr. James McLachlan, the Chief Draughtsman.

This solitary place was to become a city. That was the idea which was in the mind of those five railway men as they walked around through the woods and explored the harbour on this historic occasion for Midland,—November the 8th, 1871.

Favourable Conditions Must be Backed by Human Enterprise.

Every human enterprise has a business side to it. It must not only be practical, but it must also be made to be profitable. If it cannot be realised it is less than wise to undertake it, but even if realizable, it must be made to answer 'Yes' to the question, 'Will it pay?'

These railway men were going to choose Midland as their harbor, because they judged that the conditions were favorable to divert some of the growing trade from the west to the east to their own line by way of this harbor. A corporation is loyal to the place that will supply it with dividends. As soon as these cease, their interest in the place ceases also. The Midland railway chose this harbor as their terminus because they saw here an opportunity to divert trade and bring dividends to the shareholders of their Company.

Without the Vision of an Opportunity, No Inspiration Toward Progress

When you have an idea, the next thing is to get other people to have the same idea, and co-operate with you in realizing it. These men saw an opportunity here. Others saw eye to eye with them. The place immediately began to attract people who came here for the express purpose of an opportunity. One came and saw that the country all around was well-wooded and that with marketable timber. In addition there were vast timber limits on the North Shore and the rivers emptying into the Bay and its well-sheltered waters were an easy means for transporting the unsawed logs to this harbor.

The 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, which heretofore had been used as a shelter to the canoes of travelling Indians, were now to be put to another use, to shelter lumber logs as they were put in tow from the North Shore to these mills. Hence, although first chosen as a railway terminus, history records that it was as a lumber village that it first began its career, cityward.

The Coming of a Second Industry to Midland:

From 1872 until 1875 it differed in no respects from any other lumber village of the Bay that has long since gone out of existence. There were no regulations from any corporate body as to house-building or road-making, or the laying out of streets other than that forced upon them by the survey. Their streets were mainly swamp or corduroy roads. The chief scenic attraction of the place, as it was the only industry, was Cook's saw-mill, with its yard of new-cut lumber, a tow of logs in the bay, or a three-masted schooner coming in empty or going out with a load of lumber for Saginaw or some other American port. But this latter year saw the Chew Brothers arrive on the scene, and the next year saw their grist-mill erected, and equipped with its three sets of stone, for this lumber village had promise that other lumber villages had not. Already men were casting their eyes westward where lay the vast untilled wheat fields lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and in hope they saw the vessels

sailing eastward laden with the grain of coming harvests, and its wheat ground into flour on the shores of his bay. By the erection of this mill there was begun an industry that brought about the realization of the first fruits of this hope, an industry that must continue in existence somewhere as long as men eat bread and the soil produces wheat. For the development of this industry Midland supplies facilities that ought to guarantee for it a continued place in its industrial history.

A Collection of Houses Becomes a Village

In 1879 there followed a fourth important event, another milestone reached, in the course of the town's history. The people now dwelling here got themselves together and incorporated themselves into a village with Mr. Samuel Fraser as its first Reeve, L. McFarland, Clerk, H. S. Ruby, Treasurer, and Messrs. George Chew, Francis Hurdon, Samuel Chew and Thomas Hartley as Councillors, whose first duty was, as the Treasurer tells us, to raise the money to pay for the expenses of incorporation and nowhere to raise it from except their own pockets.

The Expansion of the Lumber Industry:

The next eleven years saw the establishment here of industrial firm after firm, compelling it to pass the village state in 1900 to become a town. In the five or six years surrounding this date such a great expansion took place in its industrial life, as well as so remarkable an increase in its population, that this period might be called with truth, "The boom days of Midland."

The effect of this greater activity was seen chiefly in the lumber business. The Chew Bros., and the James Playfair & Company lumber mills, as well as the Dollar mills in Dollartown, were working to full capacity. The Turner Lumber Company came in 1899, and were the means by which two other lumber mills were erected, the Cameron & Playfair mill, and the Manley Chew mill. This concern was the largest operating on the Bay and were contracting for a cutting of fifty million feet of lumber annually. It was the year preceding this that D. S. Pratt came and started business in cement, hard and soft woods, lumber, lath and shingles, a business which has grown with the growth of the town, and to which he has added besides several other businesses since. A planing mill, twice before this burned down, was erected in 1903 by the J. Hill Company, so that there was no lack in these years in the activities of the lumber business.

The Grain Trade of Chicago and Fort William Diverted to Midland

But while this gratifying expansion was taking place in this industry, a new one made its appearance in 1898 in the erection by a Chicago firm of the town's first elevator, a wooden structure with a capacity of 1,200,000 bushels. This was the beginning of a grain trade from Chicago by way of this port to the Atlantic. The first transports were sailing schooners, with a capacity of from eight to twenty thousand bushels of grain. Occasionally a steamer might be seen coming into the harbour but this would be a rare occurrence. This first elevator was struck by lightning during a thunder-storm one Sunday morning, after it had been in service for a few years, set on fire, and, in a very short time, completely destroyed. But a new one was erected in its place, as well as one at Dollartown, and two more at Tiffin, places which bear the same relation to Midland as Danforth and Parkdale bear to Toronto. These, together with a large storage house in the vicinity of the Copeland Flour Mills, owned by the Great Lakes Navigation Company, give to Midland an Elevator capacity for storage of over six million bushels of grain, and supplies an impressive aspect in the grain-carrying season, to the harbor, causing the casual visitor to conclude that the elevators, and the boat-traffic associated with them, constitute the most conspicuous feature of the town's industrial life.

The Great Lakes Navigation Company

Another important industry, with Head Offices at Midland, is that of the Great Lakes Navigation Company, with Mr. James Playfair as President and Manager, James Richardson as Vice-President, and A. W. Benson, Secretary. This Company may be said to be a continuation of the Midland Towing and Wrecking Company, of which Mr. Playfair was head, and whose fleet consisted in the nineties of six tugs, whose chef business was the towing of log-booms to the saw-mills on the Bay. Mr. Playfair was also interested in a frighter, the "St. Andrew," plying between Fort William and eastern ports, which had a carrying capacity of about 35,000 bushels of grain, and which was afterwards lost in a storm on Lake Superior. After this, in 1901, the yhad a freighter built for them in the Old Country, which was named the 'Midland Queen,' and which had a carrying capacity of 100,000 bushels of grain, or three times the size of the "St. Andrew." At this time the grain trade of Fort William kept rapidly increasing, so the company had two other freighters built for them, this time at Collingwood, the "Midland King" and the "Midland Prince", following these by others, built or purchased, until they have now about 18 boats in their fleet, six or seven of which ply between Port Colborne and Montreal, handling package freight, grain, coal or iron according to the demand and the season.

A rather historic incident occurred in connection with their fleet during the war, when one of them, the 'Midland Queen,' on its way with supplies for the Allies in France, was torpedoed, and this became one of the first victims of the German attempt to win the war by the destroying of all ocean traffic. This incident also indicates how far-reaching was the service rendered by Canadians when her property as well as her men was being sacrificed for the British Cause during the time of this great and tragic European struggle.

The Canadian Dredging Company.

Akin to this boat-traffic is the work of "The Canadian Dredging Company", operating six or seven dredges, besides heir accompanying tugs and scows, a company of which D. L. White is President, and D. S. Pratt, General Manager. This company was organized in 1904, undertaking some work for the Government in Midland Harbour, with a very modest equipment to which they have kept continually adding according to their need and the size of their contracts. Their chief work at the present time consists in the construction of Section 5 of the Welland Ship Canal which with a contract in New Brunswick necessitates the employment of between

200 and 300 men. This company also has its head office at Midland, and all its undertakings are controlled from this office.

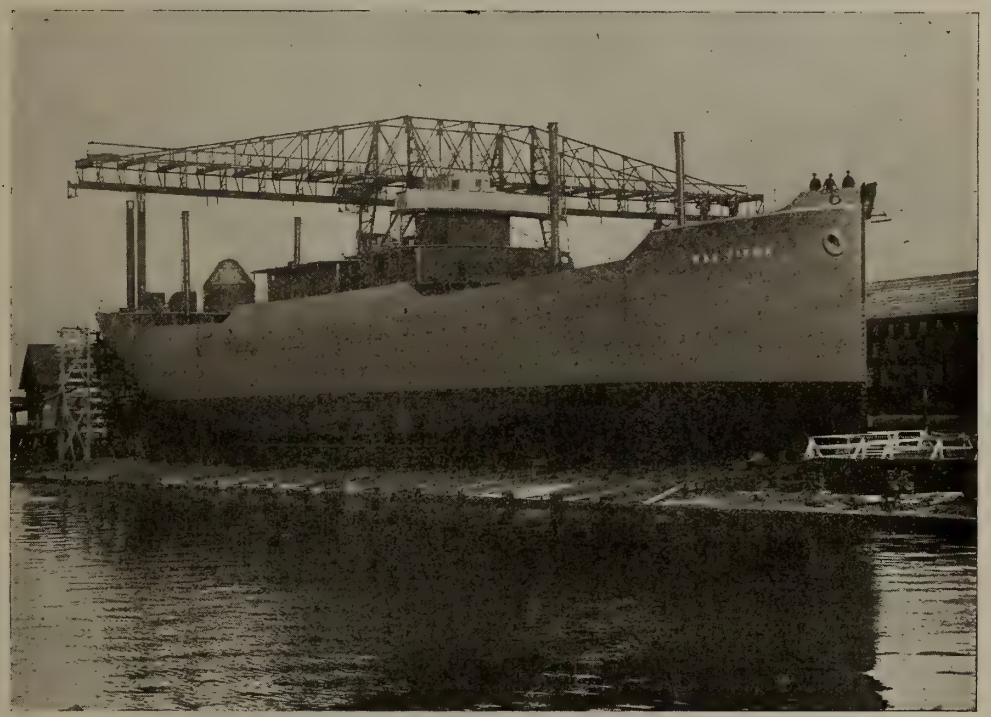
From this historic review of the growth of Midland's industrial life, one conclusion alone follows. Conditions, however favorable, are not sufficient of themselves to guarantee progress—the human element—everything that is included in the word THRIFT, all that is compressed into the word ENTERPRISE, all the system connoted by the word ORGANISATION, all the power gathered in the word CAPITAL, all the foresight and wisdom of which the word JUDGMENT is the sum—these, working in co-operation with favourable conditions, are essential if we would attain to present achievements and therefore our only hope for future progress and attainment. The arrow flies with a sure aim when it is directed b ya straight eye and a strong hand behind the bow, otherwise it falls listless at our feet.

Fifty Years Reminiscenses and Recollections of Midland

by

Miss F. Gladstane

A Fifty Years Resident of the Town



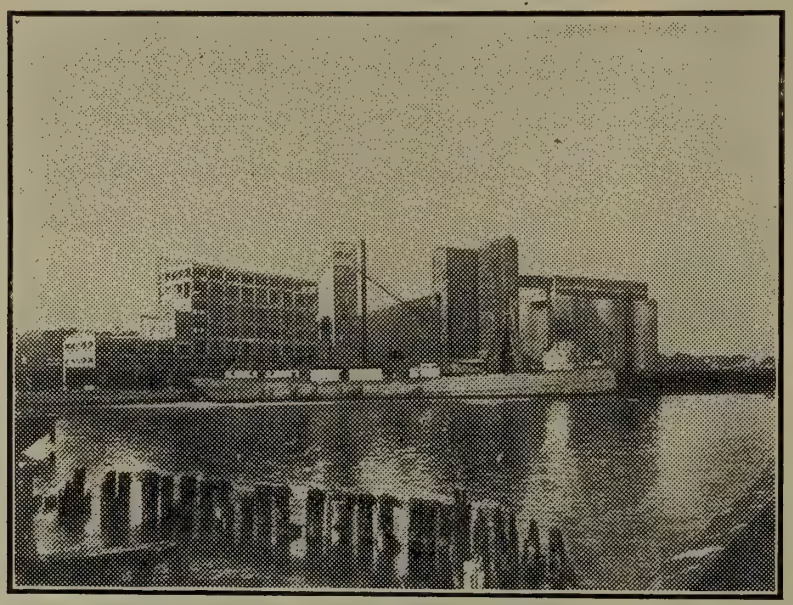
The Launching of the War Fury, Oct 16th, 1919

It was in November of 1871 that our family moved to Midland. My father was a Londoner, and my mother was a Welshwoman, born at Aberdar, a place situated between Swansea and Cardiff, twenty-eight miles distant from each. My father and mother first met each other in France, where they were both holidaying during the summer vacation after my mother's graduation from Kensington College. During the first years of their married life they were rather unsettled as regards their place of abode. Of my eight brothers and sisters, only one, my youngest brother, was a Canadian. Three of the family were Welsh by birth, two French, two American, and one English, showing they travelled about considerable even after marriage. Coming out to this country, they settled first in the province of New Brunswick, moving afterwards to Albany, New York, and then coming to Ontario, spent some time at Sunnidale, Angus and Craighurst before finally choosing Midland as their permanent home.

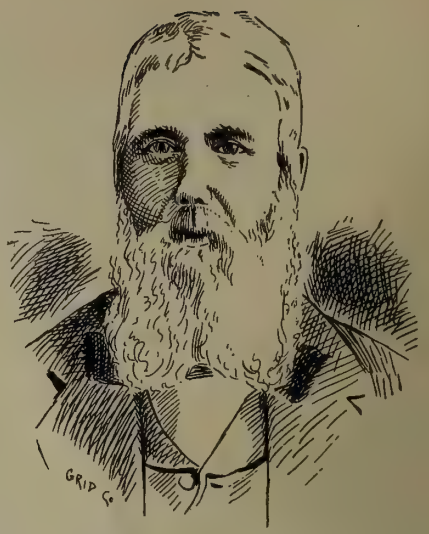
When our family arrived here, the whole place was a wilderness. There were five shanties all told scattered through the bush where Midland now stands, the homes of the two Murphy families, Jabez Dobson, Ussher Smith and Mr. Hartley. Around each of these there was a small clearance, large enough for a potato patch, but that was all. These early settlers did some fishing at certain seasons, but I think they must have suffered no little hardship considering what lack of opportunity there was for work in those early days. Besides these little clearances, a strip of bush facing the lake, and where the wharf now stands was slashed down, but it was not until the next summer that this was burnt and cleared off. The place did not then present a very attractive appearance and at the time of the year when we arrived.

My father had a commodious frame house built for us the summer previous to our coming here. My oldest brother was here and superintended the building of it, securing the material from Penetanguishene. A part of this building is still standing.

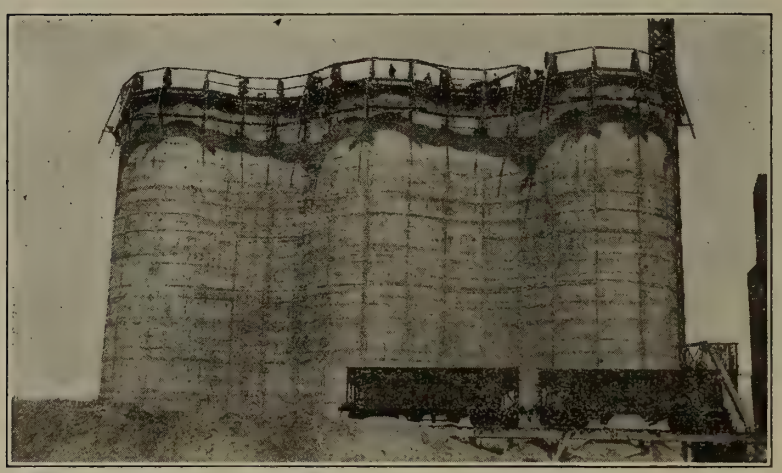
Eight days after our arrival, President Adolphus Hugel and several other directors of the Midland Railway paid a visit to the place, making our home their headquarters, as there was then and for some time after no other house for the accommodation of the travelling public. After exploring about and examining the harbour, they agreed to make this the terminus of the railway. This line was first called the Port Hope, Lindsay and Beaverton Railway, but two years before we moved here the name was changed to the Midland Railway. The Charter



The Harbor, Midland, Showing Copeland Flour Mills

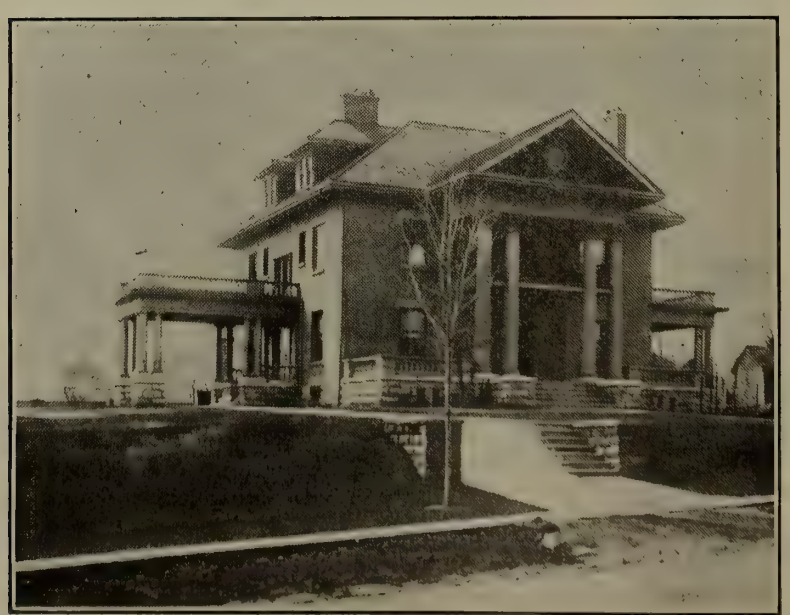


Thos. Gladstane, First Postmaster of Midland



One of the Three Elevators of Midland

Mrs. T. Gladstane, Whose Family of Eight Children Rrepresent Five Nationalities



St. Andrew's Hospital

The Post Office, Midland

of this railway dates back to 1846, but at the time these men made this visit here, it was built only to Beaverton from Port Hope, 66 miles, though there was a spur line also running into Peterborough.

They named the terminus "Midland," after the railway. My father had previously named it "Aberdar," after my mother's home in Wales, but at the suggestion of Mr. Hugel, the name was changed to "Midland" after the railway. When this was agreed upon, they went out and located a rock facing the lake on the Esplanade and carved the name on it, and after a Champagne supper, embarked on their boat, and returned to Port Hope by way of Coldwater, the route by which they came here.

Early the next spring, (1872), the survey of the place into town-plots was commenced, a telegraph office later opened out, and on the first of November a post-office established, with my father as the first post-master, a position which has been held by the family ever since until the death of my brother a few weeks ago.

In the beginning of the following May after our arrival, Mr. George Cook and Mr. Archie Thompson came up to locate a site for a saw-mill. It was later in the season when Mr. H. H. Cook came with Mr. Henderson to look after the clearance of the land and the erecting of the mill. The Cook family belonged to Morrisburg. George was the oldest and the first to come to Midland, Hiram H., William and Simon being the other three. They were very enterprising men and were held in high respect, three of them being at different times members of the House of Parliament. Hiram looked after the mill but made his home in Toronto. Mr. A. Miscampbell, who later got possession of the mill, and who, a short time before his death was a member of the Legislature, was their book-keeper.

The first mill was burned down one Sunday morning in 1876, after which a large number of Old Country capitalists took shares in the business, rebuilt the mill, and named the firm the British North America Lumber Company.

The Dollars, both John and Robert, at this time were bush-rangers for the Cooks. They afterwards built a mill of their own down the lake shore and named the place, Dollartown. These men not only prospered themselves, but Robert, a son of John, went out to the coast and amassed a large fortune. He is said to be a multimillionaire, and his shipping interests are reputed to be the largest of any on the coast.

Although the railway was not built to Midland for several years after it was chosen as the terminus, yet as soon as it was known that it was to become its Georgian Bay port, people began to flock in, some to buy town-plots, some to work in the woods and lumber-mill, and some to set up business in the place. A Toronto Land Company was one of the first on the scene. They got possession of as much land as they could secure from the original five settlers, and realized handsomely on their investment, as soon as the railway and the people began coming in.

The next man to start business here after my father was Nelson Courtemanche. My father used to walk to Frith's Corners on the Penetanguishene road to meet the stage when it was bringing the mail from Barrie, and again when it was going back with it. The roads at that time were in a very bad condition, and a change of horses had to be made at Hillside, as the nearest half-way place on the route. They had a railway from Toronto to Barrie in these days, the first railway built in Ontario, which was named the Northern Railway. It was opened out to Barrie in 1853, and to Collingwood two years later, over twenty years before the first railway reached Midland.

In the Fall of 1875, George and Thomas Chew came here to build a grist-mill. They began to build the next spring, and had it running with three sets of stones before the following Fall. Samuel Chew, their father, was a Manchester man, settling first in York, but moving later to Allandale. There were six sons in the family, Samuel, George, William, Joseph, Thomas and Frederick. The two brothers, George and Thomas, ran the grist-mill as partners for four years, when George dropped out, and Mr. J. P. Wicks took his place. This second partnership lasted for five years, when the mill was burnt down but never re-built. The coal dock is now occupying the site of this, the first grist-mill of Midland. Joseph Chew moved out to the coast, and has since died, he too, like Robert Dollar, having amassed great wealth there. George was for a time at Byng Inlet with the Burton Bros., but came back, and with Thomas started the Chew Bros.' mill, a business which is now being carried on by E. Letherby and his son Manley.

A Fleet of Vessels in Midland Harbor. The Great Lakes Navigation Company Has Its Headquarters at Midland

Another long-established business is that of the Hartman Brothers. In 1903, Mr. Chas. Hartman came here and purchased the hardware business formerly conducted for year by Wm. Peters, and with his brother associated with him, has conducted since a well-equipped business. Mr. T. J. Campbell, who conducted the tinsmithing department of the Peters' store launched out himself and is now a partner with Mr. J. Thompson in the firm that bear his name.

John B. Horrell came here in 1881 from Wyebridge, and built a frame store on the corner of King St. and Hugel Avenue, where he did a very successful

and growing business until 1899 when he died. The business was taken over by his son, Digby, who, like his father, has met with continued success now in a large two-storey brick 50 x 100 feet, at the original stand. Mr. Horrell was elected Reeve of the village in 1884, and its first Mayor, when it became a town. position which he held until compelled by his last sickness to relinquish.

King Street, Midland

The Park is situated on the West side of King St. at the top of the hill on the south limit of the corporation, ten acres in extent and surrounded by a beautiful grove of maple and other trees. A picturesque spot and convenient playground for the citizens of Midland.

Below is the store of the W. E. Preston, Ltd., as it appeared in the beginning of the present year.

The handsome building at the foot of King Street was built by W. E. Preston, who began business in a small way in 1889. A store was rented from the Burton Bros., to which was added three years later a second store and still two years later, a third, showing the rapid growth of the business. In 1902 the building illustrated here was built with a floor capacity of 20,000 square feet. Here, a modern emporium, with sixteen departments was established and continued in its initial prosperity to the present day.

THE REV. J. J. ELLIOT, MIDLAND, ONTARIO.

WE are introducing our readers in this issue to another of our Canadian poets, the late and lamented historian of the Midland branch of our Society. His sudden departure, shortly after organisation has robbed our Association of a highly esteemed and valuable servant. His patriotic heart burned with enthusiasm as he sought to record, in prose and poetry, the story of Ontario, brought within the range of his own reading and experience. Lamenting that much of that story was being lost, by lack of organized effort to preserve it, he gladly hailed the announcement of the forming of a branch at Midland, and set to work at once to do his share in collating the story of his own district, and "SAINT MARIE," an historical poem of inestimable value is now before the public as a result of that effort.

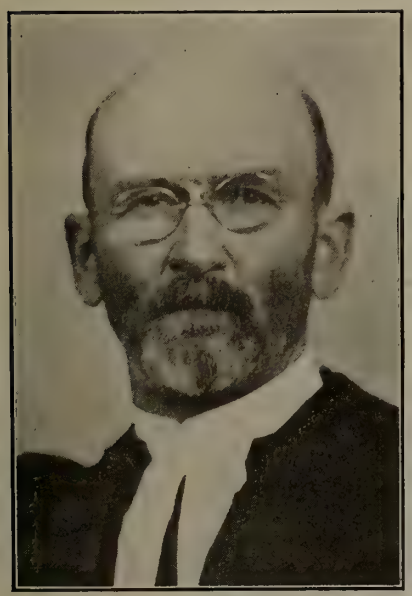
"Free Press," Midland, Jan. 5, 1922.

The Rev. J. J. Elliot, B.A., Pastor for twenty-three years of Knox Church, Midland, and pastor-emeritus for one year, passed away suddenly at his home on Tuesday, January the third, 1922.

"The late Mr. Elliot was a pastor beloved, a man of noble Christian character, a citizen esteemed by the community, a helper of the weak and erring, a guardian of the poor and defenceless and a friend to all mankind. His passing was lamented keenly by all denominations, since his life was so gentle and his affection for others so genuine."

"Mr. Elliot came to Midland twenty-four years ago when he was appointed to the field here following the pastorate of Rev. David James. During that long period he has labored earnestly, faithfully and with great zeal for the Master's cause within the community. He was a very thorough scholar and during his pastorate the congregation has grown to magnificent proportions, the church property has been greatly increased and the community at large has profited in many ways through his good influence.

Canadian Poetry



The Late Rev. J. J. Elliot, B.A.,

Paddling Home

Written by the deceased while holidaying at Honey Harbor on the Georgian Bay

I watched my boat go out in the bay,
When the morning work was done;
For pleasure was calling my boys away
In the glow of the early sun.

Then ho! for a day of the sparkling bay,
Where the light boat cuts the foam;
For the pleasure soon flies and the daylight dies,
And then we come paddling home.

There's an isle where the berries are thickly bespread:
There's a rock where the fishes play:
And the tempting pleasure is always ahead
To beckon the rowers away.

And thus too quickly fly the hours;
A star shines in the west:
And hands that sprang to the waiting oars,
Are weary, and call for rest.

In the silent hush of the evening hour,
I watch for my boat to come;
And I hear the gentle dip of the oar,
As the rowers come paddling home.

And thus did I watch my boy one day,
Put forth on the sea of life;
His heart was light, his spirits gay,
No thought of the toil and strife.

But time rolls on his ceaseless course
And life has lost its zest;
The willing hands that held the oars
Are weary and seeking rest.

But the evening time has the promise of light,
When the lengthening shadows fall;
The day is done, but the star is bright,
God's mercy is over all.

His Hand, it is, that guides the boat,
When the rock breaks through the foam;
Faith sees the pilot on the shore,
To welcome the rower home.

Sainte Marie

Rev. J. J. Elliot, B.D.

'Tis good to muse where noble men have stood
'Mid crumbling stone with haunting memories rife,
Where heroes battled for the truth of God
And, dying snatched a victory from the strife.

When in our ears the siren, Pleasure, sings,
With eager grasp the paltry prize we seize,
While time flies on with swiftly beating wings
We perish weakly in ignoble ease.

Where commerce preys upon the hearts of men,
And beats the nobler aspirations down,
How little kinship with the dauntless twain
Who spurned their lives to win a fadeless crown!

Breboeuf and Lalemant — Their record stands,
They saw the Truth, they grasped it as their all,
Across the gulf of years, they stretch their hands,
And hold our spirits in a deathless thrall.

Yes, you shall hear the story,
It has often been told before
But the deeds that mould a nation
Are treasured as golden store.

They came from a pleasant southland
Those men with a noble quest
Leaving their home and kindred
Seeking the far-flung West

But not for perishing honors
And not for worldy gold
They braved the northern forests,
Their perils, and piercing cold.

More knightly than their fellows
Who couched the quivering lance
In gay or martial tourney,
In the sunny land of France.

Moved by a sacred purpose
By truth to make men free
And weave in the new dominions
The Cross with the Fleur-de-lis.

They heard the call of duty,
They saw a beckoning light,
And put their lives in hazard
For God and truth and right.

Heroic in devotion
And hand in hand with death,
They reared the fort and crowned it
With symbols of their faith.

Enshrining holy emblems
They had bourne across the sea,
With spirit glad and thankful
They named it "Saint Marie."

But springing hopes were blighted
By war clouds ominous form,
And fearful hearts took council
Before the gathering storm.

And terror seized the women
And they hushed their babes with awe,
At the tales of death and torture
By the ruthless Iroquois.

They swept through peaceful valleys,
A baleful poisonous breath,
That leaves in its cruel pathway
The solitude of death.

* * * * *

They taught the wandering people
To practice peaceful arts,
They touched a chord responsive
In darkened pagan hearts.

The corn grew on the hillside
With flowers the garden smiled,
They kept the homeland virtues,
And loved the little child.

And far in the quiet river
When the shades of evening fell
The Indian dipped his paddle
To the sound of the Mission Bell.

A call to warring nations
From ancient feuds to cease,
And hear in God's evangel
The message of his peace.

They stole through the pall of darkness
To the height where Saint Ignace stood.
And the slopes of the faded stronghold
Ran red with Huron blood.

Then on to Fort St. Louis,
But one short league away,
With blood and fury drunken,
And thirsty for their prey.

Within the little fortress
There was a terror deep and wide,
The cry was "Fly for Safety,
In the forest mazes hide."

And scarce a hundred warriors
Were left to face the foe,
And turn the furious onset,
Of the deadly Iroquois.

The Old Fort

Midland, though in itself but a town of fifty years of age, has in the "Old Fort," as the village of "Saint Marie" of Huronian days is now called, one of the most ancient and historic spots in Ontario.

HE remains of Ste. Marie, the fortified Mission headquarters built by Jesuits in 1639 and occupied by them for ten years, may be seen at the present day where the River Wye issues from Mud Lake, being known as the "Old Fort." It is not only the most noteworthy object of historic interest in Simcoe County, although in its present ruinous condition it is not attractive, but it is one of the oldest relics of white men's habitation in Canada. The two sides of the fort nearest the water have alongside of them two branching trenches, which were made for its protection and contained water when the place was inhabited; the other two sides, which faced the forests, had high stone walls, now crumbled to the ground. Wth this place as headquarters, the missionaries carried on their work amongst the inhabitants of the Huron villages in the surrounding district, until these villages were depopulated by Iroquois raids in 1649. Father Daniel, in 1648, was the first of these missionaries to lose his life. This occurred when the Iroquois destroyed the Huron town in Medonte Township called St. Joseph. In the capture of St. Louis the following March the Iroquois took Fathers Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant prisoners, and after taking them to St. Ignace which they had previously captured earlier in day, put them to death. Finally, Fathers Garnier and Chabanel lost their lives through the capture of towns in the Tobacco Nation, thus making five Jesuit priests martyred in connection with the missions, of which Ste. Marie was the centre.

A. F. HUNTER,
Secretary, Ontario Historical Society.

Two gallant men were there,
Who scorned to leave their post,
For souls were in the hazard,
They yearned to save the lost.

They stood by Heaven's portal
To urge the warriors in,
To cheer the dying heroes,
And shrive their souls from sin.

And where the fight was fiercest,
At the broken palisade,
They filled their holy office
Till the breach was piled with dead.

And now the feeble remnants
Are marshalled forth to die
The stars look down in pity
From the soft and bending sky.

They lead Breboeuf to torture,
The cruel fires light,
And look to see the pale face,
Cower and cringe with fright.

But pain had lost its terror,
For that scion of Norman race,
In the crucible of fire
They see a radiant face;

Another form they see not,
Unscathed in angry flame,
Nor reck Calvary's anguish
And the grace of the saving name.

Yes, rend that knightly heart
Ye wolves of Indian breed,
The soul of Jean Breboeuf
Has gained a worthier meed.

The hours were horror-laden,
And the watchers of Saint Marie
Heard born upon the night wind
The inhuman revelry.

And caught above the tumult
The cries of mortal pain,
And knew the stricken nation
Could never rise again.

Through all the Huron region
A blackened waste remains
And over the mission clearings
A lonely stillness reigns.

A quiet desolation
Unstirred by War's alarms,
But Nature, Kindly Mother
Spreads wide her pitying arms.

She bids her gentle servants
Let fall their myriad leaves
To veil the sad mementoes
A patient earth receives.

The wild vine clothes the garden
Where fragrant rose-leaves fall,
The corn, the verdant meadow,
The forest claims it all.

* * * * *

The snows of many winters
Two hundred greening springs
And far in the virgin woodland
The axe of the white man rings.

The farm house softly nestles
Amid the orchard leaves,
And blithely sings the reaper,
And binds the golden sheaves.

We scan the page of history,
The time-worn annals trace
The plough unfolds the records
In the arts of a vanished race.

In many a grass-worn hollow,
On many a wooden height,
The buried relics witness
The fury of the fight.

And they who toiled and suffered,
And loved unto the last
And saw their labor scattered
Like leaves in the wintry blast!

Say not their lives were wasted
Nor think their labor vain,
In sorrow's vale the sowing,
The fruitage golden grain.

So long as faith and courage,
And truth can find a name,
So long is the story potent
To stir men in their shame.

Wherever they must suffer,
And drink the cup of pain,
It heals the drooping spirit
And bids it be strong again.

What though of alien blood,
To the winds they flung their fears,
They dared the flame of torture
And through all the coming years

The hand that holds the throttle,
Or guards the frontier lines,
Is steeled to sterner duty,
Because their loyalty shines.

Across our broad Dominion
Their line has wandered free,
To light the patriot fire
With the story of "Saint Marie."

Muskoka Lake as seen from Verandah, Swastika Hotel, Bala.

"BALA" the Premier Summer Resort of Muskoka

With a Short Biographical Sketch of Founder

1. Mr. Edward's Cottage, Bala.
2. Mr. Hartley Roushorne's Cottage.

1. Rose-Lawn Cottages.
2. Park's Cottages, Cascade Point.

FOURTEEN years ago the writer was privileged to take a boat trip on the Muskoka lakes. After spending a week enjoying the beauty spots on the three major lakes, and they were many, the journey which began with our embarkation at Muskoka wharf, was drawing to a close one beautiful summer's evening as the boat steamed into Bala. Standing on the deck and viewing it for the first time, I exclaimed: "Why, this is the most beautiful spot of all that we have yet seen."

An American gentleman, standing near, said "Yes, I have been coming up to these lakes for the past ten years, and that has always been my impression."

Whether or not this is the concensus of opinion of all who visit these lakes, it cannot be gainsaid, at least, that Bala has in her scenic beauty an asset of inestimable value.

"Have you ever seen anything more beautiful than that?" asked a friend as, standing on an eminence we looked down on the Muskosh at evening sunset, and saw the many motors, row-boats and canoes bedecking its unrippled waters and the myriad-tinted clouds of the sky arching it overhead.

He shook his head and exclaimed with wondering admiration, "How beautiful!' '

He held a camera in his hand, but before him lay a scene of beauty which was beyond the power

of camera or artist to reproduce. Nature is master in her own art, and she has dispensed her handiwork with prodigal hand around the lakes of Muskoka and the falls of the Muskosh.

Bala has become the distributing centre for all of the Canadian Pacific railway traffic in cottagers tourists and holiday seekers in the Muskoka region. Toronto has over a hundred families occupying summer cottages in this lake district, and there is no city in the province that is not represented among these cottagers, while Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh and other urban centres of the United States sends every year their regular and growing quota.

The popularity of Bala as the centre of a summer resort arises not only from the scenic beauty of the district, but because of the purity of its atmosphere resulting from its high altitude. One Muskoka Lake enthusiast declared it to be several hundred feet above the Georgian Bay, but a second, who had consulted a book of reference, set the figures at 162 feet. In regard to figures, we can make no dogmatic assertion, but having occasion to travel the distance by canoe, we know, both from our experiences going down and coming back, that the course of the Muskosh, from its source to its mouth, is downgrade. Bala Falls, the Moon Chute, Ragged Rapids, Cedar Rapids, Brown's Cookery, Red Rock Falls, Squaw Chute, Big Eddy, Sandy Gray and Flat Rock Falls, follow one another in quick succession, each one with its own interesting legend in which some ghostly spirit of the past occupies a prominent place. Although you cannot see it, Bala must be set on an hill if these falling waters of the Muskosh are telling a truthful story.

The Muskoka cottager, or tourist, dates back to very remote times as we reckon history in these parts of the province, that is, a half century, or thereabouts, ago. The Camp Comfort Club—thirty persons all told—were here before the railways, while American tourists soon followed them up coming in like them by way of Sparrow Lake. It would seem then, that it was as a health or tourist resort, that Nature had it in its mind when it created this part of the earth.

But the founder of Bala came here not for his health or for a holiday, but for pine. Thomas Burgess was a farmer in Bruce county before he was a lumberman in Muskoka. In the days when the Canada Company ruled the land, when Guelph was a village and Mount Froest an Indian hut and the roads to the King's Bush mainly corduroy his family moved to Bentinck township, Grey county from King township, York, where they resided a short time when first they came from the Old Country to this land. There the family settled on a farm a few miles from the place where the writer was born. Thomas remained there until young manhood, when hearing of the fertility of the soil of Bruce county, he moved to Saugeen township near Southampton. Here he was married to Miss McTaggart of Mariposa, and where six of their children were born, the remaining four, James, John, Margaret and Mary being born at Bala .

Thomas Burgess was a man of adventure and ambition. Hearing of the great timber wealth of

BALA, LOOKING WESTWARD FROM THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAL BRIDGE

In the foreground of this picture is shown the head of the Muskoka river just above the Falls and the waters of the river flowing westward to Kimberley Point in the background. This highway bridge is the dividing line between the waters of Lake Muskoka on the east side, and the river on its west, and the waters begin to fall at the place where it crosses the river.

MUSKOKA RIVER AT THE FOOT OF BALA FALLS

Bala Falls is divided into two by this island which is shown on the right hand side of the picture, the south branch of the Falls being here shown in the foreground and a distant view of the river as it stretches away to the southwest. Three miles below the Falls the river branches into

tw ostreams, the south called the Muskosh and the north the Moon, been flowing westward both empty into the Georgian Bay some miles distant apart.

BALA BAY, LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE

This picturesque view of Lake Muskoka was photographed as the motor launch of Colonel Moodie of Hamilton was starting out across the lake from Bala to Port Carling.

The views were taken from a central part of the town, and serve to show what a variety of scenery surrounds the town. The tourist who visits this summer resort in search of a place of scenic beauty will find himself here amply rewarded.

LAUNCH LIVERY. BALA, MUSKOKA.

Boats are necessary to the enjoyment of a summer holiday in Muskoka. McNeil & Morris, Bala, supply large and small motor launches, row-boats and canoes, for the convenience and accommodation of campers, tourists and cottagers, giving them easy access to the three major lakes of Muskoka.

THE POWER HOUSE, BALA.

This power-house was erected a few years since on the site of the Old Mill — for the purpose of generating electricity to light the town and surrounding summer cottages. The cottagers of Bala for three miles around the lake and down the river now enjoy the luxury of electric-lighted cottages, and all the other conveniences that go with installing electric apparatuses in their summer homes.

Muskoka, and seeing his family grow up round about him, who needed a larger field of opportunity than a farm in Bruce county could supply, he resolved to visit these regions. Driven to Owen Sound, he took boat to Collingwood, and then by rail to Barrie and stage to Gravenhurst he found himself in the summer of 1868 viewing for the first time the Lake of Muskoka, on whose shores he was destined to be one of its first pioneers. Taking a canoe, he coursed up and down around the whole lake. Wherever he looked, northward, southward, eastward, westward, clumps of stately pines reared their giant forms above the surrounding forests. Here the deer roamed plentifully, disturbed only by the lumberman's axe, or the occasional arrow of a transient Indian. Wherever he cast his fishing line into the water, a pickerel or a bass immediately tested the bait, and the trawling line never failed to land a massive salmon. When he came to the place where the Muskosh begins to empty the waters of the lake into the Georgian Bay, he selected a mill-site on the third branch of its three-forked head. He secured the squatter's rights to the property from Mr. Peter Cockburn of Gravenhurst, and by the summer of 1870 had a mill erected where the power-house now stands, and a house built for his family, to which they all came, and with which place the history of some members of it have ever since been identified.

Travel in those early days was altogether by canoes or boats on the lakes. As yet no road was built to Gravenhurst or to any outside points, so that it was incubent on the settlers to bring in their winter's supply of food and goods before navigation closed. Once only did this bring hardship to the community. The supply of flour ran short early in the season, but Mr. Burgess had machinery placed in his saw-mill for crushing wheat and the community had the not unwholesome experience of living on whole-wheat bread until the first consignment of white flour arrived with the opening of navigation.

In the course of time, to supply the needs of the community, Mr. Burgess erected a store at Bala and placed it under the charge of his oldest son. After a few years in the business Alexander Burgess gave it up to study medicine, and after graduation, settled it Bala, his home town, where he has since resided, ministering to the sick of the surrounding district, and honoured as the first Mayor of the town after its incorporation, as was fitting for one so long identified with the welfare of the community.

The duties of the store-keeper, after the removal of Dr. Burgess to the Medical school, was taken up by his youngest brother, John W. Burgess, who has ever since conducted here a most successful business.

The saw-mill continued in operation until Mr. Thomas Burgess' death, and for some considerable time after, being handed over to Mr. Thomas Burgess, Jr., the owner of Roselawn Lodge and present Mayor of the town.

But pioneer days have long since passed away for Bala. It is now a well-established and the premier of all the Muskoka summer resorts. Two well-equipped hotels and numerous private houses

BALA: GENERAL STORE AND POST OFFICE

This business was established by the late Thomas Burgess, a native of Kirkcabrightshire, Scotland, whose family came out to this country in 1846, settling first for a year in King Township, York, and then moving to a farm on the Second Concession of Bentinck, Grey County, reaching there by way of the military road to Penetanguishene, then by boat to Owen Sound, and thence by a trail through the bush to Bentinck. . .In young manhood, he settled for himself on a farm in Saugeen township, Bruce county, five miles south-east from Southampton, where he remained for about twenty-five years, before moving to Bala. This business was first placed in the charge of his eldest son, now Dr. A. Burgess, but later in the charge of his youngest son, John W. Burgess, who has brought it to the important and successful place it now holds.

in the town and others on the lake, serve for adequate accommodation for transient tourists, while all along the lake and on either side of the river, summer cottages are erected near enough to be seen b yone another and so creating a social atmosphere, and yet far enough apart to provde for the conveniences of privacy and space.

The pioneer of these cottagers was a public school teacher from Toronto, John Campbell, known also as 'Foxy Campbell', but why so named, perhaps some of his pupils of the old Phoebe street school could tell. On the south side about a mile from the Falls, on the Gravenhurst road, he secured a hundred acres facing the lake, and paid for the whole property about what a few feet of the land would now cost him. Here he built his cottage and became the forerunner of the numerous houses of beauty and value now surrounding the lake.

The industries and businesses of the place are necessarily conditioned by the requirements of a tourist and cottagers' resort. With a flexibility enabling them to conduct their business according to changing conditions, the store of the John W. Burgess, Limited, which was first erected to supply the needs of lumbermen and settlers, is now carrying a large and assorted stock admirably suited to the needs of the present and ever-changing community —a departmental emporium, which supplies the commodities of the grocer, butcher, baker, hardware and drygoods man, with the needs of the fisherman and the hunter also remembered in the quality and assortment of goods kept in stock.

The building of cottages has been the chief industry of the district for the past two decades, and will doubtless continue to be for some time yet in the future. The saw-mill of the Weismiller Bros., which was located for some time on the Muskosh river, is now occupying a site on the Lake within the corporation, conveniently situated to supply all the requisites in planed and rough lumber for this industry, while the interior finish and trim is supplied by the Roushorne Brothers, occupying a mill on the same site. A second industry, that of boat-building has been established by the firm of McNeill and Norris, who carry a large supply of motor-launches, row-boats, and canoes both for sale and for hire, while another firm, that of the Clements Bros., is also established in the same line of business.

Bala, however, has one need before it is adequately equipped for a summer resort. With the trend of modern events has come the automobile, and is now an indispensable part of the tourist's and the traveller's requirements. This modern method of travel is daily becoming more universal, and with its increasing use comes the necessity of good roads, for the tourist trade will inevitably follow these. The fate of many a locality, as one has said, is in the hands of the provincial highway commissioner. Canada's great summer playground at Bala and vicinity cannot afford to let its future destiny be lost through the lack of a good road. The Canadian Pacific railway and the boat traffic on the lakes are doing their part in serving the community, but a trunk road to Orillia or some such centre must be provided if it is going to hold its place as the premier summer resort of Muskoka. The municipalities and the cottagers must bestir themselves, if not only tourists from the United States—a growing traffic—but also native Canadians, are to be provided with suitable facilities for reaching this health and pleasure resort in the dog-days of every July and August.

The Census report shows 105,998 Indians in Canada in 1921 of whom 25,694 are residents of British Columbia.

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

A Thrilling Narrative Picturing Life as it Was on the Georgian Bay Fifty Years Ago

CHAPTER IX

A Midnight Ride to the Bustards

AS the Indians paddled away, the younger of them waved back his hand to Sol.

"We'll be back after a while," he heard him say by way of further assurance that his rescue from the island was a coming certainty.

"I wonder what can be their reason for not taking me off with them,' 'thought Sol. "Perhaps they are on their way south to the festival, and will pick me up on their way back."

The solitude of the island would have been less discomforting if the whiskey-traders, in the unexpected hours of the night had not put in an appearance.

"To think that they took me for a posse of provincial police!"

Sol laughed aloud as he remembered their fear. The sound of his voice brought him a companion. A red squirrel hearing the solitude of the island thus disturbed came running along a fallen tree, chirping excitedly, then climbed up another and perched himself on one of its extending branches, from whence he might view the intruder with safety.

"I doubt if there is another living creature on the place," Sol said aloud to himself, "but I'll try if I can't make a friend of Mr. Squirrel"

With the proverbial two stones, he tried the old method of knocking them together at the foot of the tree. The squirrel ventured down a little way, but with every movement of Sol hastily ran back, going a little higher up the tree every new time. At last Sol tired of the effort. Placing a piece of biscuit at the foot of the tree, he said,

"I'll go away, and then we'll see what he will do with this."

He strolled around the island, awaiting patiently the effect which quietness and time would have on his wary friend. To give it more time for overcoming its suspicions concerning his good intentions, he sat down on the shore some distance from the cave. Partly because the air was chilly, and partly also with the hope of attracting some passing boat, he built a fire on the shore, and erecting a pole, at the end of which he had attached a handkerchief as a flag of distress, he sat down by the fire and took out a New Testament with which the Missionary had equipped him, and began reading it. Commencing at the beginning, he read on, chapter after chapter and book after book, only stopping once in a while to put some more fuel on the fire, until he had the book read through.

When he had finished, he looked southward and descried on the distant horizon, the smoke of an approaching steamer. As it came northward, Sol observed it was a fishing-tug and passing not too far from the shore-line but that he might attract its attention. He began immediately to take measures with that end in view. He increased the fire, planted the erected handkerchief still nearer the water-line, and improvising a megaphone of bark, which earlier in the day he had peeled off a neighboring silver-birch, he watched until the tug got directly oposite him, and then shouted through it. His effort to attract their attention was immediately rewarded, for the tug stopped, the wheelsman leaned over the railing, and shouted across at him.

"What do you want?"

"Can you land and take me with you," answered Sol through his megaphone. "I'm stranded on this island and no way to get off."

The tug turned and drew closer to the shore. The crew consisted of four persons, the captain and the engineer, a woman and a boy. The captain came down from the wheel, drew up the dinghy that was being towed behind the tug to the side and jumped into it. He sculled over to the beach on which Sol was now standing.

"Hello, there, boy! How many are there of you?"

"Only myself," answered Sol. "I had a mishap with my canoe yesterday, and so had to swim here for safety."

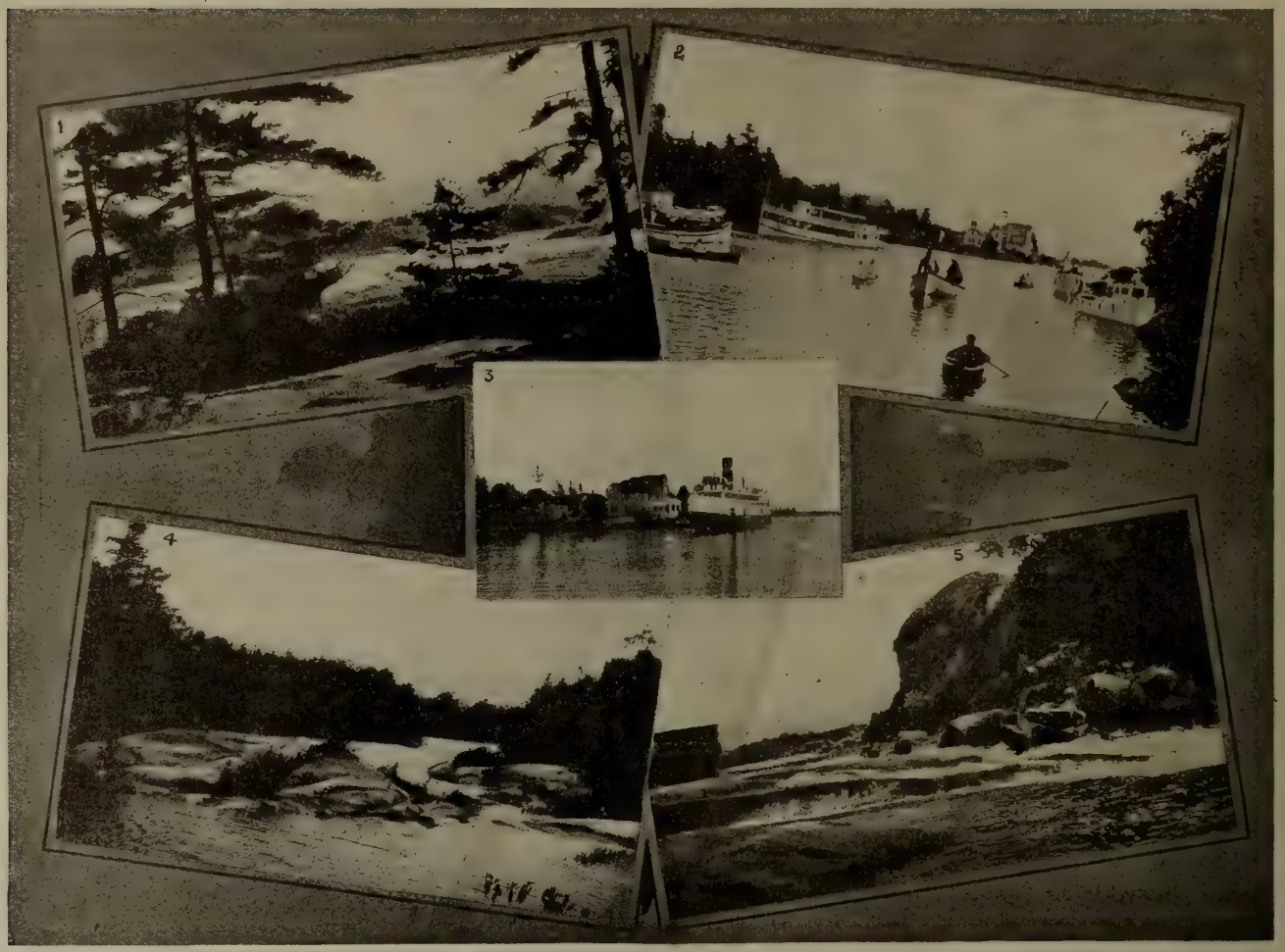
"And you here since, eh, and no one to see you?"

"Some Indians were here this morning, but they went away saying they would come for me later."

"Humph!" uttered the captain. "You can't depend on an Indian for nuthin'. And where do you want to go now?"

"Parry Island or Parry Harbour. My friends are at Parry Island, but I can get there easily from the village."

"I can take you to the Bustards to-night, and you'll have somethin' to eat, a comfortable bed to sleep on, and to-morrow I'll drop you off at the village on my way back."



Georgian Bay Scenes Reached by Boat From Midland

"Can't you take me to the village to-night? My people will make it more profitable to you than going to the Bustards."

"Not to-night, boy. I have orders to have them fish back to-morrow night and it would put me miles out of the way now, but I can steam in on that side coming back and not lose no time. It's the orders, boy, and I can't go 'gainst them."

"But I've been away now a fortnight, and my friends will think me either dead in the woods, or drowned."

"A fort-night! Is that all, boy? I've been away from my kids now over a month, and I'll do well if I see them again before the season's close. One day more is neither here nor there on a fortnight. You can come along with us and be at the village to-morrow, or you can take chances on the Injuns taking you over tonight, or paddling you over the lake to their village to-morrow."

Then looking around and apparently scanning the darkening waters to see if there were any signs of canoes, he continued.

"Boy, you're lucky that we're here. I never come this way, nor does anyone else except Injuns, and I'm here only because I want a short cut to the Bustards."

Flourishing an oar as if preparatory to sculling back. "Come along boy," he impatiently commanded, "get your belongings and let us hike to the Bustards."

"My belongings are on my back, Captain."

"All the better then; you'll weigh less and take up less room on the craft."

"Wait, I've got something here I want to take with me," requested Sol, as he thought of his skeleton bones. He had carefully placed this discovery in a neat bundle and with the aid of material provided from the cache, had them all in readiness for removal, when it would be his luck to be taken off the island. The bundle lay at the mouth of the cache, and Sol went thither to pick it up. The captain, attracted by the appearance of the cavity in the rock towards which he saw Sol moving, jumped out of the boat and followed after him.

"What have we got here?" he exclaimed as he came up to it.

Keenly curious, he went in. Stumbling against something which he knew to be some wooden object, he lighted a match to see what it was. A loud laugh served to inform Sol without that the discovery of what lay about and before his eyes was a surprise, delightful to the Captain.

"Rory McKenzie's cache!' 'he exclaimed, as he discovered the goods of their illicit traffic.

This was followed by another laugh. Numerous cases about and bottles filled with the liquid in which his soul delighted was the cause of his merriment.

Emerging from the cave, he addressed Sol with fearsome sternness.

"See here, boy, are you lost, or are you one of them?"

"No, I'm not one of them."

"Then if you've been here for twenty-four hours haven't you seen any of them?"

"They were here last night, but when they saw me in the cave, they ran away frightened, apparently thinking they had fallen into the hands of the police, and I was just as frightened as they were, or perhaps more so."

"Was it after dark?"

"Yes, after midnight; nearly morning."

"And what were you doing in there at that time of night?"

"Sleeping. I was using their blankets."

The Captain lighted another match to ascertain if Sol were telling the truth. When he saw the bed as Sol used it he was assured the boy was telling him the facts as they occurred.

"Boy, you're lucky to be alive to-day. I've never known Rory McKenzie to be afraid of man or beast, and how he missed putting a bullet through you is beyond my ken."

After examining the contents of the cave a little more closely with the light of a third match, he again addressed his remarks to Sol.

"Boy, I'm going to help myself to a case or two, but, mind you, there's to be no peaching when you get back to the village."

Two cases of bottles and a box of biscuits were conveyed to the boat.

"Jump in, boy," he ordered, as soon as these were safely secured.

"What in Sam Hill have you in that bundle?" he asked with more than passing curiosity, as he observed Sol's bundle at his feet.

Sol hesitated to answer.

"Come, boy, out with it. What have you got there?"

"Oh, just the bones of a skeleton that I found buried near the cave."

"Bones! A skeleton's bones! Whose? Are they McGregor's?"

"I overheard the men use that name last night as the one whom they called Mac had killed with an axe."

"They are McGregor's, boy. Murder will out, and Rory McKenzie is going to be hanged yet, or there's no British law in Canada.

Directing his eyes from the bundle to Sol's countenance, the play of which he could yet see, though the day was drawing night to dusk.

"And what are you thinking of doing with him?" he asked sternly.

"I thought of taking them with me," Sol answered. "They'll be of help in my studies when I get back to College this Fall."

"You'll take no dead man's bones on this boat to-night, and more specially as seeing it's the bones of poor McGregor."

The words came out with such decided emphasis, that Sol was convinced there would be no withdrawal from this decision on the part of the Captain.

"It surely can do no harm to take them," he answered half apologetically.

"Take them? Never. This tug would never again reach shore if we took them on board."

"Shall I put them back in the cave then?"

"Put them anywhere, but not here," he answered impatiently.

Sol carried them back and carefully and reverently laid them away in a corner of the cave. The story of a past tragedy was now being associated with these bones and they were taking upon themselves a value in his mind second only to that of a living personality, so that in a sense he was relieved that this gruesome discovery was not going to be a companion of his on this uncertain journey which he was now undertaking.

As he took his seat in the dinghy, he hardly knew whether it were best for him to be going to the Bustards in company with fisher-folk and whiskey or whether a more favourable turn in his career would follow if he stayed on the island until the Indians would return, for he was convinced that they meant to return, whatever their reason for not taking him with them that morning.

As the captain pulled the dinghy alongside of the tug he shouted,

"Jack Conossoway, come and take these!"

When the individual thus addressed appeared from the engine-room Sol observed that he was an Indian, who, both in height and weight exceeded the average. His black hair was cropped close around his head and ears as was the reputed fashion with the Whig politicians in the time of the Stuarts.

When the Captain handed him one of the cases, Jack picked it up gingerly, remarking as he closely scrutinized it,

"What you got here, Ike?"

"Rory McKenzie's bottles, Jack, and there's lots more of them back on yon island. We've found his cache at last Jack."

"Shall we pull in and load up?"

"Not on your life, Jack. We'll get out of here and that in mighty quick time, too. It'll be neither good for the tug nor for you and me, if Rory ever gets the wink that we've found his cache and the bones of McGregor."

"McGregor! Ugh!" was all the answer of the Indian to the announcement of this second, and in a sense, more important, discovery.

"Jump out boy!"

There was now a mildness in the tone of the Captain, betokening a spirit of sympathy awakening towards Sol.

"Here Conossoway, give the lad a hand."

Instead of the engineer, it was a youth, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, that jumped to the aid of Sol. Reaching forth a hand, he said,

"Lean all your weight on it. I'll hold with this other."

Secure in his hold on the casing of the door behind, he enabled Sol to lift himself up easily over the railing and reach the deck. As soon as he boarded the tug, the last of the crew, the woman-cook appeared at his side and with solicitous enquiry began to ply him with questions as to how he chanced to be at such a place and all alone. Sol related as best he could the story of the past fortnight's misadventures to the woman, while the men were busily engaged in carrying into the cabin the cases that they had secured from the island cache.

As Sol and the woman continued in conversation, he noticed she was a woman past the meridian of life, with an atmosphere of refinement in her manner and powers of conversation that evidenced

an intelligence above the average, and quite beyond what might be expected of the woman-cook of a fishing-tug. She was dressed in black, and behind her otherwise pleasant countenance, a look of compressed care was imprinted.

"This is Charlie, my boy, Charlie Butterworth," whom she thus introduced that the boys might find in one another congenial companionship.

"I am glad to meet you, Charlie," answered Sol cheerfully as he stepped out and shook hands with him.

"My name is Warren Wilcox, but the boys in the camp call me 'Sol,' and if you don't mind I'd prefer that name as it seems the right one associated with my life on the Bay. To avoid mistakes they spell it phonetically, S-O-L."

"Well Warren, or Sol rather, I wish you and Charlie a pleasant trip together until we get you safely back to your mother, for I'm sure she'll be distracted to death if you've been a fortnight lost, and no one of your folks knowing where."

Hearing a noise in the cabin that indicated the men were busy opening the cases that they had secured, she turned to Sol and enquired indifferently,

"What were these boxes that the Captain brought on board? Were they parts of your luggage?"

"They were cases of whiskey, I think, Mrs. Butterworth. They were apparently hidden away by a trader in a cave on the island."

"Whiskey!" she exclaimed with anxious fear, and immediately was off to the cabin.

"Where did you get these?" she fairly shouted at the Captain when she reached the place where they were engaged in sampling them.

"A lucky find," was his smiling answer. "We struck Rory McKenzie's cache, and I helped myself to a little and a box of biscuits. The biscuits will be for you, Mrs. Butterworth, seeing as you don't indulge in this other."

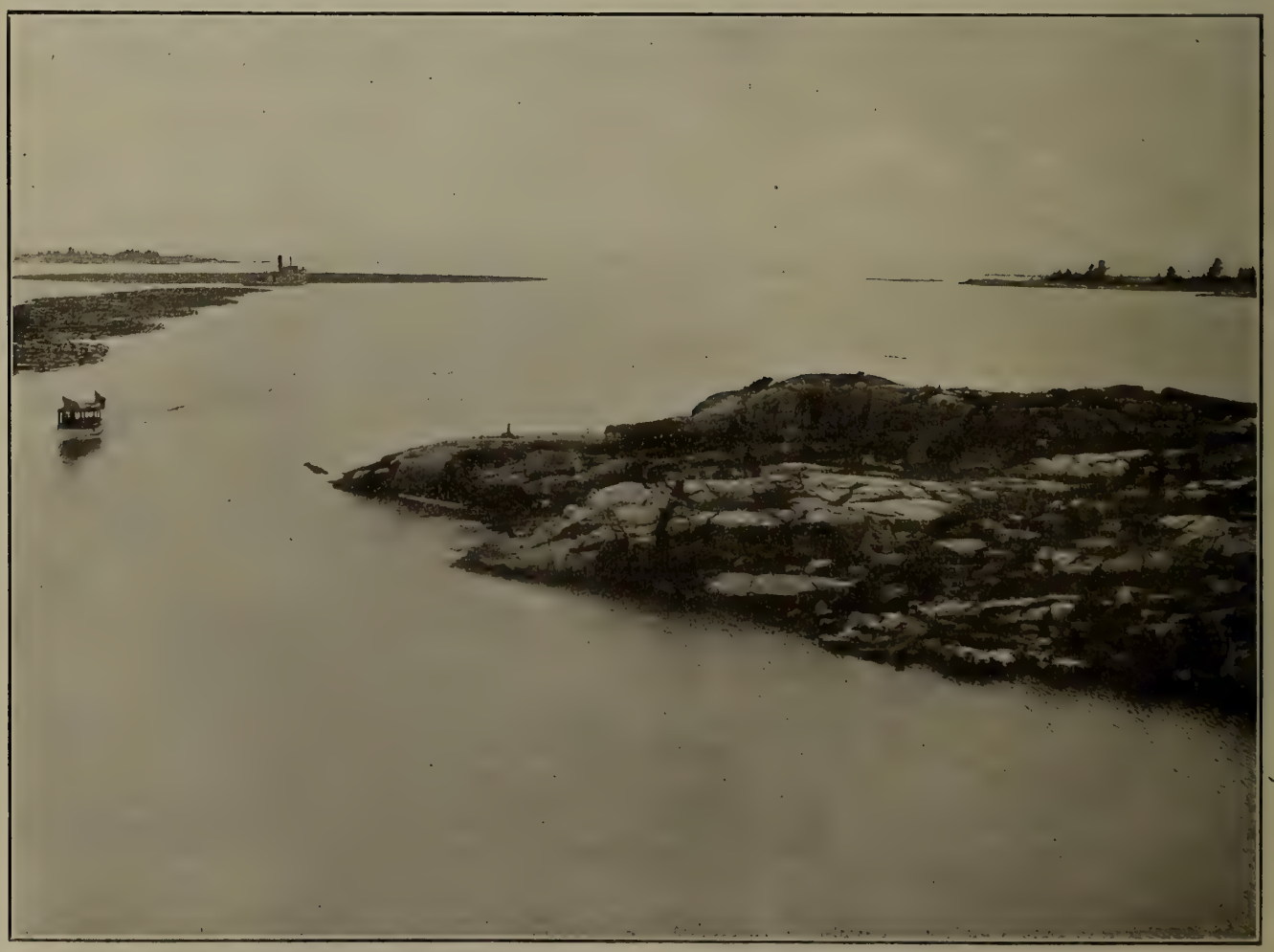
The Captain usually paid great deference to Mrs. Butterworth and her wishes were law on the tug except when drink got the upper hand, and even then her influence was considerable. Sol saw her lock the door of the store-room and take the key with her. The Captain went back to where Sol and Charlie were standing in conversation, but careful to take a bottle in each hand with him. This much at least he would not let Mrs. Butterworth confiscate but would hold carefully under his own supervision.

"Charlie, take the wheel," he commanded. "We must get out of here. Head her for the Bustards and make no mistake."

Turning to Sol by way of explanation for sending Charlie in charge, "That boy knows the chart as well as I do,' he said. "There is not an island in the channel which he doesn't know, and he can tell within an inch how near to go to them."

Charlie went forward readily as if glad of an opportunity to direct the course of the craft for the remaining part of the night. There was no other thought in his mind than that the sea should remain calm, the sky clear and the waters deep and safe.

(To be Continued)



A Tow of Logs Passing Point au Baril on Its Way to Midland

:: OUR COUNTRY ::

From Start to Finish in the Great World War

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER VIII

The Mettle and Morale of the Canadian Army, Weighed in the Balance and Found Sufficient

The latter half of the summer of 1917 was occupied by the Higher Command of the British in the Flander's offensive, known as the Third Battle of Ypres. The winter months preceding were spent in preparation for this offensive. It was meant to be a blow at the whole German position in Belgium and to secure if possible his retirement from that unhappy country before the end of the year. But in war, there are so many uncalculated elements that enter into issues, that plans, no matter how wisely conceived, nor how efficiently carried out, do not always produce the expected results. Such was in a most unusual measure the stubborn facts which had to be faced in the Flanders' offensive.

The Advantage of Position With the German.

The enemy had first of all the advantage of terrain. Standing at Ypres, and looking towards the German line, you would see four roads branch out from the city, and gently lift themselves up until they reached the top of the Ridge which lay in a semi-circular shape to the east of the city. The one to the left, passing through St. Jean, Weltje and St. Julien reaches the Ridge at Westroosbeke. The second passed through Zonnebeke to Broodseinde. Here it connects with the road that passes northward through Passchendaele from Beceleare to Westroosbeke. Next to the right is the Menin road, which passes through Hooge to Gheluvelt. Still further to the right is the road that passes through St. Eloi and Wytschaete to Messines.

Drawing a line through these four points on each road, Westroosbeke, Passchendaele, Gheluvelt and Messines, you would describe the height of land which formed the dominating position held by the Germans in the spring of 1917, and from which he could command a direct view of every yard of the Allied front in the Ypres salient. This line of ridges was designated hills, but in reality they were nothing more than slight elevations in the land, whose insignificance can be imagined when it is remembered that the altitude of the highest of them is not more than two hundred feet above that of Ypres. Yet in so flat a country, the advantage it gave the enemy who occupied strongly fortified positions on these ridges was immense. This advantage of position was wholly his at the opening of the offensive,

WHAT IS HISTORY?

"To the German type of mind, which has dominated our colleges and our historians for a generation, history is an encyclopedic mass of detailed information, culled from original documents of the past.

To an earlier (and much more widely read) generation of historians, HISTORY IS THE STORY OF MAN,—a vast panoramic drama of his spirit as revealed in his actions, chronicling his ambitions and his passions, his conquests and his sins, his pride his weakness, his glory, his power."

—'The World's Work.'

but it passed entirely into our hands before the close of the year.

The Uncalculated Element in Carefully Laid Plans:

The preparations for this offensive were carefully planned and diligently carried out, but uncalculated features, more numerous than in any preceding period in the history of the war, entered into the carrying out of these plans. There was the dropping out of Russia, which enabled the attacking Germans to be greatly reinforced by men and munitions from the East. There was the failure of General Neville's plans in the south against Laon. There were unfortunate delays caused by other contingencies. But the greatest enemy of all was the weather. The season was abnormal, and supplied that very kind of weather which was the least suited to that country and soil.

The First Blow at the Germans: 1917:

Although the Flanders' offensive was originally planned to open out the spring operations, it was not until the 7th day of June that the first blow was struck on this front. In January, 1916, tunnelling companies, among whom were many Canadians, began laying mines towards the Wytschaete and Messines sector. Twenty-four of these had been laid out, and five miles of galleries had been by this time constructed, charged with over a million pounds of ammonal. Nineteen of these were exploded on the morning of this day, destroying the whole of the enemy front line, enabling the British to oust them

out and take possession of ten miles of front on this sector of the Ridge.

A Steady Down-pour of Continued Rains:

The next stage of the operations began on the 31st of July, but the following day the rain commenced and continued until the 5th, followed by cloudy and misty weather, with little drying up of the ground taking place. There was a slight break in the weather in the middle of the month, but this was followed by another outbreak, so that the last half of the month was practically a steady down-pour.

The effect of these continued rains on these lowlands was such as to make warfare here, the most miserable and trying that could be imagined. The country was over-run with canals, which, because of the very flat nature of the plain, were very slow moving streams. Under such conditions, drainage of the country at its best would be slow, but these canals were damaged and dammed by the upheavals of earth caused by the dropping everywhere on their banks of high explosives, that, in many cases, they ceased to be factors in the drainage of the country. Where the land was not submerged with water from overflowing canals, the soil was water-logged and simply became a morass, which some have rightly described as a bottomless swamp.

This abnormal August, with its unheard-of rains, was followed by an unusually wet fall. After our capture of Hill 70, and the subsequent fighting around Lens, we were ordered to this northern field of conflict. In early October, we found ourselves marching up through French and Belgian farming country over their seemingly endless 'Pavee,' to take our part in the last battle in the Old Salient. It was at that time fine weather, and the army in their unbounded generosity allowed us to make the march by easy stages. To still further add to our comfort, we were accorded good billets at night. We were also allowed a few days rest near St. Omer in a Belgian farmhouse with its low ceiling and brick floors, and the usual accompaniments of farm buildings grouped on two other sides of the square which enclosed the farm yard. The lady of the house with whom we stayed was most anxious to know all about farming conditions in Canada. She enquired of our Colonel if he had a farm, to which he replied in the affirmative. Then to enlighten herself as to our financial standing, she asked, "Comtein peeg?" She had many pigs herself. They inhabited all portions of the ground floor much to our discomfort and disgust.

Getting Ready for Passchendaele:

After our little rest, we followed the old familiar roads to Poperhinge, then to Ypres. The enemy were not now shelling its ruins for they were driven back beyond the power to shell it and it only remained to capture the Passchendaele ridge to wipe out the salient which for three years had continued for the Allies an ill-omened cockpit of trial and tragedy. We passed up through St. Jean, Weltje and St. Julien to take our allotted place in the front line, opening up our dressing station for walking cases at Mouted Farm, which remained the Headquarters for the ambulances throughout the battle of Passchendaele, in some respects the worst engagement in which we were fated to take a part. At Weltje, we passed the famous mine, whose description is familiar to the people at home. It was really a great subterranean tunnel, fifteen to eighteen feet high, beneath the surface of the ground, with many branches hundreds of yards in length into which the water soaked through the soil overhead. To keep the water from accumulating, it was necessary to obtain several men who worked on shifts to pump water out to the surface, and so make it habitable. It may be left to the imagination what a dry cosy home one enjoyed in this place. It had, however, one important condition of comfort; it was bombproof.

The "Pill Box"

Passing up, we had our first view of the German "Pill-box." This was the device of one of the most resourceful and tactful of all the enemy leaders, Von Armin, the General in command of their Fourth Division which was then located at the Ypres front. Lacking in natural facilities for defence, his original mind conceived this method of securing a fortified cover for his machine guns, the most deadly and efficient of all his weapons. A frame of steel or heavy wood was taken to its place at night, sunk into the ground the desired depth, and filled in round about with a concrete wall three feet in thickness. A low entrance door was made in the rear, and observation windows at the front. Their first position was studded with these forts, for the thousands of Russian prisoners, the Belgian deportations, and their own military unfit gave them an abundant supply of labour for herculean constructive tasks. Their size varied from one which would hold four men, to one that would hold twenty or more. As they were raised only a yard or two above the level, observation of them was well concealed, and the ordinary barrage of field artillery would not hurt them. Next to the mud and weather, these pill-boxes were the army's worst problem.

A Costly Plank Road:

Owing to the continued wet weather, and the heavy transport traffic, the 'pavee' that led to the Ridge was mud and slush half way up to our knees. It was besides torn up with shells. To make transportation possible our Canadian Command had this road that led to the Ridge planked. This had to be built under shell fire, and therefore at great cost of life and limb. It was one of the conditions that enabled the Canadians later to accomplish such feats in this area. This road was the one and only means of conveying all supplies to the front line, and needless to say was a difficult problem not only because of the congestion of traffic but especially because of the attention of the German artillery and air service. Owing to there being no buildings or trees, it was possible for the airmen to fly very low, and search the place with machine guns as well as with bombs. Much the most uncomfortable moment or two throughout the whole war, I remember very well—a German airman flying very low, and coming down within a few feet of the ground opened fire on us with his machine gun The peculiar noise that the bullets made as they rattled on the planks close beside us, created a feeling much more fearsome than any ghost story I had ever heard in my youth. It seemed such a long time before he passed over although it could only have been a few seconds until he was beyond range to hit us.

We selected the post to be used as our dressing station at the farther end of this plank road. It was one of the larger pill-boxes, whose inside di-

mensions would be about eight feet wide by fourteen feet long with a six-foot ceiling. It was also used as Battalion Headquarters, Signal Headquarters and a general meeting place for all who came that way until the battle opened out in real earnest. All around, the country was the most desolate that could be imagined. Scarcely even a tree was standing, while scattered all over were broken tanks, guns, waggons, ambulance cars, lorries, not to mention such smaller articles as rifles, bayonets, shell cases, barbed wire picks and shovels.

The Advance of the Canadian Army.

A little stream, called Ravebeek, runs westward from Passchendaele, south of the Bellevue spur, and empties in the Strombeek. It was along the valley of this stream that our Canadian army advanced to the attack of the Ridge. On the 26th of October, they captured a hill south of the village together with the Bellevue spur to the north. Four days after they captured Crest Farm also south of the village. But their main attack did not occur until the Sixth of November, when they swept forward capturing the village and so continued their pressure against the enemy, that by the tenth the main Ridge of West Flanders was in our hands, and the Ypres salient that had cost thousands upon thousands in killed besides many times more in wounded was at least wiped out, and to the Canadian army was given the honour of striking the last blow that effected this.

Taking Care of the Wounded:

The difficulty of evacuating the wounded during these operations was indescribably great. As long as one remained on what was once a roadway, there was difficulty yet there was a solid foundation below the mud and slush on the top, except in places where the shells had torn holes in it. But once off this roadway or the duckboard paths over the bogs, it meant usually being bogged in a mire from which one could not extricate himself except with the assistance of some of his comrades. All around, the ground was pock-marked with shell holes of varying sizes, filled with water, into some of which if a man fell he was in danger of being drowned, and indeed many of our men as well as pack horses so lost their lives. These holes were so numerous, and they lay so contiguous, that sometimes there was hardly room for a man to pass between them. Besides, over all of them he had to walk very carefully or he would find himself in a lagoon with the slippery clay for a manhold, which sometimes breaking off large layers would fall with him, increasing the size of the hole, and carrying man and beast down, to be stuck in the muddy bottom from which there was no way of extricating them.

A Scotch chaplain, making his way to some of his men occupying a ruined trench on the fringe of the Ridge, found that the duckboard ended while he was yet thirty yards from his destination. He stepped out into the mud and sank down to his waist. He tried to get out, but the more he exerted himself, the tighter did the mud grip him. A few men occupying a water-filled trench nearby saw him and although the shells were falling with a splash in the mud all around, they waded through the water to his rescue. With great difficulty they pulled him out and got him to the mudheap that served for the remaining part of the duckboard path to the trench, chilled and soaked to the skin with the muddy water. Had the incident happened in the night he would have perished.

But it was in the night, and over such ground that our men had to carry out the wounded. They carried in relays to posts about a mile apart, with six men to each squad, so that every time a squad of these went in to fetch out a wounded man, they risked the lives of seven persons, their own six and that of the wounded man. Of the first party of our unit that went up, thirty men in all, more than one-third were killed or wounded badly the first night. Those who had survived were almost exhausted struggling through the mud in the dark, trying to get their man to a place of comparative safety, and where the officer who was doing the dressing could have the light from a few candles to show what sort of wound he was attempting to dress.

An an instance of heroism, I recall one man who was seventy-two hours on duty. When he was not carrying stretchers, he assisted with dressings. But during the whole time, he had not taken time to lie or sit down ,only stopping a few minutes to get a hot drink or eat some bully biscuits from his hand.

When the wounded however reached the plank road in safety, our difficulties were mainly over. The ambulance transport was then able to handle them as expeditiously as was required.

An Unforgettable Nightmare

To those who took part in the evacuation of the wounded, and have survived, the battle of Passchendaele will always remain an unforgettable nightmare. By plankroad and duckboard, by mud and by water our infantry advanced attacking the enemy fortifications one by one, and dead or alive, they routed their occupants out, as gophers out of their hole. They fought on nearer and nearer to the crest until the last objective was in their hands. But all along their trail they left a great body of wounded behind them. It was a costly battle, but it was necessary to round off the series of successes which were gained at equally great cost by the British in the preceding stages of the battle. Passchendaele was a major incident in the Third Battle of Ypres because it was the last and most difficult. There is no way of describing the scenes of so tragical an engagement. The suffering and misery was the greatest possible in the realm of human endurance. The heroism and courage displayed was unsurpassable. Its value lay in the strategic position captured but more in its moral effect on the enemy. If the German soldier failed the following year to stand up against the British and Canadian soldier, as he did fail, it was because the memory of the Somme and the Ypres could not be made to fade out of his mind.

* * * * *

For the first time in decades, the report of the census of 1921 shows the growth in poulaton for Ontario has exceeded that of Quebec, the former in 1921 having a population of 2,929,065, and Quebec 2,349,067. The settlement in North Ontario of many French Canadians from Quebec is given as one of the reasons for this relatively greater increase.

Reminiscences of Cameron McLeod

THE BADGER MINE AND ITS SCHOOL

A Struggle for Education in the Port Arthur District Thirty Years Ago

CHAPTER IV

"Give them back their money, John, give them back their money."

It was the voice of the wife of the Manager of the Beaver Mine, as she leaned out from an up-stairs window above the office.

Her husband was standing below, where around him was gathered a mob of miners apparently bent on doing him grievous bodily harm. The Manager was a low-set, dark-haired, full-whiskered and sallow-complexioned native of Georgia, Southern United States. He had been appointed as Manager of this mine by his uncle who was a chief shareholder of the Company.

The employees of the Company were made up chiefly of Swedes, Norwegians, Finlanders, with a sprinkling of French Canadians and Italians and also a few British-born and Canadian families. The attitude of the Manager towards his employees was such as to exasperate rather than obtain their goodwill.

Led by a young Canadian, the heads of these families had asked for the establishment of a public school for the education of their children. In the neighboring Beaver Mine a school had been established and supported by the Company operating that mine, but the Badger mine-owners, led by the present manager, refused to grant any concessions either for the benefit of the miners or their children. This different attitude of the neighboring mine-owners was the means of exasperating the miners still further. Insisting on a school, their request was answered by the appointment of the Managers' sister-in-law to the position of teacher which she conducted according to the dictates of her own wishes; so there was little instruction and no certainty as to the days and hours which the pupils of the school would be required to attend. This seemed but to mock the wish of the men still further and a young Canadian, with probably a little Bolshevik tendency, gathered the miners together to discuss and consider their grievances, which the more they discussed the larger in magnitude and importance they appeared. The result was that the men were organized to take physical means to compel the redress of their grievances. As the day shift were coming out of the mine and the night shift were on their way thither they met around the office with the young Canadian, a graduate of Toronto University, as their spokesman. Near him stood a tall, rough Swede, with a large rope, not to hang the Manager, but to impress him with its possibility. Another stood with a paid of tar, while two others carried a pole on which it was proposed to ride him over to the Beaver mine, where he could see a concrete example of British justice to British children.

The school was but one of their grievances; their chief grievance was the spirit with which they were treated by the Manager. They were looked upon as but "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the Company and of value only in accordance with their ability to be the media of bringing dividends to the coffers of the Company.

The school question, however, was their trump card. But the Manager was stubborn and refused to quail until the appearance of his wife, who feared the worst. Gathering up whatever money upon which she could lay her hand, she ran to the office, climbed up on a back-stairway to the second story, and appeared at the window with the price to appease their wrath, thinking that the question uppermost in their minds, was the amount of money which they had paid in support of the teacher, her sister's salary, raised by a tax of one dollar a month from the married men and twenty-five cents a month from the single.

Taking his wife's suggestion he answered them, "Take your school and do with it what you like; I will have nothing further to do with it.

He had robbed the men of their trump card

A friend of mine was at this time labouring as a Missionary with the three, the Beaver, the Badger, and the Silver Mountain mill as his preaching places. To his surprise he was waited upon by a deputation from the Badger asking him if he would take charge of their school. He was told that there were between fifty and sixty children of school age and that he would be given forty dollars a month to become their instructor. The lower room of an unused dressing-station was placed at his disposal while the upper half which had been used as a reading-room he could use for his sleeping apartments. He had heard vaguely of the troubles at the Badger, which lost nothing in their telling, yet he resolved to accept their invitation, and soon found himself moving his head-quarters from the Beaver to the Badger with a view to the education of the children, Canadians all, though of foreign-born parents.

The upper story of the building given for the purpose had once been a well-equipped reading-room with six windows. Four of those windows had now ceased to afford any shelter from winds and rains although still the medium for light. As it was the

summer-time this was thought no inconvenience that would hinder it from being the dwelling quarters for the new school-master. A French Canadian lady provided him with a bed, a pail of water, a cup for drinking, a basin for washing and also the necessary bed-clothing and towels. Along the gable he distributed his books. With a box for a wash-stand, another for a seat and a curtain to give him privacy, he found himself established for the summer in a neat and cosy and comfortable quarter.

The room of the first story was thoroughly cleaned and provided with seats and tables for the fifty and more children of school-age of the mine. The first day revealed a difficulty. The teacher could speak but one language; his scholars spoke seven, and the majority of them did not know the one that was his, English.

His method of instructing these was novel. He began by taking all the English-speaking children and using them as his assistant instructors, so that to the several individual children being instructed each had his separate teacher. With a well-known object before them, he had them repeat over its name, until they thoroughly mastered it. In this way they made rapid progress, and soon knew and could pronounce the names of all the surrounding objects. In the same way he followed with pictures until they had learned their names also. Then followed the English alphabet whose names he had them not only memorize but also write in script, which he followed up with such success that before the end of the season, before his return to college in October, every non-English speaking child of the April before was able now to speak and write English with tolerable accuracy. They had mastered the language and in in this way had taken the first necessary steps to become Canadian citizens.

But in the meantime where was the Company's Manager? At first indifferent when he saw the success that the men's efforts for the betterment of their own children, he became subbornly antagonistic. He persisted in his refusal to either assist or support in any way, the school and its financial burdens, claiming that the Company had no responsibility in the matter.

The missionary-teacher was intimately acquainted with the procedure for establishing school sections in unorganized districts. He immediately set to work to map off an area of that district into a school section which although it was not large, was rich in the number of houses and shacks which were built up around the mine. At this period the Silver Mountain Mine had played out and the Beaver Company were running their industry at low pressure when a rich discovery was made on the property of the Badger Company which they named 'The Porcupine.' It was here that the chief mining activity of the district was centred so that a populous village had sprung-up at this place, making the need of a school all the more claimant.

When the necessary notices of organization were being posted up, the manager first sneered and then swore at them.

"What are these fools doing now?"

They were soon electing trustees, appointing an assessor and finally a collector to gather the required moneys for the conduct of the school. When this officer made demand of the Company for a school-tax of several hundred dollars a reputable Law firm of Port Arthur answered him and the trustees with a lengthy document of two pages setting forth many reasons why legally and morally the Company would refuse to make these payments. This document was placed in a large envelope and forwarded to Mr. Donald McCaig, Inspector of Public Schools, who then lived at Collingwood, and who from this centre radiated through the whole district inspecting schools from Fort Francis, Rainy River district west, and eastward to Killarney and French River including all the Islands on the north shore of Lake Huron. Mr. McCaig was a Highlander, who never quailed before difficulties, nor feared the face of man. His answer to the Company was characteristic of his country-men. The Company paid their taxes.

But the man from Georgia was not to be halted in his determination to get even with his hireling helpers, for such was the only conception from which this small-minded man viewed them. The shacks and houses of the village had been built by the men out of logs cut and hewn with their own hands. They were the workmanship of their leisure hours. Immediately a ground rent was announced and the taxes finally came forth from the employees but not from the Company.

Thirty years have since elapsed. In the midst of the ups and downs of life, once and again I meet with a Swede, a Finlander, a Norwegian, a French Canadian or an Italian, some occupy high places, some ordinary, but all of them speaking and writnig the language of our own country with an accuracy not superseded by those who claim their parents British-born. The Missionary-teacher is dead but his works do follow him; in another and higher sense he still speaketh through these. On Sunday afternoons he was accustomed to gather together those whom he taught through the week for exercises of religion. During the week he refrained from any mention or reference to religious subjects, confining himself wholly to the secular, seeing that a large percentage, nearly fifty, of the children were of the Roman Catholic faith, the others, Lutheran, Methodists or Presbyterians. The Sunday afternoon was devoted mainly to singing and story-telling, repeating the stories of the Bible without any religious dogma attached,—and it may be said in passing that none of the children of the Roman Catholic faith refrained from attendance at the Sunday afternoon meeting save two children and these for other than religious reasons, and none of these became less devout Roman Catholics from receiving the knowledge of the Bible and the singing of the hymns which occupied the pleasant hours of Sunday afternoons, when teacher and taught fore-gathered, to receive instruction in those virtues without which good citizenship is an impossibility. The humble worker perishes but his works do follow him.

The representation in the next parliament at Ottawa will be considerably changed as a result of the finding of the 1921 census. The representation of the Province of Quebec is fixed for all time at 65, and the others will have according to this ratio. Sixty five divided into the population of Quebec gives a unit of population for each member of 36,-139. This will cause Nova Scotia to lose one member in the next House of Parliament, and Ontario one, while Manitoba will gain two, Saskatchewan five, Alberta four and British Columbia one, making all told ten more members in the next Parliament.

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Owen Sound

EARLY CHRONICLES OF ITS HISTORY

From time to time descriptive chronicles of Owen Sound in the various stages of its growth has been written. A very valuable pamphlet of reminiscenses, written by the late A. M. Stephens, takes us back to its very beginning:

"An opening in the bush of about an acre in extent, paritally cleared; three log houses, one occupied by the Crown Lands Agent and his family, one for the accommodation of emigrants, and the third kept as a tavern by Hugh Gunn Campbell; about half a mile of street, now called Union Street, with the timber chopped down but not cleared off; a deep, dark and winding river, having a dense growth of cedar on either side with tops interlacing overhead, forming the only channel of communication with the outside world and looking very unlike the future home of iron steamships.

Such was the town of Owen Sound in the spring of 1842, when I came to make it my home."

A noted writer of 1851, W. H. Smith, in his two-volume work, "CANADA, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE," gives the following description of the status to which it had reached after nine years' growth:

"On the shore of the Owen Sound Bay is a village called Sydenham, which was commenced about nine years ago. The principal part of the village has been built on the banks of the Bay, but below the cliff, which rises a short distance behind it, to a height of about a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water. These cliffs are of limestone rock, and the bank below has a gravelly surface. The village of Sydenham, notwithstanding its remote situation, is becoming a thriving little place. It contains a grist-mill, foundry, two breweries, two tanneries, distillery, and post-office. A newspaper, "The Owen Sound Comet" has been lately started and two churches, Episcopal and Methodist are in course of erection."

"On the east side of the village is a cedar swamp, two or three miles in length, and running back to the base of the cliff." (1851)

A sketch of the town in 1865, when it had a population of 2,400, was written by W. H. Smith, a citizen of Owen Sound, still remembered by many of the present-day residents:

"Owen Sound (1865) is situated at the head of the Sound of that name, an arm of the Georgian Bay, and at the mouth of the Sydenham river, which runs through the town. The valley in which the town is situated, opening out upon the waters of the Sound, is about half a mile wide, and a mile and a half long; skirted with hills on each side about 100 feet high. Above the hills is a beautiful upland, which in process of time will be a favorable spot for private residences, a few of which already make their appearance. The town occupies a considerable space of the ground, and is not yet very closely built. Poulett street is the principal business street, and contains some substantial stone, and brick buildings."

"The town has a large export trade with Collingwood, and the Copper Mines of the North, and imports to some extent from Chicago and Detroit."

Since the rural population is reported as less than it was 30 years ago, the problem of the waste from untilled lands and uncaltivated fields would seem to be farther away than ever from solution.

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The Algonquin Historical Society Magazine

Volume II. No. 2 TORONTO, ONTARIO October-November, 1922

$1.50 per 12 Issues. *Rev. HUGH COWAN, M.A., B.D., Editor* 15 Cents a Copy

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IN the beginning it was "MER DOUCE." The term signifies "Fresh-water Sea," and was the first European name applied to any place in Ontario, and therefore the starting-point from which to begin the Story of Ontario. The name was given by Champlain in 1615 to Lake Huron, including the Georgian Bay, and was chosen as the name of our Magazine because of this, its historic significance. All happenings before this can be recorded, if they are recorded at all, only as tradition. The story of Ontario, beginning with this event in the life of Champlain, is both interesting and instructive, and it is the aim of our Society to help record and preserve it.

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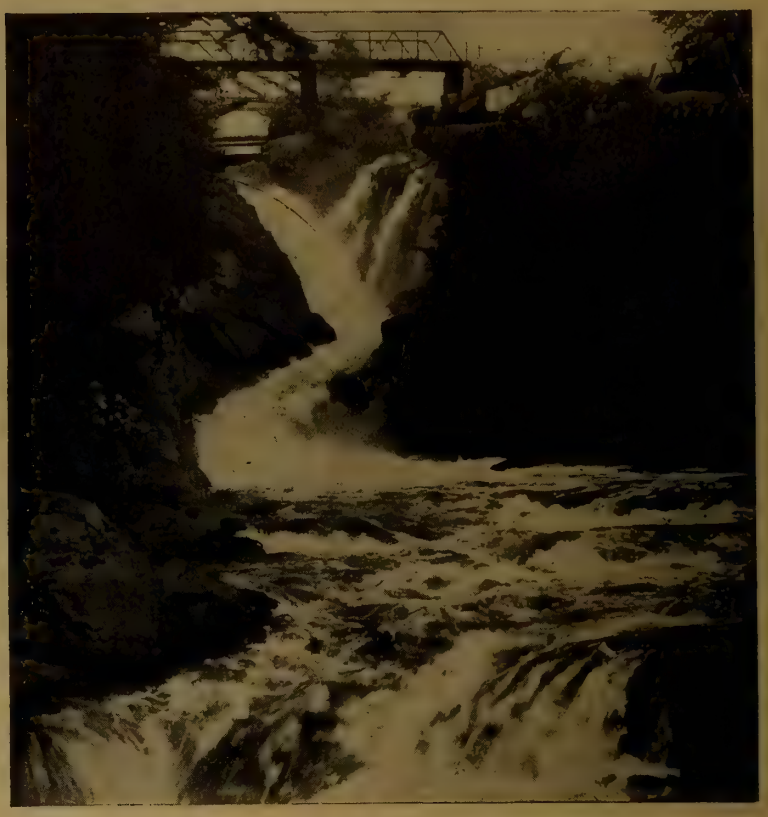
Reminiscences of Cameron McLeod

The Ghost of Sandy Gray

The life of the lumberman is full of the gay and the tragic, the latter of which the following story is meant to exemplify. Though lacking in the genial amenities of civilized life, it provides substitutes for these in a love of the woods, the joy of companionship with kindred spirits, the health-giving energy of a pure and keen winter air, the social enthusiasms of competitive effort, all of which lend a variety of moods to which the spirit of reckless adventure with which he faces the dangers of turbulent streams in the annual spring drive, is a fitting climax. The story of the close of the life of Sandy Gray is the story of the spring drive and its tragic ending.



South Falls, Muskosh River, Bala, Muskoka.

HAVE you ever coursed down the Muskosh river in the days when Muskoka was a forest and white man visited it only for the sake of its lumber? If you have not, neither have I; but I have done the next best thing—I paddled it in later years, guided down its tortuous way by the expert canoeing of one who knew the stream in the olden days, before its solitudes were disturbed by the bark of a white man's rifle, or the axe of the American lumberman as he exploited the products of these northern forests for the benefit of the country south of us. As I lay resting on a river's bank in the gloaming, or sat around the camp-fire listening to the legends of an Indian guide, I tried to picture to myself what it was like in the days when one went to sleep to the music of howling wolves, when the deer were as numerous in the woods as the porcupine now are, and when stately pine grew by the myriads on the banks of its many streams and covered the rocks surrounding its many lakes.

On the shores of the Muskosh river, a little below one of its many rapids, two stately pines once grew, the one at the head, the other at the foot of the grave of Sandy Gray. This rapids, or falls, is now known by the name of this river-driver, whose last resting-place is situated within reach of the sound of its falling waters.

Three centuries ago, when history began to be made on the shores of the Georgian Bay, the Muskosh was a large and turbulent stream, subject to great variety in its water levels as it is to this day, but with the opening out of the country, and the removal of the forests from the shores of the lakes, whose overflow supplied the water out of which the river was made, there was a decrease in the volume of water that found its way to the bay through this channel, proportionate to the drying up of the country with the passing away of its forests. The one great cataract that used to exist where the lake overflowed its banks at the place where the town of Bala now stands, has dwindled down to three small streams, with land sufficient for a town-site lying in between, and only one, or at best two, out of the three, honored with the name of "falls." Yet, notwithstanding this decrease, it is still a stream of no mean dimensions, and a decline of about eight feet per mile gives it a velocity which makes it in many places a dangerous, and in some others, an impossible stream to navigate without the aid of portages.

Its great width below the Bala Falls, and for two miles westward, bears evidence that here it is an elongated lake rather than a river. At the Moon Chute it narrows down into a deep channel that it must have taken ages for the waters to have worn down so deep into the rock. Here the stream takes a curve, and makes another fall, after which it divides its waters, forming the Moon river, and then continues its course lakeward, every new mile providing a variety of aspect and scenic beauty which is doubtless not out-rivalled by any other stream in the country of equal length.

These scenic advantages of the Muskosh had been so oftentimes portrayed to me, and I had listened so long to the legends of the bass and pickerel that were to be caught by either trawl or casting hook, that I proposed to take a trip down its hitherto, to me, unexplored waters. With two canoes five of us assayed the task.

THE SAW BECOMES JAMMED.

The timber-man has to fight against the "jam" from the commencement to the close of lumbering operations, but the overcoming of this kind with an iron wedge carries with it no dangerous risk to life or limb.

We reached the Sandy Gray rapids in the late afternoon, and had finished the portage before the sun was yet unset. I had not followed the portage, but had attempted the more arduous task of walking close to the stream over its rough and rocky shore, deeply interested in observing its curves and angles, its rocks and its falls, and trying to visualize the "jam" which had done Sandy Gray to death in the earliest of Muskoka's lumbering days. A shout from my waiting companions aroused me from my reveries. To my surprise they had reloaded their canoes, and were awaiting to continue their journey. The Indian had already started down stream. There was nothing other to do than jump into the remaining canoe and follow after. A few miles farther down the stream we found another goodly site, and camped there for the night.

"Why didn't we camp at the Sandy Gray?" I asked our guide as we sat around the fire after supper listening to legends of adventure and war with which his memory was amply stored, and in all of which his tribe occupied an honored place.

"I never stay where is the ghost of Sandy Gray," was his answer. "It gives a queer feeling after night."

An Indian usually likes to camp at the foot of a waterfall. Its power to destroy has caused him to exalt it to a place where it ranks in honor equal to a deity. The music of its falling waters is always a source of attraction, serving as a guide for direction when travelling through the woods, so that when he is paddling with or against its currents he invariably chooses his camping ground in its vicinity. But near the Sandy Gray no Indian can be persuaded to camp, for since the day when the river-driver's earthly body received such violent usage at the hands of the waters of this rapid, his spirit, to the Indian mind, haunts the place, keeping guard over the sacred bones which find their resting-place a mile below, yet within reach of the sound of its falling waters.

"It was in the year 1854," said our guide, in beginning the story of Sandy Gray, to which he afterwards added the significant words, "I think."

"But the slab up there says '67," interrupted one of the youths of our camp.

"A slab! And what slab would live on the Muskosh since '67? If there's a slab there it wasn't Sandy Gray's men that put it there."

At the time of the narrative one of the best-equipped sawmills on the Georgian Bay was situated at the foot of the Muskosh river, a mill which was afterwards dismantled and its machinery taken to Midland. What a wealth of pine was within easy reach of this mill in those days! The waters of the Moon and the Muskosh brought you to a chain of lakes surrounded by vast forests, and the pine its chief tree. In addition, what wealth of timber was to be found on the north and east shore of the Bay. By lake and river and small stream, how easy to transport the unsawed logs from far inland forests to the mill at the mouth of the river. The oxen hauled the individual logs to the skidways on the side of the roads, from which they were carried by horse-sleighs to the water.

"As a road cannot be made to each tree which has been cut, the sticks of timber are drawn out singly to the main road—this is called 'straightening out'—

MAKING A SKIDWAY IN THE WOODS.

The hauling of the individual sticks to the skidway by the roadside in the woods was the work, in the early days of lumbering operations, of oxen. Now horses are more frequently employed.

HAULING THE LOGS TO THE DUMP.

These are rolled out on the ice, ready for the spring drive.

and as the horses are too restive for such work, it is done by oxen. These patient, useful brutes will wind between the trees up to the shoulders in snow, almost twisting their tails and necks off in obedience to the yells of their drivers."

When the horse-team reaches the water, the logs are unloaded off the sleigh and rolled out upon the ice of the stream or river down which they are to be floated to the mill when the ice melts in the spring of the year. Then comes the "drive," the name applied to the work of floating the logs down the river, the most interesting, as it is the most dangerous, of lumbering operations. A river-driving gang is organized, made up of men that are alert, courageous and experienced, whose chief business is to keep the "drive" driving.

There are two possibilities that they must guard against, the one the logs getting "out of control," and the other the "jam." As long as each log is kept floating and under the control of the stream, all goes well; but obstacles to their continued progress may arise, such as a log beached on the shore, caught by a ledge of rock, or held up by an eddy. Two detachments of the river-drivers are selected and are set out to patrol each shore, and if any loitering log is found it is pushed out again into the current with their pike-poles, a work which sometimes necessitates the men wading out to their waists in water before they get the recalcitrant log again moving. When it is a ledge of rock or an eddy that is the cause of holding up the log, then a canoe or a bateau has to be requisitioned to release the imprisoned log. But what the river-driver fears most of all, and works hardest to prevent, is the "jam," that is, the whole drive being held at one place, all the logs lying side by side, or more likely in a promiscuous heap, and will not move until released by the river-drivers, a process that always carries with it a very dangerous risk.

"Cutting away a 'jam' is one of the most daring feats a lumberman can perform. Like a forlorn hope, it is left to volunteers. The noble fellows who risk their lives to save their employer from loss or ruin bare their feet, strip to their waist, tighten their girdles and, bare-headed and with axe in hand leap on the quivering timbers, having a rope round their waist, the end of which is held by their anxious and admiring comrades on the shore. Every blow of the axe is watched with intense anxiety, and when the timber begins to yield, without waiting to cut it through, the few favorable instants that intervene while the crackling and crashing mass is preparing to start are seized for escape. Flinging his axe into the water, and leaping from stick to stick of the moving timber, he reaches the land amid the cheers of his comrades, or, borne down by the moving forest, his mangled body is hauled in sorrowing silence to the shore; his last burden has been borne, his last portage has been made; the trump-line will never again compress these swollen and wearied temples, for he has drifted away in the gloomy haze of that endless lake where none but departed canoes are seen."

It was such a jam as this that caused the tragedy of Sandy Gray. The start of the logs had been made, and they moved down hastily, for the Muskosh, following a winter of deep snow and hard frosts, was now swollen above its usual average. The men pushed hurriedly forward, taking time not to gather up every stranded log, for while they lingered over loitering ones the main body of the drive was moving rapidly down stream away ahead of them. Sandy Gray, the foreman, therefore divided his men, leaving one group to follow up the stragglers, while another group of them followed up the main drive. It was Saturday night, and they were encamped at the foot of the rapids and were lying in bed listening to the boom, boom of the logs as they came swirling down the rapids, and were being pounded against the rocks and each other. But through the night there was a change in the sound being made by these logs, and these experienced foresters knew the reason why. A jam was being formed at the foot of the rapids.

The next morning Sandy Gray was up while it was yet night, and as soon as there was light enough to ascertain the extent of the "jam," he went hastily back to the camp and ordered his men out.

THE DUMP.

Getting ready for the spring drive with the first appearance of a spring thaw and the breaking up of the ice.

"Get up, fellows," he shouted; and every man rose with alacrity.

In a few seconds they were in readiness, and received their orders that the "jam" must be broken up at once. Shall they eat first, according to their usual custom? they enquire of their boss; but they receive the decisive answer that before the pork and white bread, the beans and molasses, the Johnnie cake and dried-apple sauce would be ready for the gang in the cookee's shanty they would have the logs moving, or he would breakfast with Eve's tempter in the land which no righteous person aspires to reach.

This proud boast was not in accord with the traditions of the country to which he belonged, for reverence for the Sabbath was never lacking in evidence among his fellow-countrymen even in the lumber camps of the north; but for this degeneracy in departing from the faith of his ancestors Sandy, according to the mind of our guide, was to receive this morning condign punishment.

The "jam" had occurred in mid-stream. A ledge of rock at the foot of the rapids had acted as a shoal on which a log had been grounded. A second was retarded by the same cause, but by the direction and force of the current, the waters acting as a lever, this one had wiggled its way under the first, and with it on its back, both logs remain grounded on the rock. This process was continued in rapid succession until a "jam" thirty or forty feet high was formed, one of the largest ever yet seen on the Muskosh. As Sandy went out and viewed it in the morning, there it lay like a huge crow's nest, or a beaver's dam, and the logs could proceed no further down the river until this "jam" was broken up.

The "jam" is the great test of a lumberman's courage, as well as the supreme opportunitiy for his skill. In this camp any man would have risked his life on this heap of logs to get the mass moving; but Sandy had choice, and the best went first. There was a body of water between that "jam" and the shore on which they stood, a body that was getting deeper and more turbulent, the larger the "jam" became in the middle, and the more the water was being dammed back. A bateau was requisitioned, and by means of it eight of the gang reached and were climbing up the pile, the liberation of which was now their chief and dangerous task. Sandy Gray climbed up to the peak and looked down on the farther side. He saw the key log, and knew that it could be moved, not by axe, but only by pike-pole and cant-hook. He was a powerful man, and as determined as he was powerful; but the effort of moving this log was too great for one man. A companion came to his assistance, and, by the combined effort of both, the log was unloosed, and the whole mass was immediately set in quivering motion. As the logs began to be loosened from the pile, and the pile itself scattered by the action of the water, every man threw away his instrument, whether axe, cant-hook, or pike-pole, and scurried as fast as he could to the bateau, moored by a chain to a boulder of rock at the end of the "jam." All the men reached the boat in safety save Sandy. As he jumped from log to log there came one rolling down the heap; his partner leaped to the right and barely escaped it, but it struck Sandy on the legs and threw him down. Other logs followed, and in a second he was being rolled and crushed between the logs as the powerful stream swept the whole mass ahead as if glad to get it once more under its power. The bateau was rushed down stream, and others patrolled the shores in solemn search for Sandy. A mile below the rapids they dragged his broken and mangled body out of the water. Sandy had reached the place from which no river-driver ever returns.

As they scooped a hole in the shallow ground between the two then stately pines, a chickadee perched on the branches of a nearby tree, and the notes of this companionable little bird were the only burial service repeated over the grave of Sandy.

Our guide, an Indian, was a descendant of the once fierce and warlike Iroquois, but this scion bore no evidence in his present person of these two ancestral traits. But he knew the stream, every rock boulder, every current, every dangerous rapid, and every spot where a fish might be expected to loiter.

"Simon, I think that ghost idea of yours is but a fancy," I said to our guide, who was a full-blooded Indian, some little time after he had finished his narrative.

He looked at me with evident indignation and disgust.

"If you don't believe it, just go and sit on that grave all night, and you'll know."

"But do you know any person who ever saw it?"

"What about the boom chain, Mr. MacLeod?"

"Well, what about it?"

"The night our men camped there it was left on the grave of Sandy, and the next morning it was up on a limb of a tree."

"Is that so?" I said in as believable a tone as I could command.

"Yes, and it would take two men to lift it, and none of our men were out of the camp that night, and there were none others around."

The guide assuredly believed in the reality of Sandy Gray's ghost. On our return trip we portaged the rapids in the early forenoon, and I did not harass his faith with any further questions. True to the traditions of his people, a grave and a ghost are invariably associated together, and they keep away from his precincts when not protected by the light of the sun, because of the "queer feeling it gives you after night."

"Long ago
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain lay the snow
They fell—these lordly pines—
Those grand majestic pines.
'Mid shouts and cheers, the jaded steers
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary winding road
Those captive kings, so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And naked and bare—
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should not see again."

THE STORY OF ONTARIO'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

A Canadian Pioneer Industry

The Great Achievement of John McClary

The Founder of the Greatest Manufactory of Stoves and Ranges in the British Empire

THE history of industrial progress in Canada, when written, will constitute one of the most romantic of stories connected with the development of this country. Proclaiming his achievements from the housetop is not a trait, characteristic of the spirit of a true Canadian. Having obtained a measure of success, he prefers to go on progressing, rather than standing by, idly boasting of his achievements. Yet it is a matter of supreme gratification to be able to record that a Canadian, in the short space of one man's allotted years, has built up an industry in an inland city, the greatest in its line of any other in the British Empire, a manufactory covering fifteen acres of ground, and with branches in eight other cities of the Dominion. Such an achievement is that of the McClarys of London, Ontario.

John McClary, the accredited founder of this great industry was born in Nilestown, Ontario, the seventh son in a family of eight children. In the early forties, the nucleus of a business community was being established in the township of London, Middlesex county, where was a tin-shop for the fashioning of household utensils by hand. It was to this shop that John McClary, then a young man of eighteen years of age, came in "forty-seven" seeking employment.

For two years he labored in this modest work-shop, with only the simplest of tools available and therefore compelled to shape mainly by hand the few household articles then manufactured. At this time the echo of the great wealth to be obtained in the California gold fields reached London, and young John McClary joined the procession of the adventurous and ambitious who were journeying thither with a view to obtaining a share of this wealth, but a year's experience convinced him that there was little future promise in that country for him. He returned to London, not having secured that wealth of gold which his imagination had hoped, but he had obtained instead an increase in his knowledge of human nature, an essential requirement for the successful conduct of any industrial enterprise.

"His work was simple, he employed but very simple tools, using his strong, vigorous hands mainly, in the manufacture of his articles."

On his return he immediately became associated with his elder brother, Oliver, and together they established an industry covering the manufacture of articles of tin for household and farm use, naming it the J. & O. McClary firm, and employing at its inception about a dozen men.

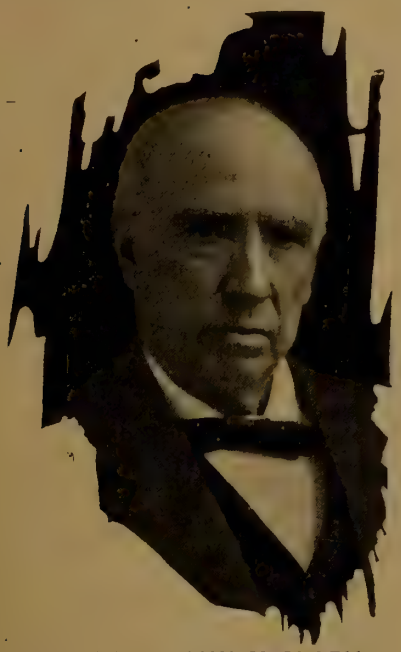
The plant of the original firm of J. & O. McClary.

Among the many difficulties which they had to encounter from the very first, one outstanding one was the absence of an adequate and continuous supply of raw materials. London was far removed from the source of supplies, and because of its inland position, the requisite metals and other requirements had to come in from the lake ports of Port Stanley and Hamilton. As the roads from these places were unsatisfactory in all seasons in these early days, and were indeed impassable some months of the year, considerable judgment had to be exercised, and considerable capital invested to ensure that the firm's purchases were sufficient to carry them over the roadbound period.

This absence of good roads was a hindrance to their progress in another respect also. It was necessary, in order to sell their wares, to peddle the articles manufactured around the countryside, but the deep mud in the fall and spring of the year, and the large snow drifts during the hard winters then encountered, could not do other than dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic pedlar, and in some instances find him hopelessly entangled in an impossible situation over which the modest capabilities of one horse could not rise. What a marked contrast to the ease and comfort and quickness of present-day salesmanship.

The enthusiastic pedlar of the firm's products hopelessly entangled in an impossible situation.

But these transportation difficulties were solved by the arrival of



THE LATE JOHN McCLARY,

One of the most outstanding among the Industrial Pioneers of Canada, and, with his brother, founder of the McClary Manufacturing Co.

the steam-railway. In the year 1853, the Great Western railway commenced its activities around and about London, and thus changed the whole aspect of commerce for that city. One basic foundation for progress—quick transportation—being thus provided for, its advantages were soon followed up by the McClary firm. Raw materials were obtained more regularly and rapidly, overcoming a circumstance which more than once had threatened to upset the most carefully calculated of their plans.

The larger sales territory which the railway opened up, brought into being the system of handling goods through dealers, and salesmen gradually discarded the old peddling outfit for the more modern method of having their customers' requirements forwarded by rail to the local dealer.

The lack of ready money in the country, and consequently the problem of providing sufficient capital to finance the continuance of their business, was a second difficulty which this firm, in common with all other business enterprises of those days, encountered. Ready money was practically unknown in the country as a means of exchange, and so farmers' products had to be taken in payment for their wares, and as the supply of these was limited to the season after the harvests of the fields had been garnered and threshed, long credits sometimes followed in the wake of slow sales, and so but intensified the problem.

But, notwithstanding these obstacles to progress, the tinware business was soon established on a sure basis, and the firm began to cast around for an extension of their activities. This led them to the manufacture of ploughs, an article which under the then existing circumstances was in constant demand, but which was later discontinued, as Mr. John McClary, with characteristic foresight, perceived that with the development of the country, brought about by its increased settlement and the expansion of its railway system, the outlook for the plough industry was too limited to warrant its continuance. It was therefore decided to enter into the manufacture of Stoves and Ranges. A local foundry was purchased, and thus was brought into being the nucleus of what is now the largest manufacturing plant of its kind in the British Empire.

Progress.

John McClary and those associated with him found that even with improved conditions the outlook for development was none too bright. Those acquainted with the financing of a business in these modern days will realize the difficulties which must have crossed their path. Fortunately for his co-partners, John McClary was a man of unusual ability, with a personality that over-shadowed and dominated his fellows. Bringing all his strong character into play, this remarkable and energetic man strove to overcome every difficulty which arose in his path, and was so far successful as to guide his firm from a small, struggling business to a well-established and flourishing organization. Sensing with uncanny foresight the needs of the country, as it advanced further into civilization, John McClary continually increased the lines manufactured, and in addition to the stove industry added that of Warm-Air Furnaces, Enameledware, and the wholesale jobbing of sheet metals.

The Discarding of Hand Labor.

During this time, a steady advance had been made in the machinery employed. No longer was it necessary to fashion utensils by hand, nor could unskilled labor continue to handle the firm's products. Men had to be trained for the various executive positions created, and to his wise and discerning judgment in the selection of men, John McClary owed a considerable portion of his rapid success afterwards. He judged men by merit, and by his masterful personality created in them a feeling of loyalty and adherence to the firm which brought out of them all the best that they were capable of giving. These men, allied with such a leader, knew no limits to progress, and enthusiastically worked with him to render the service, which the firm could give, more extensive and complete as the years passed by.

The Start of Dominion-wide Activities.

At this time it became evident, however, that the needs of the district within the vicinity of London would soon settle into a regular volume of business, and as the spirit of the firm could not admit of stagna-

The main plant of the McClary Company, situated in close proximity to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, London. Canada.

COLONEL W. M. GARTSHORE,
President of the McClary Manufacturing Company, London, Canada.

tion they began to look further afield. Thus, in the year 1882, a Dominion charter was obtained which enabled the firm to extend its business activities to any part of the Dominion.

The Branch System.

From then on, the steady extension of the firm proceeded with little interruption. It was early discovered that the needs of consumers situated far away from the factory would not be met as promptly as conditions required, and the first branch warehouse came into existence at Toronto in 1879. Here a representative stock of the firm's products was kept on hand, so that the dealers' immediate requirements could be instantly filled. This pioneer of the firm's branch distributing system opened up the greatest possibilities for future expansion, and its successful operation fully satisfied the firm's executives that the future development of the Company was limited only by the extent of courage and enterprise they themselves exhibited.

Competition.

The increasing demands for manufactured goods began to be reflected in the growth and development of rival firms who brought into being the factor of competition. Thus, with competition a vital element in the selling end, it became imperative that costs should be reduced, and in order to accomplish this successfully, modern machinery had to procured and installed. Up to this period, the labor-saving types of machines had not come into general use, but from then on a great step forward was taken in this direction. In order to lead the field, McClary's made extraordinary efforts to obtain the latest and most scientific means of manufacturing their products. Considerable encouragement was extended to executives and men in their employ to use their knowledge in submitting their original ideas to the management for the latter's consideration. This co-ordination of effort, which has always characterized the McClary firm, brought wonderful results at a time when the firm's outlook was reaching towards the coast lines at the Pacific and the Atlantic.

It was about this time, in 1876 to be precise, that Mr. W. M. Gartshore became identified with the Company and added his proven ability to the successful accomplishment of the progressive schemes undertaken by the sponsors of the Company.

Expansion.

The activities of the firm continued to extend further east and a second branch warehouse was opened at Montreal, to be followed in 1880 by an extension westwards, when, with the opening up of the great Canadian West the demand for their products around the vicinity of Winnipeg necessitated the opening up of a Branch Warehouse there.

From Coast to Coast.

Each year brought its increased quota of business, and extended the scope of the firm's activities as immigration proceeded to cover the whole Dominion. Thus, in 1894, a branch was opened in Vancouver, where previously the firm had only employed a representative in that city. To complete the chain from coast to coast, in 1901, a further branch was opened at St. John, N.B., followed in 1902 with a branch at Hamilton, Ont.

Three more branches were subsequently opened. In 1909 Calgary Branch and a sub-branch at Saskatoon commenced activities, and in 1910 a further branch was opened at Edmonton, making a chain of branches, extending throughout the country, from coast to coast.

An event of supreme interest in the history of this industrial firm was the celebration of its Golden Jubilee in 1907, when three thousand of their employees assembled in London from all parts of the country to pay a tribute of respect to the founder of this organization, in whose history they were all now so justly proud. For fifty years his sane and balanced mind controlled the destinies of this great enterprise and brought it from such a small beginning and limited outlook to the enviable place which it now held among the pioneer industries of our country. Fifty years of steady progress would have been a fitting monument to the life of any man, but Mr. McClary was permitted to see fourteen years of continued progress after this event. His remarkable career was

The New Foundry Plant erected in the eastern part of the city for the manufacture of their Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces

brought to a close by his death on the 21st of December, 1921, honored and admired by all those who knew him, but more honored by the realization of the great achievement which his courage, prudence and industry had brought about. As with undaunted spirit he faced the hardships and struggles incident to the life of pioneer industries, so he quailed not before the greater tasks of the enlarged vision and opportunity which the growth of the country brought within his reach; and thus has handed down a chapter to the story of Canada's industrial history that will be of surpassing interest to succeeding generations who will be permitted to read its record.

The place of executive head, so long occupied by Mr. McClary, is now held by his son-in-law, Colonel W. M. Gartshore, whose proven business ability well fits him to be a worthy successor. While in the industrial world, Mr. Gartshore is known as one of its captains, yet in his native city, it is as a citizen enriching the community with his generosities and benevolent services by which he is best known. Especially is this the case in regard to one of its institutions—the Victoria Hospital—on the Board of which he has been a chief and generous executive for many years, his recent gift of $10,000 to the War Memorial Children's Hospital being an example of many similar ones preceding it. Through the medium of this modern and well-equipped institution, the hand and heart of Colonel Gartshore has rendered an invaluable service to the suffering sick of the city of London. During a contemplated trip of Mr. Gartshore to Australia in the near future, the duties of his office will fall upon the assistant manager, John McClary Gunn, a grandson of the founder of the industry—another reminder to us that the destinies of our country are now being wielded by young men two generations removed from the first pioneers of our country; persons who, though facing changed and, in some respects, more favorable conditions, yet are none the less excelling in the qualities of mind and heart which gave success to the enterprises and reality to the visions of their pioneer ancestors.

Adherence to the Principles That Make for Steady Progress.

As in future ages the story of this and similar achievements by the pioneer industries of the country will be told to succeeding generations, it surely cannot be other than an inspiration to commendable ambition and a stimulus to honest effort. There was nothing magical or uncaused by legitimate human agency in the magnificent growth of this manufacturing company. It was obtained by sane judgment, executive ability, and strict adherence to the principles of industrial progress. They chose for their production commodities in universal demand, the need for which increased with every increase in the growth of our country in population and wealth. They stressed the importance of quality in their wares, gaining the confidence of their clientele by the production of a worthy commodity, and providing to their salesmen an easy opportunity of securing for them their rightful share in an increasing market. They met competition with more efficient equipment, making such reduction in cost as enabled them to secure and hold an adequate share in the world's market. But more than all this, they kept high the standard of their organization, that co-operation of diverse talents and efficient labor, without which no great effort can be undertaken, and thus realized in the field of opportunity the aim which the conditions of the country and their own foresight had mapped out for them. The history of this firm is the story of the principles of industrial progress rigidly observed, producing as its own legitimate end an enterprise permanent in its character and profitable in its results.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

1911 — 1916 — 1922

These dates indicate the constantly recurring menace to life and property in the work of settling the Temiskaming district, due chiefly to the combustible nature of the soil and timber.

This year's fire was as disastrous as, being late in the season, it was unexpected. A dry spell and, by the settlers in clearing their land, a fire here and a fire there, as illustrated, when a strong gale fanned them all into one big blaze, causing 1,565 families to lose their homes—Haileybury 725, North Cobalt 125, New Liskeard and district 200, Thornloe 96, Kenabeek 30, Earlton 92, Englehart 186, Charlton 111.

Little damage was done where clearance was large or the homes remote from woods.

Forest Fire Protection in Ontario

BY

E. J. ZAVITZ

Forestry Branch, Lands Department, Province of Ontario

HAILEYBURY: THE JUDICIAL SEAT OF TEMISKAMING DISTRICT

Showing the residential section towards the north, the only part of the town saved. In the destructive fire which visited the district in October, more than half that suffered lived in Haileybury. Out of a population of 3,500, 725 families were rendered homeless, and of its 741 houses only 71 remained untouched. These are indicated to the right of the picture.

TO appreciate the Forest Fire Problem in Ontario it may be advisable to give a brief description of the forest region over which a fire protective organization is being maintained.

The forest area of Ontario south of the Albany River comprises about 100,000,000 acres and stretches for 1,000 miles from the Manitoba boundary to the Ottawa River. This enormous territory lying in the Laurentian Plateau is made up of rocky outcroppings and glacial, sandy soils, which must remain in forest if it is to be productive. Within this region there exists restricted areas of soils adapted to agriculture.

The "height of land" which separates the Hudson Bay watershed from that of the Great Lakes is a dividing line between two general forest types. On the Hudson Bay watershed Spruce and Jack Pine are the predominant conifers; Poplars and White Birch the most important hardwoods.

On the southern slopes of the Laurentian plateau, the Great Lakes watershed, we find White and Red Pine the important conifers with an admixture of Spruce and Balsam. Along the southern fringes of this region and especially in the area south of the French River important hardwoods appear such as Yellow Birch, Sugar Maple, Red Oak and Beech.

We frequently hear comparisons of forest fire conditions in America and Europe. I wish to point out that our conditions differ in one essential respect. European forests have been regulated for hundreds of years. Close utilization of all forest products have left the European forests in a clean condition as compared to those in America, where the natural debris which has accumulated cannot as yet be economically removed. There is no comparison of fire hazards between the two regions.

Forest fire protection methods have undergone rapid changes in America during the last decade. For many years the system of protection in vogue was that of patrol by rangers who covered certain patrols or "beats" by horse, canoe or on foot. These rangers were temporary employees who were supervised in various ways by Chief Rangers or Wardens. The fire ranger was responsible for fire detection, fire fighting and all phases of protection within the area pat-

rolled. The above system has proven ineffectual, and we have come to realize that forest protecttion must be under the direction of a specialized staff if it is to produce adequate results.

Ontario's forest region is at present divided into 32 units or districts with Chief Rangers in charge. Within these units there are from 30 to 60 rangers depending upon size of area. Deputy Chief Rangers in charge of from 10 to 15 men direct and inspect the work. During the most dangerous periods there are about 1,000 to 1,200 rangers on duty.

As rapidly as possible improved methods are being introduced to make the forests safe from fire. **Quick detection** of fire is one of the first requirements in a well organized system. Under old methods the "patrol man" or ranger, with long distances to cover by canoe or on foot, had little chance to discover fire in its early stages. To-day our forest region is being covered with look-out towers situated at high elevations and at stragetic points. These look-out towers are being connected up by telephones with central stations from which help can be obtained. Aircraft is also employed to secure quick detection. During the past season ten million acres between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River were patrolled from the air. It is believed that with the development of look-out towers and aircraft the old fashioned "patrol man" will disappear.

In addition to the perfecting of quick, overhead, detection methods the Ontario Forestry Branch has introduced many improvements in organized fire fighting. On nearly all of the larger inland waters, power motorboats with pumps and hose have been installed. Special fire fighting units of small portable pumps with 500 to 1,000 feet of hose have been introduced. These portable pumps have proven so valuable that all districts are being supplied with them as standard equipment.

Another phase of forest protection is that of railway fires. Railways have been considered the greatest offenders as a source of forest fire. Ontario has over 4,000 miles of railways passing through forest territory. Over all this mileage there is patrol either through company section men or by special velocipede patrol. In the more hazardous sections, power speeder inspection is used. It is only fair to state that forest fire protection along railways has made great strides in the last five years. The Ontario Forestry Branch working through the Dominion Board of Railway Commissioners, and with the co-operation of the railways, has gradually reduced fires of railway origin so that we feel that this is becoming one of the least of our problems.

Two Forestry Branch officers devote their whole time to the inspection of locomotives. The results of this inspection and right-of-way patrol is shown in the following table:

Year	Percentge of locomotives reported defective.	Percentage of fires caused by Railways.
1917	28.3	49.5
1918	32.1	46.5
1919	21.8	37.
1920	12.8	23.9
1921	8.3	14.8

Another feature of the forest protection work of the Ontario Forestry Branch is the regulation of settlers fires in portions of the Province where settlement is developing in the midst of forest regions. This is a very difficult problem as the pioneer must burn to clear the land. In the Clay Belt where this problem is most difficult there exists soil conditions which were never met by the pioneers of Southern Ontario. A very heavy covering of vegetable mould overlies the mineral soil in this region and it requires a "good burn" to make the soil tillable. Burning by settlers is regulated by a "permit system." Forestry Branch officers supervised and issued during last season about 6,000 burning permits. These permits represented the burning over of about 24,000 acres.

An important feature in forest protection is the enforcing of "preventative regulations." A large percentage of our forest fires occur in cut-over lands with the accumulated slash. Until a systematic system of slash disposal is inaugurated in logging operations fire protection in these areas will prove very difficult. The Department of Lands and Forests has made special regulations in late sales that all slash shall be disposed of adjacent to railways, along roads and at other hazardous points in timber operations.

I presume no arguments are required to enlist co-operation in forest protection, but I would like to point out that the forests of Ontario are the basis for a very large part of our prosperity.

The lumber industry annually employs 17,000 men with a pay-roll of $12,000,000, and an invested capital of $45,000,000. Pulp and Paper mills employ annually 8,000 persons and pay $7,000,000 in wages, with over $90,000,000 invested. The Provincial revenue from forests is $4,000,000.

Besides direct returns Ontario's forests regulate the flow of her rivers, thus holding the key to our great power resources. Only through forest protection can we safeguard our fish, game and fur-bearing animals. Ontario's forests are assets of health and strength, being the national playground of the people. The Ontario Forestry Branch recognizes that adequate protection of Ontario's forests is largely a moral question involving the attitude of the people. Over 90 per cent. of our forest fires are attributable to human carelessness. The north country is placarded with warning fire signs. A campaign of publicity through the press has been carried on during the past two summers. We can only advance by educating the public and securing their co-operation. Every citizen must help to save Ontario's forests.

CANADIAN POETRY

Autumn Meditations

By JESSIE F. PATERSON

Wiarton, Ont.

A WALK IN OCTOBER

Dedicated to all the dear friends who know and love this self-same picture.

"Come, let us go to the woodlands"
Said my friend one afternoon,
"We must garner the beauty of days like these,
Dull skies will be coming soon."

And I dropped from my willing fingers
The task I had meant to do.
"I will put it away, for another day,"
I said, "and go with you."

With the blue of the sky above us;
And the green beneath our feet;
And the shimmering bay in the distance,
We passed down the village street.

Then turning our steps to the uplands
Where the clustering cedars grow:
And the beeches whisper—whisper
With voices mellow and low.

Threading the winding pathways
That lead to the left and right;
Upward we wound to the highest ground;
Then turned to enjoy the sight.

As a dove with outstretched pinions
Cleaves the empyrean blue;
So the eye in that wide swept circle
Traced its way o'er the glorious view.

Almost concealed from our viewpoint,
The Heights of Keppel stood
Like a mighty vanguard, keeping watch and ward
'Gainst the ravage of Time and Flood.

Then letting our eyes fare southward;
The farmlands of Keppel lay,
A picture of pastoral beauty,
Till it died in the distant gray.

Green fields, and brown fields and yellow:
Woodland in Autumn's rich dress;
Each by other enhanced, made a picture
Of wonderful loveliness.

Still faring toward the southland
Where the lights and the shadows play;
Spread out 'neath our gaze; steeped in Tyrian haze;
The broad meadows of Amabel lay.

To the west—chiefly stretches of woodland;
And drearier stretches of stone.
Tho' softened by distance and sunshine,
The land looked forbidding and lone.

That ridge of grey stone is "The Hog's back"
Surely Nature was surly of mood
When she shaped so uncouth a semblance. In truth
Her own foil is its jaggedness rude.

Walled off by the wood is the northland,
And the survey thus made complete;
Our gaze that had swept such a circle
Like a homing dove dropped at our feet.

With pride we looked down o'er our dear little town
On its homes by their maples embowered:
While the rugged background of the ramparts around
Framed a spot Nature richly hath dowered.

Long we gazed on the beautiful picture
Which the Master-Painted had limned,
Yet the eye was not sated with seeing;
And the fresh joy of heart was undimmed.

For the heart's truest pleasures ne'er pall us
And our share makes no other's share less.
Whatsoever the eye sees of beauty
That beauty the heart may possess.

Yea! We had gone forth to gather
—To reap what we never had sown;
Yet no other soul was the poorer
For the harvest our hearts made their own.

"I thank thee, O Heavenly Father"
—Welled up from my heart that night;
"For an outward world of beauty
And an inward sense of sight."

"And thanks for the deeper vision
That sees through the Pictured Here
A prophecy, and a forecaste,
Of Heaven's wonderful Morrow—Year.

A PERFECT DAY

Sept. 21st, 1922

O, Perfect Day! rich jewel set with art,
Among life's threaded days to shine apart;
To glow and gleam, when dark days
Gloom the heart.

O, Perfect Day; In circumambient air
The Master Artist lined thy colors fair;
And set thee forth, a picture
Rich and rare.

NOVEMBER

As I look from my chamber window
To the Islands far away
I can catch a gleam of sunshine
On the darkest, dreariest day.

No matter how lowering the visage
The Storm-King here may wear;
The Spirit of Summer Sunshine
Seems to linger fondly there.

The sullen water is lying
Facing the sullen sky
Sobbing her heart out, and sighing
For the beautiful days gone by.

When the shores hung low to listen
To listen—perchance to weep
O'er her low-cadenced musical murmurs
The sweet, sad songs of the Deep.

But the Storm-King, Lord of the Northland
Coveted country so fair,
And his battle-clouds broke, and his loud winds shrieked
And his hail hurtled thro' the air.

He stripped from the grand old forests
Their vestments of yellow and red
And the leaves that had lisped thro' a summer
On the forest floor lay dead.

The Wood-folk went scurrying homeward
Each to his chosen lair
And the Tree-folk fled, from the woodland dead
Or perched on the branches bare.

But the Spirit of Summer Sunshine
Dear Maiden of heart's delight
Tho' she fled from the Lord of the Northland
Could not be conquered quite.

I love those lake-washed islands
Those grim and stubborn rocks;
I love those lonely old forests gray;
And those wind swept upland walks;

Dear to my heart is the water;
Responsive, deep-hearted and true
Answering, as face to face in a glass
Each mood of mine, grey, golden, blue.

Beautiful are the reflections
Caught in some pool-still deep,
In the hush of the heart of summer
When the breezes are lying asleep.

Lovely the flush of the dawning;
Lovely beyond compare
The cloudlets with wings like glorified things
That live in their heaven of air.

Grand are the sunset splendours
Crimsoning water and sky;
And the calm moonrise, and the night's pure eyes
Teach that beauty can never die.

And I fear not the Lord of the Northland,
I fear not his clouds and his sleet,
I can travel fast, over regions vast
For nimble and light are my feet.

So look from your chamber windows
O'er the landscape far away,
You may catch a gleam of a midsummer dream
On the stormiest, dreariest day.

O, spirit of Heavenly sunshine,
Dwell in my heart always;
For the soul, like the earth, has its seasons of dearth,
Its gloomy and desolate days.

From Start to Finish in the Great War

An analysis of the spirit of the Canadian soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF AMIENS: THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE FIRST CONTINGENT TO LAND IN FRANCE.
Top Row, Left to Right—Capt. (now Lt.-Colonel) J. H. Wood, Capt. S. M. Fisher, Capt. C. A. Young, Capt. J. Walker. Bottom Row, Left to Right—Capt. R. S. Pentecost, Major C. H. S. Elliott, Lt.-Col. A. T. Shillington, Major F. M. Bell, Capt. W. J. Bentley.

THE coming in of the year 1918 found us still in the neighborhood of Lens, guarding the positions won by the victories of the previous year. We talked of the great offensive of the spring, thinking of it only in terms of the Allies. But our expectations received a rude jolt as evidences of the amassing of men and materials on our front by the enemy began to multiply as spring approached. We held here a five mile front when the offensive began in March, initiated not by the Allies, but by the Germans. We looked for a hammer blow for the sound of their guns were heard on either side of us. We made every preparation for the expected assault. In vision, we saw ourselves driven out of the front line, and we had our trench mortars placed to give them a ready welcome, when they had taken our place. But the expected did not happen. The value of Vimy Ridge as an observation post was too evident. They veered around and let us alone.

It was not a disappointment in the sense that there was any regret that it did not turn out as we expected. No Division envied the front that was the point of attack. It would be impossible that any sector could withstand the impact of so great a mass of men and munitions as they had concentrated at one place for this supreme effort to break the line. The best that could be done would be so to delay their advance that time would be given to assemble the required reinforcements. It was not only possible to bend the line back at any chosen point, but with such a mass of men as they were able to command, now that Russia was out of the road, the Balkans quiet, and Italy a factor of no powerful strategic consequence, it was inevitable. But were they able not only to break the line, but to break through? That was their hope, whether or not it was their expectation.

It was supreme wisdom on their part to strike first and strike powerfully, and they chose the point of

attack that was of the most strategic value to them. Sallying out of the famous Hindenburg line of fortifications, they assaulted the front held by the Fifth British army, and advanced along the Somme in the direction of Amiens. If they could only drive a wedge through here, they would isolate the British from the French, and there would remain to them the choice of Paris or the Channel ports, or both. This offensive blow, the last stage in the Great World War, opened out with spectacular results for the Germans on the morning of the 21st of March, 1918. Back and further back went the British forces under General Gough until the Germans were almost within shelling distance of Amiens, having penetrated the line in some instances thirty-five miles before they were halted. This was followed by an attack on April 17th on the line north of us, which was apparently an effort to capture Ypres, and push through to the Channel ports. But all they gained from this attack was a little Allied territory of no strategic value. On May 27th was their last offensive effort of any importance. On this date they attacked the French armies along the Oise and drove them back to the Marne, penetrating thirty miles into Allied territory, and gaining 650 square miles of French soil.

They had reached now the climax of their efforts. But the Allies were as yet far from reaching their maximum strength. A week after the first attack of the Germans, when the Fifth British army had to receive the full weight of their blow unaided, the demand for a unified command of the Allies' armies had become so persistent that General Foch was appointed a Commander-in-chief of the Allied forces. In addition to the strength gained by this strategy the Americans, with that promptitude and decision so characteristic of them, began to pour over men and materials with a rapidity never dreamed of. Every day, therefore, saw the enemy diminish his resources, while those of the Allies were daily increasing. June and July was spent in minor engagements, but principally in preparations for the great offensive that was fated to end this four-year-old, world tragedy.

In the month of July, after being out for training for many weeks, we were put in the line near Arras. We had been in the line only a short time, when it became apparent that some great movement was to be launched. Rumours that we were going to proceed north, and others that we were to go south, were plentiful. Elaborate preparations were made in secret, and precautions were taken to keep them so, in order to deceive the wily enemy.

Our Casualty Clearing Stations were sent north, and pitched their great white tents where they could be seen for many miles around. A battalion or two was put in the line in this area, and also our Canadian Wireless Corps moved up, erected their station, and began sending out messages with the same code names as we formerly used in our old front. The Germans picked up the messages and concluded that we were being moved north, and that from this point an offensive might be expected. To still further mislead them, the Battalion which had gone into the line, put on a raid, and permitted some of our men to be taken prisoners. They were now firmly convinced that we were to be moved north, and made their preparations accordingly. Meanwhile, the Canadian corps proper was being rushed to the Amiens sector by every road possible.

Amiens, on the river Somme, at the outbreak of war was the fifth city in France from a commercial standpoint, an hour and a half's rail from Paris, and a little farther than that from the coast. Its buildings were constructed of red brick, and it was a great manufacturing and business centre. It was therefore a place of great material and strategic value. Up to this German attack of March, it was not very greatly damaged by shell fire, but in this drive they came within several miles of it, and were able to shell that side continuously. The whole population was evacuated, most of them having to leave with nothing more than the clothes on their backs, and what baggage they were able to carry. The business section of the town was shelled with incendiary shells and was in this way destroyed.

It was east of this city, on a twenty mile front, the attack took place. To transfer unobserved such a large organization as the Canadian corps from the place where we were kept in reserve to this point was no small work. But by resting in villages and in woods in the day and marching at night, by the evening of the 7th of August we were in our appointed place in the centre of the line. Associated with us in the attack were the British of the Fourth Army, with also the Australians to the left and French to the right. Tanks, horses, transports and motors of every sort were getting in their place that evening for the assault that was to take place the next morning. The place of assembly was simply covered with men and supplies. The attack was launched just at daybreak on the morning of the 8th of August. Aeroplanes were sent out in great numbers to try and drown the sound of the tanks as they were being brought up to the attack, followed by the infantry. Then, thousands of guns of all calibre, which had been moved into position without the enemy knowing it, suddenly opened fire like a shot from a single gun. This intense barrage was one of the wonders of the war, as it was done without any preliminary observation or registration. It lasted just four minutes. Immediately the tanks appeared out of the morning mist before the eyes of the frightened German infantry. These tanks were closely followed by hordes of soldiers. The attack was a complete success in every way. The Germans were in expectation of local attacks, but not of anything of such a magnitude, and were, therefore, swept off their feet.

The attack was so complete a surprise that the German artillery was hardly called into play at all the first day. A few tried to face our charging troops with machine-gun and rifle fire, but owing to the fog that morning which hung heavily over the earth, which made accurate shooting impossible, this could hardly be called a resistance. The capture of seven miles of territory, six thousand men, and one hundred guns was accomplished by the evening of the first day, which was added to from day to day, until at the close of the battle on the 17th, we had captured twelve thousand prisoners, one hundred and eighty-five guns, one hundred and twenty-five trench mortars, one thousand machine guns, and other booty, and had advanced our front fourteen miles. This was the most satisfactory battle yet to our credit.

The clearing of the wounded in this engagement, differed entirely from any preceding method followed. In all other battles we had to deal with what is known as the "limited objective," that is, we were able to

previously arrange for Dressing Stations and the roads over which the wounded would be transported. Owing to the very great advance made in such a marvellously short time, this was now impossible. Accordingly, officers and parties of stretcher-bearers followed each battalion into the attack. Three quarters of an hour after the first of the infantry crossed "No Man's Land," following closely the trail of the tank, the horse ambulances followed up in the same paths of these tanks. These horse ambulances were used to get through the barbed-wire and trench systems of our own and the Germans, and to bring back the wounded to collecting posts beside roads on which motor ambulances could travel. Here they were dressed and fed while waiting for the motor ambulances. This was not for long, as fortunately there was one road which had not been greatly damaged, and our engineers were able to make it passable in short order.

The carrying of the wounded was greatly helped by the addition of hundreds of unwounded Germans who had been taken prisoners. They were intensely pleased apparently to be prisoners, and to be allowed to carry an end of a stretcher, regardless of the nationality of the occupant. When, a little later, they found out there were large supplies of food, of which they got a generous share, they became most enthusiastic workers, and it was with difficulty they could be persuaded to march on down to the Corps Cage, where they could be searched, counted and questioned.

By sun-down all the battle field had been cleared of its wounded, and they were safely moved to the main dressing station, now some twenty kilometres to the rear. During this first day the German artillery had troubled us very little; their air-service, too, was apparently unprepared for activity, though during that and the following night, we heard their peculiar hum overhead, though they did not drop any bombs near our dressing station. The mist had cleared away in the early part of the day, and it became bright and clear, though rather warm. We were able to work unhindered and unhurt in the clear day. Contrast this with Passchendaele, where our men dare not go out except under cover of night, and even then, shells, bombs and machine-guns searching the field all the while in hopes that they might chance to find either the wounded or their rescuers, or a party of relief men going up to the trenches.

On the morning of the 9th of August, the attack was resumed under somewhat different conditions, as there was now no fixed front line trench from which to start; neither was there a well-marked "No-Man's-Land" to cross. The Germans had now indeed what they often talked of, namely, open warfare. In the clearing of the wounded, we had now buildings, more or less damaged, but with good cellars and somewhat of a roof left, under which to place them as they were brought in. We had no barbed-wire entanglements, or elaborate trench systems confronting us as we moved up our ambulances. In fact, we were able to dispense with horse ambulances almost entirely, and to clear the regimental aid posts with motor ambulances, even though they were but short distances from the German infantry. But yet, the work was not quite so peaceful as on the previous day, as German machine-gun fire made it intensely interesting at times, as the enemy seemed to have got its breath in some measure in the meantime. However, by late evening, the wounded had been gathered to the dressing station which had been opened during the day.

This time, a new difficulty appeared. The only usable road was blocked with traffic. Ammunition lorries, ambulance cars, staff motors, tanks of every conceivable kind, artillery of all sorts, and line upon line of ration wagons, were ambling their way as best they could to the support and supply of our advancing armies. It was absolutely impossible to send wounded men back on this road in the face of so great an incoming traffic.

But the enemy came to our assistance. We had the good fortune in a near-by village to find a large store of a regimental quarter-master. From this we received a sufficient supply of great-coats, blankets, and other German commodities to cover all our wounded men. From their field-hospital, just outside the village, large supplies of drugs, dressings and splints were obtained. In addition, the Canadian Red Cross lorry, as usual, was able to find us, and brought us a sufficient supply of the things that were most needed. On the whole, we were able to make the wounded men reasonably comfortable, especially as the night was warm, and they suffered no inconvenience from the weather.

During the night, the German air-service, having apparently recovered their courage and their assurance, came over in great numbers. It seemed as if there were enough of them to drop bombs on the whole battle-field. They dropped them so close to our wounded men, that the gasoline for the ambulance cars, which was in tins, was smashed by their bombs, though strangely, no person was hurt. But by daybreak of the 10th, the road was comparatively free from traffic, and in the course of a couple of hours, we were able to move all the wounded men safely back to the main dressing station.

After the 10th, the pace slackened until the 17th, when the engagement may be said to have been ended. Amiens was freed from danger as well as the railway that led from it to Paris. Its population began to return the day after our first attack on the enemy, so confident were they of victory, and so eager were they to return to their former homes.

Many of them found their places unharmed, while none of them found them completely destroyed. Here and there a house would be found somewhat damaged from shell fire, a window shattered or a roof broken, but none of them were made uninhabitable. Carrying back with them some food, they had but to gather a few sticks, and in a short time they would be sitting down at their table as in former days. Nothing had been disarranged or destroyed. The expected German occupation of the city had never taken place. The only thing that gave evidence of outside intrusion would be an occasional bed, for the "Tommy" could never resist taking advantage of this indulgence. Saving then, the great need of a laundryman for their bed linen, the former inhabitants of the city came back to find their homes just exactly as they had left them.

The German dream of an occupation of Paris was now beyond all hope of realization. The appalling effect of our first barrage, the swift advance of the tanks, the fighting valour of our infantry, the disorganization of their armies caused by our airplanes and cavalry had started out a successful movement that was soon to end in his complete overthrow. There was much fight left in him yet, but it was a fight for safety not for victory.

(To be Continued).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Boy Scouts of Parry Island

CHAPTER XI.

A Thrilling Narrative of Scout Warren Wilcox's Adventures and Misadventures on the Georgian Bay

PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN THE NARRATIVE

A Camp of Boy Scouts, one becoming lost and suffering numerous misadventures, first in the woods and then on the waters of the Bay.

A Whiskey-trader and his secret store found by the lost Scout in an Island Cave.

The Crew of a Fishing-tug, comprising a Breed, a full-blooded Indian, a White-woman and her son, who became the lost Scout's companion in his final misadventures.

"JACK, you black Injun, come here."

The engineer poked his head out of the engine-room in answer to the call.

"Jack, you've been drinking out of my bottle."

"Me no take any," answered the Indian in a tone that palpably betrayed its untruth.

"Jack, you're a liar. You swiped a drink out of my last bottle, and now you have quarter-emptied this one."

"Come here," he again commanded as he began to pour some of the contents of the bottle into a glass that sat on the table. The Indian approached. "Here, you take that, and get back to the fire, and don't you leave there again to-night."

The engineer grinned audibly as the Captain proffered him the liquor, and reaching forth his hand eagerly accepted it and gulped down the contents with one effort and hurried back to the engine-room as he was commanded.

The Captain then stood treat for himself, after which he led Sol into the cabin, where Mrs. Butterworth had prepared an appetizing supper, the first of woman's cooking he had tasted for many months.

Sitting down at the table together, the Captain listened with intense interest as Sol related the experiences which had forced him to be separated from his companions and the camp. When he told of his sickness in the hut, and the timely appearance of the mascot, the Captain drank a glass of liquor to the dog's health. When he mentioned the episode of being bound hand and foot and thrown into a drifting canoe by a drunken Indian, he drank another to the curse of the whole tribe, although, as Sol afterwards learned, one-quarter of his own blood belonged to that same race of people.

"Say, lad," he suggested, after Sol had finished with his supper, "if you want to have a look at the sights, you'd better go up to the top with Charlie."

Sol readily availed himself of the opportunity, and slipping up, found Charlie with his hands on the wheel, a chart by his side and a compass before him, judging his location by the speed with which the vessel was travelling.

"Are there any rocks?" enquired Sol.

"Lots of them to the right," was Charlie's answer, "and shoals too, but I take care to keep out of their way a night like this."

The black waters alone lay in view immediately before them, dimly lighted by the weak rays of the oil lamp erected on the floor of the wheel-house.

"Will the Captain take charge soon?"

"He may, but I would be better pleased if he didn't. A drunk Indian is a useless piece of furniture at any time, and the Captain's worse than most when he's off wind."

"Are they good sea-men?"

"Good, when they are sober, none better, but they never quit when they get a taste."

"The chances are not very good for to-night, then, for the Captain's well on the way already with his second bottle, and still going it strong when I came up."

"Was mother there?"

"Not when I came away."

"I wonder if she doctored their stuff. A little medicine and a good long sleep afterwards is our only remedy. If mother's been on the job, we're safe, but if not, look out for squalls. The worst storm on the Bay is to be preferred any time to a drunk Indian."

"Hardly had these words been spoken, when the shadow of the Captain appeared before them. He took the wheel and immediately turned the tug facing westward. Both boys looked at each other, a look of anxiety passed over the face of Charlie, but neither made any remark. After he had continued this course for some time, he again ordered Charlie to the wheel and commanded him to strike for the South Bay Islands, following which he threw himself on the wheel-house bunk and was soon fast asleep.

"Are these islands on the way to the Bustards," enquired Sol, for he was puzzled to know why the Captain should alter the course of the vessel and their destination.

"Oh, no. They are on the opposite side. We are striking now right across the Bay, a seven hours run at least."

"And why the change?"

"Going to see his friends, of course, and give them a share of Rory McKenzie's whiskey. There'll be a regular procession to the Island Cave as soon as they find out where he keeps it."

Sol made no answer. Misgivings as to his wisdom in shipping with the tug instead of waiting patiently for the return of the Indians to the Island were again occupying the chief place in his thoughts.

"I guess mother must have doctored their dew-drop," soliloquized Charlie, as he heard the deep snores of the Captain behind him. "But what can be the matter down below?"

He rang the bell for some more steam, for the tug was rapidly losing speed.

Sol hastened down to the engine-room to investigate the cause of the slowing down of the vessel, and found Jack Conossoway fast asleep beside his engine. He shook him vigorously to awaken him, but it availed nothing. There was not the slightest response to his continued efforts. He called Mrs. Butterworth, for he deemed her counsel would be required if the two adult members of the crew were to spend the night in drunken unconsciousness.

"Now we have them where we want them," she exultingly exclaimed, as she viewed his prostrate condition. "I doctored that bottle as I used to do for Charlie's father, and one whiff was enough to set him quiet, but these two men have taken enough for six."

"Had we not better lift him up and set him on the couch?" suggested Sol.

"What's the use?" was the impatient answer. "He's too drunk to know the difference between the floor and a couch, and anyway, the floor is good enough for him."

It did not require any acute understanding to observe that Mrs. Butterworth found congenial environment in neither her surroundings nor her companions.

"Do you know anything about these things?" she asked Sol, as she pointed to the machinery of the engine-room.

"A little. I can keep it going until he wakes up," he answered, suiting the action to the word as he began to ram the cordwood into the fire-box.

"I am glad you know something about it," she said with an approving smile as she saw the readiness and apparent understanding with which he undertook the work. "I shall go up a little while to see Charlie, and then I'll come down, and between us we'll be able to keep it going."

"Never fear, but I'll manage all right," he assured her as she started up to interview her son at the wheel.

After adjusting the prostrate form of the Indian, that it might lie in a more comfortable position, Sol undertook his newly-appointed work, glad of an opportunity to handle a real engine, and not the toy variety with which he was accustomed in the days of his boyish play-hours. In a short while the whirring wheel counted as many revolutions per minute as ever it did in its history, and the tug hurried to its destination with a rapidity never before eclipsed. It only remained that Charlie should be as skilful in steering as Sol was in firing, and they would make the journey in rapid safety.

As the tug cut the waters and moved rapidly forward under its new management, Mrs. Butterworth devoted her time in passing to and fro from wheel-house to engine-room, assuring herself that nothing amiss was happening. Deeming Sol's post to be somewhat exacting for one not accustomed to it, she volunteered to look after the fire-box while he went forward again to supply companionship for a time to Charlie.

"I left your mother in charge of the engine," was his first remark when he reached the wheel-house.

"Oh, she's safe. Had to do it lots of times for Dad."

"Your father was engineer on this tug last year."

"Yes, but before that on the big boats. Dad was a good fellow, civil engineer—graduate of Edinburgh—but the drink got him."

"The Captain said he was drowned."

"Yes, at the Minks. The crew was on a bout like to-night, and that was the end of it for Dad. I had to leave school, and ship with Mother for the summer, but I'll be back again this fall."

"What school?"

"Varsity."

"Course?"

"Mineralogy. Lots of stuff over in yon rock," and he pointed to the Huron formations to his right.

"Will you make it?"

"Mother says so. She's a good woman, she is, even if she is on this old snag with drunk Indians."

"Hard lines."

"Might be worse."

Yes, I suppose. What island is that?" Sol en-

quired, as he saw a dark object looming up to their left.

"Island? What island should be here anyway?"

Both boys began looking at the chart to discover its identity and their own whereabouts, but the chart accounted for no island in the near neighborhood of that portion of the Bay through which they were now supposed to be passing.

"Looks like the White Cloud, but we are not anywhere near that yet," remarked Charlie as he kept scanning the waters in the direction of the island.

"Oh, that's one of those haunted islands, is it not?" Sol had heard Rusty speak of it and the appearance of lights frequently seen there.

"Yes, three graves, three murders, and of course three ghosts."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Don't know. Look!"

Sol turned round hurriedly to scrutinize the island and there dancing on its surface he saw three lights. Both boys watched them come and go at intervals.

"Strange!" said Sol, after a long silence and watching of the dancing lights.

"Twice before I saw them there," reflected Charlie in a subdued and reverent tone. "This is the third time; but I'll not see them again."

"Not see them again? Why?"

"They are never seen more than three times by the same person."

Sol looked at his companion expecting to see a smile of credulity. Instead, his pale face glowed under the lamp above his head, sad and serious. His large, soft gray eyes looked dreamingly out on the waters before him as if he were listening to some message unravelling the mysteries of the spirit world before him. There was no sarcasm in the tone of his voice, and certainly no insincerity in the appearance of his face. Sol knew that he had said what he believed, and believed what he had said.

"Strange," repeated Sol, "but I must be off to relieve your mother. I've been too long away from the engine now as it is."

There was a hesitancy on the part of Sol to move, especially as he saw the look of concern that was so plainly visible on the countenance of his companion.

"Go down and bring mother up. She ought to have a look at them, for I think this will be the third time for her too, unless that she saw them once before she showed them to me."

When Sol got down to the engine-room, he found his substitute had a splendid fire roaring in the engine, and the piston-rod moving backward and forward with a rapidity and regularity not to be improved upon.

"I thought, Mrs. Butterworth, that I was the first engineer on this craft to-night, but I see I am only second."

She smiled, but returned no answer to the compliment.

"Charlie would like you to come up to the wheel-house. We have come to an island that is strangely like the White Cloud, and he would like you to have a look at it with him."

"Did you see anything?"

"Yes, three lights."

"High or low?"

"Low."

"Did Charlie see them?"

"Yes."

"Three times," she repeated to herself in a low tone of voice and went over to look in the face of the Indian. "Three times," she again repeated, "but he seems to be all right, though I have given them both enough for six."

She then went up to where Charlie was, her face ashy white, but otherwise betraying no emotion.

When Mrs. Butterworth arrived at the wheel-house the lights on the island had disappeared, but the dark object still lay to their left spread out as an island on the face of the water. The three stood side by side and peered in its direction. Mrs. Butterworth was evidently not at all disappointed that the lights had disappeared.

"It is always that way," she remarked, "it never appears more than three times to the same person."

Suddenly they saw the dark object which they had taken for an island move, and lifted skyward and continued mounting upward until lost to view in the darkness and the height to which it reached.

"Strange," again repeated Sol, who was the first to break the silence. "You people certainly see strange things on the Bay. I used to hear about them, but I never believed them true."

But while he yet spake, afar up in the sky appeared a luminous body, not unlike the shape of a pear, but ten times its size, and moved gradually earthward, increasing in rapidity the nearer it approached until it struck the water, when it split in three sections, each pear-shaped like the first, and stood for some seconds, brightly shining on the surface, then gradually dimmed and went out of sight, leaving the waters of the bay in black darkness before them, save for the dim light of the wheel-house lamp.

The three stood silently for a time, a feeling akin to fearsome awe possessing their spirits, when Mrs. Butterworth, hearing the heavy breathing on the couch behind her, went over and looked down into the face of the sleeping Captain.

"I do wish these men would wake up," she spake in a low tone of voice, but with deep earnestness. "They took enough for six," she commented under her breath, "but he seems all right; I hope it is not one of them."

She was evidently expecting a death to follow the appearance of the lights.

At this, Charlie took hold of the wheel with a firm hand, and Sol started back to the engine, followed by Mrs. Butterworth.

"Is Charlie cool?" enquired Sol, when they reached the engine-room.

"Never been tried yet; his father was."

"He knows the islands, the shoals and the shelters?"

"Perfectly. I would trust him at the wheel as readily as Captain Ike. In fact, I think he is safer, as he never takes anything for granted, but he keeps his eye on the map as well as on the water."

"There is no need for fear, then."

"No, but I do wish we were at the Bustards."

"But we are not going to the Bustards now, Mrs. Butterworth. The Captain changed the course of the tug and ordered Charlie to land us at the South Bay Islands.

"Dear, dear, one hundred and fifty miles of a journey for nothing, and the Lord alone knows what may happen before it is ended."

Just then the bell was rung sharply by Charlie to stop the engine. Something had happened.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE SOCIETIES

The Semi-Centennial of Midland

(Continued from Last Issue)

The Fifty Years' Growth of the Town Reflected in the Growth of Its Christian Churches

Contributed by a Member of Our Association

IN the history of a country, the character of its people is attested by their attitude towards religion. "Tell me what your churches are, and I'll tell you what your people are." The town of Midland, like many another in Ontario, is well served by its churches, and the people in turn must have been loyal to their denominations, seeing that the church buildings, at least, have kept pace in appearance, size and substance with the growth and prosperity of the town.

While this year, 1922, marks the fiftieth year in the history of Midland as an urban centre, the history of its Christian activity antedates that period at least five years. In the summer of 1867, Mr. Alex Gilray, a student of Knox College, who afterwards became a well-known Toronto clergyman, was sent by the Presbyterian Church as a student-missionary to Penetanguishene and vicinity, to a field comprising altogether five preaching stations, to which he added that summer Midland, opening out services in the house of Mr. Jabez Dobson, when but five families constituted the whole population of the place, and there instituted a work for the moral uplift of the community which has been carried on continuously ever since by his denomination.

The Catholic Church, although they did not open out regular service in Midland as early as this, yet used to minister to the families of their denomination from Penetanguishene as their headquarters from the earliest times in its history, the people walking both in summer and winter to attend the services of their church there, visited regularly by the parish priest, who said Mass at their homes as the occasion required it.

Others followed in due order until all the principal religious denominations peculiar to our province were here represented, and church buildings that do credit to the town, were provided for the conduct of their services.

Presbyterian Church, Midland, erected 1887, and pulled down in May, 1902, to make room for the present one. The progress of the town is reflected in the growth of this congregation.

The growth of the Christian church at Midland advanced according to well-marked stages. In its pioneer state, their services were held in private houses. The Anglican Church held its first service, 1872, in the home of Mr. Samuel Frazer, afterwards in the home of Mr. Henry Hark. The Catholic Church assembled in the home of the Courtemanche's, the second family to begin business in Midland, and similarly the other denominations. The second stage was in the use of the schoolhouse for the services, which each took in turn, except the Catholic Church. This church in 1879, with Father Laboureau as the parish priest, obtained the use of the Orange Hall for their services, and continued holding them there for a period of three years, until in 1882, when their first church was erected and dedicated. The third stage in their advance was the erection of their own churches, places of separate worship for each denomination, which gave to them a freedom and an oppor-

tunity of aggressiveness, which was not possible when all worshipped in the same building. The Presbyterians began by building a frame structure, as did also the Anglicans. The Baptists built a brick, which afterwards became the place of worship of the Methodists; while the Catholic Church built a brick veneer, of dimensions sufficiently large to accommodate four hundred people. But as the town grew in size, and its population increased, these first buildings had to be abandoned, and second, and in some cases even third, churches had to be provided to keep pace with the town's growth and requirements.

The town of Midland, as seen from the top of the Midland Elevator.

In 1881, the Methodists, having made steady progress while worshipping in the Baptist Church, commenced to build themselves a large and commodious brick building which still stands and which is now used in turn by the Baptists. Two decades later, the beautiful structure now occupied by them was erected, and to which there has been added since a parsonage befitting the church and congregation.

The Anglicans built their first church, Trinity, in 1877, and their second, St. Mark's, in 1884. This second church, their present one, was built by the generosity of the Rev. William Jupp, who came from a charge in Haliburton district, and after teaching school for a time in the neighbourhood, settled down in Midland as a private citizen. He also built a rectory, deeding both properties to the Diocese of Toronto, and the congregation, by way of perpetuating his memory, placed a handsome Bishop's chair and credence table in the sanctuary of the church.

The Catholic people built their first church on a plot of ground that had been presented to them by the late Mrs. Margaret Hugel, and in memory of this kind benefactress, the church was dedicated to St. Margaret of Scotland. Their present and magnificent Gothic building was erected during the incumbency of Rev. L. A. Barcelo (1897-1921), which not a few critics maintain is one of the best and most beautiful of all the churches in this part of the province.

The Presbyterians worshipped in their first building until October 1887, when they moved into their second church, a brick building which was pulled down in 1902, and the present commodious one erected in its place.

The building of these pioneer churches, and the pulling down of the smaller to build greater, mark the stages in the outward growth of the church, its progress in the things that appear, but there is an aspect of its work which counts most in the life of a people the growth of which cannot be chronicled. These six denominations sent their representatives to Midland, to take their part in the life of the town, not for the sake of building church edifices, beautiful and substantial, as has been done, but as an agency for the creation of a healthy public opinion in regard to morals. They were ambassadors sent to proclaim, that the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, that it is never to our advantage to do that which is wrong. They were there to get men not only to believe this truth, but receive it with such faith that they would follow its teaching in their daily conduct and life. Who of us is able to say in what measure they succeeded or failed in realising their aim?

The number and quality of the leaders representing these different denominations and the diversity of their gifts supplies substantial testimony that they built well and on permanent foundations and that in Midland, as in all other places in Ontario, the number of people who wink at moral evil are in a decreasing minority, because of the fidelity of these men to the trusteeship. The Catholic Church had six representatives during these years, Father Labordeau, who gave occasional supply, Rev. John Lynett, who came in 1883 and remained until 1891. Rev. J. H. Colin, Rev. L. A. Barcelo, and the present parish priest, Rev. J. M. Castex.

In the Anglican Church, the Rev. E. H. Cole held the first services followed by Rev. Mr. Hood and G. A. Anderson, who with his father's family, was one of the thirty-four persons to make that memorable journey in an open boat from Coldwater to Manitowaning through a storm, the worst on record, in the month of November, eighty-five years ago. The first regular incumbent was Rev. J. A. Hanna, 1885-1917, followed by the present rector, Rev. J. R. H. Warren.

The Presbyterian Church had four ministers during that period, the Revs. Scott, James, Elliot and McNabb.

The number of the Methodists and Baptists exceeded any of these because of the regulations governing their appointment, the Salvation Army supplying 55 men in the 37 years in which they have been labouring in this field.

It is gratifying therefore to note the honoured place which the Christian Church has held during these first fifty years in the history of a town, which is doubtless destined in the future to occupy a high place as a commercial and industrial centre in the Georgian Bay district, and that they have sought, and that with a goodly measure of success, to supply to the character of its people that respect for moral righteousness, without which any people must live devoid of enterprise, courage and thrift.

Field of Opportunity for the Algonquin Historical Society

By

COL. ALEXANDER FRASER, LL.D., Litt.D.

Provincial Archivist

A well-known authority on archaeological subjects in the Province of Ontario, whose past studies enables him to see what a vast field for research yet remains untouched.

An address delivered at Owen Sound, before the Owen Sound and Grey County Historical Society, on October 20th, 1922, on the occasion of the formal opening of their Museum in the Library Hall, when six large cabinets of valuable historical exhibits were for the first time displayed to the public.

IT is a privilege not lightly to be esteemed to be assigned a part in this interesting meeting, and to be associated in a free and frank discussion of the history of this district with those who have for many years given to it careful and earnest thought.

I readily concurred in the suggestion that on this occasion it were desirable that, instead of presenting a paper to you dealing with one specific subject exhaustively, I should rather make a rapid survey of the field in which your researches would naturally be made, making such suggestions as might seem to me to be useful in carrying on your work.

The field itself is beyond question one of the most interesting in Ontario. As I understand it, you are specially concerned with the territory adjacent to the great upper lakes,—the shores of the Georgian Bay, the northern shores of Lake Huron and of Lake Superior, and the lands contiguous to them. This field holds much of the romance of Canadian history, history that will always appeal with force to the imagination, to the idyllic sense, and to the poetic nature of men. It holds the alluring waterway and the impenetrable, inscrutable forest of long ago, the Indian aborigine, relentless or friendly, as the case may be, the tireless missionary of the Cross and the no less indefatigable and adventurous, if more worldly-minded, coureur du bois. Through its area, by river, lake or trail the explorer, the soldier, and the prospector journeyed on, leaving in their track tradition, legend or well-authenticated story to be collected, sifted and re-told.

This field also furnishes the story of settlement and change, near enough in time to be traced accurately and distant enough to give the fillip so necessary for sustained interest in incidental research.

The topography and the aborigines of a country are subjects of more than local interest. They present features touching the corpus of universal knowledge which appeal to the student and lover of the sciences, and, therefore, the geological formation and the minerals of our Northland are, in a general way, already known to the world of learning.

The Indian has attracted many students of the remote and archaic in our history. A suggestion may, therefore, be ventured, though it be with some hesitation, for the question arises whether it were better to throw open a fascinating technical study to thousands of enthusiastic amateurs who are bound, in the nature of things, to make many mistakes and to draw wrong conclusions or to limit such research to the few who are well-equipped and whose findings, therefore, give reasonable assurance of accuracy and truth. It is not easy to reach a judgment on this broad question. It is quite clear that the trained mind is necessary in every field of research. There can be no real research without it. Otherwise there could be no acquisition of real knowledge. Against this view no objection can rest and so great is its importance that in an age even as enlightened as our own, it must ever and always be impressed on the public, for the country which furnishes the means to apply the laws of science to industrial problems is the country which will win the international race, the goal of which is national wealth and prosperity. The question might, therefore, seem to be settled but there are factors which cannot be set aside without some consideration. The amateur collects facts. He often records the facts which he collects. His method or process may not be right; he may not know the full meaning or the value of the facts he has collected. He may mislead himself or be misled by others equally incompetent but, notwithstanding all this, the data he has brought together may be and often is a useful contribution, after it has passed through qualified hands, to the sum total of our accepted knowledge. There is also another relevant element in the case: the unalloyed, keen, personal enjoyment in the pursuit. This deserves a tribute of commendation. It is far-reaching and enters into the cultural character of a people. It merits encouragement. On its

diffusion will largely depend, ultimately, the attitude of a community of people locally or nationally towards aesthetics, morals and learning. The amateur and the professional student would, therefore, appear to have their place in the comity of historical or scientific research and we may without apprehension welcome them both.

Reverting to the Indian, may I be allowed to indicate certain limits within which the amateur and the professional alike may the more profitably direct his efforts? The higher branches comprising race, language and religion, calling as they do for adequate technique, may well be left to the technician. I would not, indeed, that anyone should abstain from the study of these subjects as given to us by the masters, or that anyone should deprive himself of having an intelligent and appreciative knowledge of them, providing such a one does not affect a mastery in a domain requiring the exercise of powers he does not possess.

As to race and language, as well as the religion, of the Canadian Indians inhabiting of old this part of the country, the main racial points have been fairly covered in the vivid Relations of the Jesuit Fathers who have given to the world an imperishable literature. These Relations have the fault of their qualities. They are crowded with facts; they are lighted up by imaginative glimpses scarcely less valuable than the penetrative and characteristic pictures of true life which they reveal. The ethnologist finds in them a mine of invaluable information which, collated with the results of modern research, enables him to place the red man of these parts before us in his true setting. Similarly, with respect to the Indian's language. The compilers of dictionaries and grammars were, as a rule, men of scholarly attainments but in their day the science of language was in rudimentary form and what surprises us is not that these pious men, labouring in the fastnesses of the forest far from the homes of books and institutions of learning, did not give us perfect phonetics, etymology and idioms but that they did accomplish as much excellent work as they were able to do—work, much of it, to which we are indebted for precious material, essential to modern study. We still and always must read Sagard and his successors. We are under obligations to the late Dr. Alexander Fraser Chamberlain, to Dr. David Boyle and to such capable men as Sapir and Barbeau.

Canada let slip an opportunity, the greatness of which is only being realized now, when, seventy or eighty years ago or even later, her learned men neglected to explore the recesses of the Indian field, then rich and accessible. The pagan rites, the sacrifice of the white dog, Manitou, Hiawatha and the hero-gods were then to many of our native Indians unquestioned realities, told by the sachems of the tribe at the camp fires. The depleted forests can be replanted and the exhausted soil can be refertilized, not so the inner secrets of primitive life of the language in which the thought they expressed is embodied. When they die, they die forever. Those who went before us evidently did not understand the importance of their opportunity. If we of this generation realize our loss, because of their neglect, should we not guard against similar reproach by our successors by rescuing from oblivion what is left to us in the Indian and other fields.

What remains to our hand, waiting for us, for all of us, may be stated in a few words—the exploration of Indian sites and ossuaries; primitive conditions of life as revealed by specimens of handicraft and industries, including the mining of metals, metal-work, carvings, designs, wampum, bead and stone work and archaeological remains generally. These ought to be diligently sought for, collected, reduced to classification and preserved for educational and historical purposes. This field so attractive and interesting is very far from having been exhausted by previous research. Two aspects of primitive language still lie open to us—place names and the dialects. We can still glean much new material in these fields. The Indian names of places have not been systematically collected. Many have been missed and we, who have intercourse with the older Indians, ought to make every effort to obtain what may be recoverable before the chance passes from us for ever. So with dialects and idiomatic phrases. If we cannot all be accomplished folklorists, let us at least be diligent collectors and recorders of the remains of the language of our native tribes.

Notwithstanding what has already been done it is still possible to shed additional light on the religious ideas, rites and ceremonies of the pagan Indian, and on his myths and legends, even though those which persist be modified or transformed by foreign contact.

There is the important subject, all but overlooked, from the historical point of view, of the Indian Reserves of the Northland. The original surrenders of the lands to the Crown, the making of the reservations, the changing areas, the history of each reserve in every variety of condition and phase of life, from its institution to the present time, including topography, the character of the soil, the organization of the tribal bands thereon, intermarriage and family relationships, religion and education—churches and schools—racial approximations, habits, customs, etc., would constitute a most useful and a feasible syllabus for the consideration of members of this Society.

II

In natural sequence to the Indian may be placed the coureur du bois, the hardy, romantic pioneers of the fur trade. They have left few vestiges behind them but there are nevertheless traces incorporated in the physiognomy and handicrafts of their contemporary aborigines and their successors. The fur trade and its routes stretching from lake to lake across a vast territory are of interest still, marking as some of them do our own routes of trade and travel. The records of the fur trade would yield suggestive information to the student of economics and the field has scarcely yet been touched, although the wealth of material available is enormous. But should this subject as a whole be deemed too onerous for your Association to take up, there are the posts and the traders of the old system still surviving and well within the scope of your enterprise.

III

I would direct your attention also to the history of the hydrographic survey and charting of the Georgian Bay and the Upper Lakes. The records are accessible in the form of reports, charts and maps but in addition to strictly official sources, it would be worth while to collect what may have survived in the

stories told in the lake towns and villages. Men of rare ability were among early marine surveyors and reminiscences of them would be interesting.

Closely related to this is the history of shipping on the northern waters. I believe I need only mention this in passing for, if I am not misinformed, the subject has been already well taken in hand.

These waters are exceptionally favoured in the beauty of their islands, headlands, bayous and shores generally. The artist's brush, the pen of the poet and of the descriptive prose writer, would find there subject-matter of never-ending freshness and charm. And let me remark that the camera in the hands of a practised amateur is no mean recorder of notable scenes, places and people. To encourage, stimulate and when possible to direct pictorial art would be a useful object for this Association to keep in view.

Historical sketches of trade and navigation, of the cities, towns and villages on the shores of the Georgian Bay, would, I feel sure, be welcomed by the local press and would be important contributions to your papers and records. I may mention, as an example, the valuable papers on local historical subjects published by the County of Simcoe Pioneer and Historical Society.

To this might be added historical notes on the early surveys and settlement in northern districts and territories, such as, Muskoka, Parry Sound, Algoma, the North Shore, Manitoulin, and the Bruce Peninsula, including notes on the settlers, their nationalities, churches, schools, politics and industries.

IV

Three other subjects might find a conspicuous place on your programme:

I. The depletion and the devastation of our timber resources have called forth much discussion in recent years but possibly only a few people stop to think that the history of our forests is crowded with interest, romance and thrilling adventure. A fine tree is a thing of beauty vibrating with life showing individuality and character. Forestry is a delightful occupation because it affords the genial companionship of trees and to one who loves the solitude of nature the depths of a forest are a sacred refuge and a place of supreme joy. The life history of a tree, however, is related to the science of arboriculture, that of dead sawlogs and timber to economics in which respect it at present claims our attention.

The forest is a perpetual source of supply for the use of man. From early times it was so regarded and prized accordingly. In the days of the French regime in Canada, the oak on the lands granted in feudal tenure to the Seigniors was preserved for the building of vessels for the Royal Navy, otherwise there were few or no restrictions either on seignior or tenant. The permits to cut oak, the regulations and the grievances of the settlers because the reservations interfered with the clearance of the land are spread over the records of the French administrators in Canada. With the coming of the British in 1763 a larger policy for the care and use of timber was inaugurated. A reservation was made in each township for the growth and production of naval timber, fit for masting and navy construction; the prevention of waste was urged, and penalities were provided for the protection of the trees on these reserves It was recommended that no saw mills should be erected without permission by license so that the waste and destruction of timber should be effectively prevented. Later on the pine-bearing lands were specially reserved. Nevertheless, it was found difficult to enforce conditions on the early settlers. The vast extent of forest was to the pioneer too dazzling to suggest its depletion by indiscriminate cutting and burning; hence the gradual but sure disappearance of woods from the counties of southern Ontario. But the old county unit might suggest a similar system in the re-foresting schemes of the present day. The history of the timber trade of Upper Canada during the 19th century could be gathered from the records in the Public Archives of Ontario, and if compiled would prove to be a valuable and an intensely interesting chapter in the history of the Province. It is closely connected with the clearing of the land for settlement and later on with our industrial life. It has always been an important source of revenue to the Crown, a valuable commercial asset; and a large field for the application of labour. Over the life of the lumber camp beams a halo all its own and the story of the raft on the lake or river is well worth telling. In the wake of the camp was the village or town as a base of supplies. Often they were mushroom growths, passing with the recession, back and farther back, of the axeman until only a few straggling houses or a memory was left to tell of a thriving community that once was here and once was there. The vicissitudes of these times were bravely borne, for the life was one of constant transition and change to which men and women were inured. But the men and the women were there, and the experiences of the frontiers-folk were not drab, dull, dousy, grinding routine, but were aglow with the color of human passions, loves and hopes. Goodness and truth dovetailed into each other in an environment in which the rugged and fittest survived.

The commercial history of the forest reserves and timber limits deserves attention, for I assure you it presents features not surpassed in curious interest in the annals of business enterprise. The areas have been of immense extent and the process of cruising, of scaling, of cutting and of transportation to the seaboard or sawmills called for virility, nerve and skill of no ordinary character or ordinary type of manhood.[1]

2. The ridges and the jagged rocks did not entice the early traveller, as a rule, from the beaten trail in the valley or the canoe route on the stream and the opportunity to observe and discover the rich and precious metals of the northern mineralized strata came later and, as has not been seldom the case, more or less incidentally. Yet in the comparatively short time since the indefatigable, sanguine and sometimes obsessed prospector made a "find" and the speculative investor bought mining stock, how intense, how wide, a field has been covered, and how large, almost fabulous, the amount of money has that field poured into the coffers of the country, of the company or of the individual concerned! To-day the mineral resourses of the northland are being better understood, sound investment has become possible and Northern Ontario promises—for hundreds of years to come—to be one

1n. White, Crown Lands Report, 1907.

of the very greatest mining regions in the wide world. Already it contains the largest gold mine in the world and there are several which take only a high and strong second rank. To any one who seriously studies the situation there can be no doubt that from Cobalt to Kenora, mining in gold, silver, lead, copper and iron and other ores has only begun but it has begun and entered upon a marvellous course of development which will bring great wealth to the Province and will maintain in comfort a large population. The story in the past has been a chequered one; one of hopes disappointed, of the savings of a life-time lost, of fortunes dissipated, of hardy adventure, of canoe, pack and hammer, of speculative glamor; the gambler's excitement, ruin and helpless misery. It is a field in which truth is often stranger than fiction and the truth when told will be a valuable heritage to posterity. It seems but as yesterday since in 1848 Sir William Logan visited the Bruce Mines' district and gave his impressions in his historic report. His assistant, Alexander Russell, and two years later William Gibbard gave information to the public on which we still base expert opinion. These and numberless public and private documents are available in the Public Archives and ought to be utilized for the purpose of history.[1]

An experienced and reliable mining operator prepared a financial statement not long ago (1917) of the cost to-day to open up an average good mine. One part of this statement I take the liberty of quoting as it throws a vivid light on conditions in an unopened mining district. He says in effect: "A pioneer company establishing a mining and smelting industry in Northern Ontario would have to construct several miles of difficult road to reach its property. Cheap, temporary boarding-houses must then be hastily constructed and a minimum of supplies and men rushed in at a very heavy teaming expense until a railway can be constructed to the property from the nearest railway line. While the development of the mine and construction of the plant are proceeding, a village site must be secured and a village built for the workmen with a school and stores; fire, water, and drainage systems must be constructed and some forms of entertainment for the new community provided. If the requirement for power is large, one or more waterpowers must, if possible, be acquired and developed and many miles of transmission and telephones built. If a municipality already exists or is later formed, the Company will have to pay practically all the municipal taxes. For these and such-like necessary purposes a large capital is required, amounting to more than a million and a half dollars."

Take another aspect of the subject. To-day you may visit, as I did this summer, a mining town in our northland, of about ten thousand inhabitants. Mining properties are being operated successfully on every side. Everywhere there is stir and bustle. No one is idle, no one is poor. The streets are fairly well paved and the sidewalks are of granolithic, the abutting stores are well-built, neatly kept and of comfortable appearances. The Belfries on the churches show that the people are called to church on Sundays in the good old parish manner by the tolling of the morning bell. In the Separate School, 1,500 children neat and clean in appearance, smart and healthy-looking, are being drilled in the rudiments of the Catholic religion, and in the elementary subjects of an English education. They comprise various nationalities but all are receiving the first impress of British citizenship. An annex is a building for the accommodation of from three to four hundred children whom the main school cannot take in. In the public school of the town the number of pupils is more than 1,200 and as soon as more room is provided that number will be materially increased. The Principal and the teachers are doing excellent work. These children, born and bred in the vigorous north are quick, alert and clever. To them the north is and will be loved more than any other place can ever be; it is their birth-place and native land. These children are our best hope for the future of the vast north.

Similar conditions apply to other places at the present time and in the near future many such places will exist in the rich rocklands. Do we realize what this means? How can we? For the story has not been written and given to the world. If we think for a moment that we are here and now face to face with the beginnings of a great natural development, of a large permanent settlement of hardy, industrious people who will soon be our fellow-citizens in this Province, composed of many races and creeds, to be welded by the process of time into a tolerable and useful homogeniety, we would apprehend and appreciate the value to the historian of following closely and noting systematically the easily observed conditions prevailing in camp, mine and mill at the present time.

3. The pulp industry in the north has taken on large proportions and ought not to be overlooked in our historical studies. It is said that the largest newsprint mill in the world is at Iroquois Falls. However that may be, that mill is operating on a large scale, sending out twenty-seven or twenty-eight carloads of paper a day, for daily consumption by seven of the mammoth newspapers of the United States. The town, which the company built up, is an ideal one, challenging comparison even with Port Sunlight, the pattern community town in England. Iroquois Falls is all but self-contained. Nothing seems to have been omitted to temper the hot rays of summer and the keen winter wind for the toilers in their present isolation from the great world without. The pulp mills of the north may have but their brief day[2] and the record of their passing hour must, if caught at all, be caught on the fly.

If I have not already over-wearied you, I should like to impress on you the value of local history and how great a subject it is if properly pursued. It is only by knowing the life of a people that the history of that people can be written, and the only way to know and to understand the vogue of human life is by close individual contact. The analysis of the aggregate that makes up a community can only be effectively accomplished by local means. Despise not, therefore, the day of small things. The great sum total of all is the aggregation of units. In that respect the viewpoint of to-day is not that of yesterday. History is no longer a mere orderly recital of great events, of legislative enactments, of Magna Charta, or wars, and of battles long ago. In human history the human element bulks largely now as it ought to

1n. White, Crown Lands Report, 1907.

2n. The supply of pulpwood is being rapidly exhausted.

do. The story of the man who has achieved is as important as the story of the achievement. Therefore, the work of a local historical society is basic in the scheme of general history and deserves all possible local support.

This brings me to my concluding thought: How can the support necessary to the carrying on of a strong local historical society be obtained? The first requisite is that the workers and the funds should be secured locally, i.e., within the bounds of its own territory. Otherwise, your society, for instance, would not continue long to do its best work or to justify its existence. You will require the sympathy and support of your own people so as to be practically independent of outside sources of supply. Should that be unattainable, your society would have a struggling and a precarious career. But it ought not to be impossible to secure both men and money for so worthy an object as yours. It would be quite proper to expect small grants from Boards of Education, City and County Councils, but beyond that I would not go.

One of the paralyzing influences in our public life is the conception that some one else may justly discharge one's legitimate public duties for him. This idea is prevalent. It is sapping our manhood, our self-respect, and our local patriotism and pride. It is undermining the principles of mutual obligation on which our common citizenship is founded. It is a menace to our national greatness. The natural and inevitable consequence of shirking is decadency and decay. This is a natural law which grinds its grist with the inexorable certainty of the mills of the gods. Let us avoid this danger. It may be hard to raise the funds necessary for your work within your extensive district. It may, perhaps, be harder still to induce your friends of the learned professions to combine golf with geology, or to regard the school and the historical society as co-partners mutually supplementing and complementing each others' work in the general interest of the public. Be it yours to improve their knowledge and to impart the necessary compelling enlightenment. You are not bereft of courage as your organization itself and your enterprising magazine—Mer Douce—prove. Your constituency is lacking neither in material wealth nor in intellectual endowments, and there is every reason to believe that such direction can be given to both as will place your work here on a sound and enduring foundation.

John Parker

First President of the Historical Society, Grey County

THE Owen Sound Historical Society was called into existence in the summer of 1920 through the instrumentality of Dr. Locke, chief librarian of the Toronto public libraries, who arranged that the annual meeting of the Ontario Historical Society should be held that year in Owen Sound, and so gave an insight and an impulse to the work that resulted in the organization being established, with Mr. John Parker, an esteemed citizen of the town, as its first president.

Some months previously, the Georgian Bay Historical Society was organized for the purpose of co-ordinating all the work of historical research centering on the Georgian Bay district, for it was conceded that this section of the province had a history that was peculiarly its own. That autumn, the Owen Sound Society was asked to join with this co-operative movement, which was unanimously acceded to by a meeting called together for that purpose. By virtue of this act, Mr. Parker became one of the vice-presidents and a member of the executive of this larger organization.

From the first, the establishment of a Museum at Owen Sound was considered as a necessary part of the Society's undertaking. A unique private collection was known to exist in the possession of Mr. John Reynolds of Manitawaning, which contained a very exhaustive collection of fire-arms, and many other exhibits illustrating the pre-historic and early history of the district, among which are several of exceeding great value, some of which have to do with the history of that virile, nomadic and princely race of aborigines, the Ottawas, a name which is bound to be perpetuated forever in the history of our country. Fragmentary notices of this race of Indians are here and there found, but of their history, in so far as that can be gleaned, no scientific record has yet been attempted.

This collection has been received from Mr. Reynolds, under terms of trusteeship, and its care and preservation has been entrusted to the Owen Sound society. It thus becomes the first fruits of what we trust will yet be a Museum fitting the opportunities of this pioneer city of the Bay. It is something more than of passing honour to be the first president of a society which has such a wealth of material awaiting only the archaeologist's spade.

It is doubtless of interest to the general public to know something of the personal history of one who has been honored with that historic place, the first president of the first historical society of the County of Grey, though this pioneer society, if justice to the story of the county were duly considered, ought to be now, not an infant of two years of age, but one of three-score years and ten.

Mr. Parker is too young a man to be called a pioneer in the general acceptance of that term, not having been born until 1858, eighteen years too late to

be the founder of Owen Sound, even if he had begun this work in the year he was born, and five years too late to be the first treasurer of his native county, and has therefore to be content with only being the third in succession holding this office, succeeding his uncle, S. J. Parker, who in turn succeeded his father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Le Pan, the first treasurer of the County. His father was Joseph W. Parker, a pioneer among the business men of Owen Sound, and his mother, Isabella Foster.

In looking back over their genealogical tree, one is impressed with the loyalty of their generations to the church. A memorial window in the Anglican church of Bentham, Westmoreland, England, contains two figures, the one, St. John, the Evangelist, and the other, St. Anne, and underneath is this inscription:

"In affectionate remembrance of John Parker of Bentham, who died March 27th, 1870, aged 79 years, and of Anne, his wife, who died October 10th, 1876, aged 81, erected by their son, Stephen Johnson Parker, Owen Sound, Canada."

This John Parker was warden in this church in England for a number of years, as was also his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him, and it is gratifying to note that Mr. John Parker, the grandson, is carrying forward the traditions of the family in unbroken succession, being now and for some time, warden of St. George's Anglican church, Owen Sound.

In addition to these fraternal relationships, supplied by his church connections, Mr. Parker maintains a membership in the Sydenham Club, and Lodge No. 180 of the I.O.O.F., thus taking through these agencies his share in the support of the social requirements of the community.

Mr. Parker, though now treasurer of the county of Grey, chose as his life's profession that of druggist, following his father's footsteps in this regard. In 1885, the two Parker brothers, Joseph and Henry, came to Canada, making the acquaintanceship on their passage across, of another young druggist, George Cattle. These three formed a partnership, to which was added a year later, a third brother, Stephen Johnson, and founded in 1856 the pioneer drug store of Parker & Cattle, Cavers Block, Union Street, the brother Henry going to Durham and establishing a second store there in 1860. In 1868 a thrid branch was established in Paris with S. J. Parker in charge. This partnership was dissolved on the death of Joseph Parker, 1869, and the business underwent a re-organization under the firm name of Parker & Co., under which name the business in Owen Sound is still carried on.

John Parker, after a liberal education obtained in the public school and the old Grammar School at Owen Sound, with the addition of a term in Goderich High School under the incumbency of Dr. Preston as its Principal, perhaps under the assumption that a boy can receive better instruction from other than home tuition, was apprenticed to a chemist and a druggist of Bowmanville. After three years apprenticeship, he returned to Owen Sound in 1876, becoming a clerk in the Parker & Co. drug store, a partner in 1882, and assuming complete control in 1907. This business is now under the ownership of two of his graduated apprentices, Messrs. Bonnell & Douglass, which reminds us of the rapidity with which the days and opportunities of life are passing, seeing that in this short period of seventy years, the business of the city has passed into the hands of men two generations removed from the original pioneers of the district.

But in addition to his drug business, Mr. Parker took a share also in the building up of the industrial life of this urban centre. He was one of the promoters of the town's first Telephone Company and of its first Gas Company, a director of the Dominion Linseed Oil Company and a vice-president of the Grey and Bruce Loan Company. Besides these commercial enterprises, he gave time also to the civic requirements of the town, serving terms on the Utilities Commission, the Parks Commission, and a Trustee on the Board of Education, in which capacities he gave, and is still giving, the town good service.

But it is to the requirements of the office of Treasurer of the county of Grey, to which he now devotes his chief energy. It was said of his uncle, whom he succeeded as Treasurer: "A more efficient official could not have been in the service of the county. His knowledge of the finances and financial questions has saved the county large sums." Noted for carefulness and thoroughness, never allowing the smallest detail to be overlooked, and allowing no duty that was his to escape his personal supervision, his newhew has inherited equally commendable traits of business capacity, and it is an assured prophecy that when the time comes when he too shall lay down the wand of his county office, which we trust will be many years hence, a similar commendable survey shall be made of this work, and the need of praise accorded to the uncle. shall be found to be also worthily earned by the nephew. The presidency of the county's first historical society has been placed in worthy hands.

The Laramee Discoveries of Brass Pots and Wooden Bowls

By REV. J. R. H. WARREN
Historical Society, Midland, Ont.

WHILE the search was being made for the treasure box supposed to be lying in the bed of the River Wye, near the Old Fort, Midland, the story of the finding of two brass kettles, thought to belong to the time of Champlain, by a member of the Laramee family, residing at Penetanguishene, was told in the "Mail and Empire" of Toronto.

The Laramee family has had a long Canadian history, dating in fact from the time of the French regime. As the first member of the family to set foot

(Continued on Page 32).

Algonquian Legends

The Flood, as Told by the Ottawas and Ojibways of Grand Manitoulin Island

By DR. R. W. SHAW
President, Manitowaning Historical Society

Nanibush, Nanibojo, or Nanibozho as he is variously called, is the proper Algonquian name of the mythical hero of the legends as given in Longfellow's Hiawatha. Longfellow sought a more euphonious name than the native one and took that of a real historical hero of the Iroquois, the old-time bitter and dreaded foes of the Algonquians, to bedeck Nanibush in the poems describing the life of the Algonquians.

We use the term Algonquian. That is the proper term to apply to the great race which occupied territory from Cape Breton to the Rockies and embraced many kindred tribes such as the Micmacs, Algonquins, Ottawas, Ojibways, Potawatomies, Crees, Blackfeet, etc., etc., Algonquin or Algonkin belongs properly to a single tribe which has had its home in north-western Quebec near Lakes Temiskaming and Abitibi and extended down towards Nipissing in Ontario; they were met first by the French on the St. Lawrence and their name was given also in a general way to the whole race of kindred tribes, but now slightly modified in the proper scientific accepted form, Algonquian to apply to the race, leaving Algonquin or Algonkin as at first to name the single tribe. It is well to remember the distinction, although we often use Algonquin in a general way.

In the reference to Nanibush crossing a strait "away to the north and westward" to reach "this land that we know," we might claim a native support of the inference of students of anthropology or race-affinity that the Indians in the main at least, came originally from Asia and were an offshoot of the Mongols, a fact largely borne out by the four distinctive characteristics of complexion, brachycephalic skull, straight black hair, and the folding of the upper inner eyelid.

The legend, we are aware, was handed down by some other tribes, e.g., the Menominees gave the Great Hare Michibose, as the king of the animals.

THE world had all its animal folk, and they were beings wise and crafty. They conferred together for counsel, and drew quickly together to help each other whenever danger threatened. The greatest animal among them having size, cunning, courage and agility combined was Mishibije, the white lion (mountain lion or panther). He was granted and assumed the kingship over all the rest, and they obeyed him **willingly** as a chief.

* * * *

THEN another being appeared that did not have to crawl or to walk on all fours, and he stood upright and walked on only two feet; that was Nanibush the first man. He had come from a land away to the north and westward; he came to a strait of salt water that lay between that land and this land that we know; he could not cross, and he wished by some impelling instinct to do so. Ice formed over the strait, but it remained thin, and as the sea might break it up in a moment, he had to devise a way to cross quickly. He changed himself into the form of Mishibose the Great Hare, that could run in great leaps and lightly, and he scampered across. He looked around him, and saw all the good life that was filling the earth here, beasts of many kinds, birds in the air, and even fish in the waters. He noticed, too, how these looked up to a supreme head of their kind, for leadership and guidance. He felt that he was greater than the animals and had more knowledge than they, even than their king. Then he wished that he himself should have the kingship of all the lower life that he saw around him, and that the king they already had should be deposed. He began to plan how he should begin to bring that about, even if he had to kill the animal king.

* * * *

SOMETHING happened to give him a way to try to do this. He learned that the king had got sorely hurt, or wounded. Nanibush thought he would go boldly to the king to make a show of sympathy for his wound; then he would see how things were, and maybe find means to destroy him. On the way thither he met an old crone in tattered dress, poking and peering about. He asked her what she did. She answered that the king had got sorely hurt, an arrow-head was sticking in his side; perhaps it had been shot by a Manitou (spirit) and she was seeking herbs to make agoa-pe-zo-an, a hot poultice or plaster, to apply to draw out the arrow-head. With much kindness he helped her gather the herbs, and she learned to trust him so much that she told him frankly how she prepared the herbs and used them in treatment. When they had obtained a goodly lot of them, the old equay (woman) was tired, so tired that surely she should rest and let Nanibush take her place in going the long way to the king and treating his wound. She agreed, and to make the exchange complete, she gave her tatters to Nanibush for his fine dress, to allow him to disguise himself.

* * * *

NANIBUSH went to the king and was readily admitted to him to give him treatment, and he began by feeling the arrow-head to see if it would withdraw any way outwards. Then it flashed upon him that he was alone with the king, he had even the weapon in the king's wound, was not this the opportunity already given to allow him to kill the king? Instead of trying to withdraw the head any further, he suddenly drove it deep into the king, and the latter died at once.

* * * *

NANIBUSH thought that no one had seen the deed, but Omakuki, the toad, curious and humble and lowly, was squatted all the time under the edge of the rush-curtain, with his winkless eyes observing all the scene. Now he hopped back and out, and whistled to his fellows in alarm, and told them that the maskiki-equay (medicine-woman), they had admitted was not the real one at all, but an enemy in disguise and that he had killed the king.

* * * *

THEN the animals came in uproar to kill Nanibush. The birds of the air came to their aid, screaming and converging into clouds of excited pinions. The fishes and monsters of the sea rushed roaring and spouting landward, and carried all the waters with them right up unto and over the land and at the heels of the animals and of Nanibush. He heard all the

commotion behind him and fled at his utmost. He ran up the face of the highest mountain on earth, and still all life and the waters followed him; up to the very peak he went, breathless, and close after him all the beasts with their howling, gnashing, raging din followed in the heat of the chase. The sea rose as quickly, heaving and lashing with great billows, till it even engulfed the land animals.

* * * *

NANIBUSH had climbed the tallest tree on the mountain-top, Shingwauk the pine, reaching skyward. Even the water followed him upward. He looked down upon the submerged earth and upon the animals struggling and drowning, making many frantic efforts to cling to wreckage and all things that were floating. Soon Nanibush had to stand on the highest branch of the tree, and still the water was rising. It came up to his chin at last, and he had to stand on tiptoe, and to stretch his neck, and throw his head backward to get his lips above the water to keep from drowning, and often then the water rolled over his head and stayed so long that he had to leap upwards to get the air. Thus he struggled a long, long time, so long that it seemed to him it would never end. He lost all hope that the waters would ever go downn ad let him live. He became utterly exhausted, almost unconsciouse. Truly he was being punished for his cruelty to the animal king.

* * * *

BUT the Kitche-manitou (Great or Good Spirit) did not intend to let Nanibush perish. He had use for him, and was training him for the work he was to do on earth. When he seemed almost gone, he felt the turmoil of waters cease. Then the water began to lower, oh! so slowly, of course, that Nanibush thought it would never go quickly enough to save him. But he hung on with his last shred of strength, and at last was lying in his tree-top with the waters just below him. He was able to rest; the warm sun came out and restored him. After a long sleep he woke refreshed, and looked around him and down into the calm, murky waters. It was all a waste of sea with an odd mountain-peak showing above the new level of surface. He was satisfied that the old world of land was lost and that we should obtain a new one somehow. How could it be done? He prayed for a bit of land, for even the dirtiest mud would then have gladdened his eyes.

* * * *

WE have seen that Nanibush was resourceful. He began to hope already that if he could but obtain a bit of clay from the bottom of the sea he would use it as a nucleus wherwith to form a new earth, that would grow and rise above the sea, and flourish. So he scanned the wreckage that floated about and to which some animals yet clung. He called Nigik the otter, knowing him to be a good swimmer. He commanded Nigik to dive to the bottom and bring some earth up with him. Nigik dived at once, and Nanibush waited; he waited and waited, and Nigik did not come back to the surface; then Nanibush knew that it was a long way down and a hard, hard task, and that Nigik had perished.

* * * *

THEN he called another good swimmer to him, Shangwish the mink, and told him to dive to the bottom and bring up all the earth he could carry. Shangwish was as prompt as Nigik had been to obey and he dived at once. Nanibush waited as before and anxiously; and it was in vain as before that he waited. Shangwish never returned, he too had drowned in the hard effort to get clay at the great depth for Nanibush.

* * * *

THEN Nanibush looked about and he saw another swimmer, slow but steady and patient, and he knew him for Wazusk the muskrat. He called him like the others and ordered him to do the same task. He was going to try all creatures that could swim and dive until he found a successful one. The rat dived at once, and Nanibush waited; he waited as long a time as before until at last he began to fear that Wazusk had met the same fate as the other two, and he began to wonder what animal he should summon next to send to the bottom. Then he saw a small dark form floating near him, lifeless like, and seizing it he found it to be Wazusk, drowned apparently like his fellows. Nanibush pulled him into his perch, rubbed him and held him in the warm sunlight, and Wazusk began to show signs of life, and he soon revived.

* * * *

IN his paws Nanibush found clay that he had seized in the bottom, all that his paws could hold and carry. Nanibush carefully scraped it out of the paws of the rat, not a crumb did he leave or let waste. He rolled it into a lump like putty. He pulled it out all around its edge and patted it flat. He blew upon it and beseeched Kitche-manitou to make it grow. It did grow and grow till it was a large mat and so dry that it would float on the water. Nanibush placed it there, carefully watching it, but it did not sink, and it kept on growing then even, so speedily that Nanibush could not see across it. He stepped upon it and it carried him safely. He lifted good Wazusk the muskrat upon it and assured him that he and man should always be good friends, and that the children of both should have a home upon the earth forever, and be numerous. Then Nanibush caught a wolf and sent him around the edge of the earth to find out for him how big it was. Myingan never returned so Nanibush knew that the new world he had made had grown to a great size.

* * * *

NOW he set about to people it with life anew; he secured pairs of all the animals still surviving on secured pairs of all the animals still surviving on wreckage, and all birds clinging to their uncertain perches, and placed them upon the earth. He had a thought for the food and needs of the creatures too. He asked Waswuskashe the red-deer what sort of food he wished to have provided for him. The deer answered asking for the grass and the forest, and many others mild and timid asked for the same. Moqueh, the bear, wanted variety, small animal folk that he would not scruple to kill, and store of bees' honey and old stumps full of fat ants. Kwingo-aage, the wolverine, gluttonous and ruthless, wanted all kinds of small woodfolk to flourish that he might feast on them. Nanibush promised but declared that such a heartless wretch should have short legs to travel on, and deep snow to plough through to do his hunting all his life. Myingan, the wolf, said he would prey

(Continued on page 32.)

The Laramee Discoveries of Brass Pots

(Continued from Page 29).

in this country was the great-great-grandfather of the present generation, and came from France, it may well have been that he accompanied Champlain on his voyage to Quebec, and, perhaps, on his journey farther westward to this very Georgian Bay region. Whether this is so or not, the family's fortunes have been bound up with the development and changes in the country surrounding the Great Lakes that have taken place since the days of his grandson Jock. Born in Montreal, Jock early entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Co., and remained in its employment for fourteen years. During this period he served the company faithfully at Lake Nipigon, along the north shore of Lake Superior, and down in the Iowa country, where he had the honor of having his name perpetuated in "Fort Laramee," at the junction of James and Missouri Rivers. He afterwards settled on Drummond Island and remained there until the war of 1812. As the final adjustment of the boundary line left this island in the possession of the United States, all loyal British subjects living there at the time were offered a home at Penetanguishene, on the Georgian Bay, then newly opened up to settlement. Twelve or fifteen families availed themselves of this offer, among them being the Laramées. One of the interesting relics brought with them from Drummond Island, and still in their possession, was a whipsaw that had been issued to Jock Laramee in 1810 by the British Government. This saw played its important part in the new settlement, as it was the one by which the lumber was cut for the erection of the fifteen or twenty houses then required, and has undoubtedly been put to further service since that time. Another interesting relic in the possession of the family is a wooden bowl carved out of a large oak knot over a century ago by Charles Cloukee, brother-in-law to Jock Laramee, on the south shore of Lake Superior, at a place called Portage Entry.

Though the family headquarters have remained at Penetanguishene, some of its members have roamed considerably afield, and it is owing to this propensity of theirs that the discovery of the brass kettles, to which public attention was called a short time ago, came about.

Travelling up the Georgian Bay shore in the autumn of 1876, a member of the present generation of the family, Felix, by name, came across an Indian mound on Caroline Island, lying about six miles east of Pointe au Baril. The existence of this mound had been known to white people for a century at least, but never before apparently had its contents been disturbed, for, on searching through it, Felix unearthed a brass kettle, measuring about six inches in diameter and five inches in depth.

Proceeding up the coast another mound was discovered, about fourteen miles from Byng Inlet, and there a larger brass kettle (seven inches by six) was dug up. This one was provided with a lid as well as with a handle.

Whether or not these kettles actually belonged to the time of Champlain must, in the absence of fuller knowledge, remain a matter of conjecture, but that they date from the French regime is certain, as it was from the French that pots of this character were originally obtained by the Indians.

These kettles remained in the possession of the Laramee family until quite recently, when they, together with the wooden bowl, were handed over to Father Murray of Penetanguishene, not only because of his well known deep interest in historic relics, but chiefly out of regard for his great kindness to them in times of sickness and trouble.

Such is the story, as told the writer by a very interesting member of the family, Moses Laramee, now lying in Andrew's Hospital, at Midland, recovering from the amputation of a foot, necessitated by an extremely trying experience through which he passed many years ago. Moses, who was born at Penetanguishene, on February the 18th, 1854, left home at the age of twenty-two for the lumbering districts of Michigan. There, while working for the Raday Brothers, he was sent one day to search out a logging road to Dog River, about forty-five miles above Marquette. Coming across a wide creek, he tested the depth of the ice, and, finding it to be ten inches thick, walked on for about twenty paces, without thought of danger. Suddenly, however, he found himself standing in icy water up to the armpits. He had walked into an air hole which, being covered with snow, he had not of course been able to see. Crawling out of the hole, he struggled desperately to walk back to the camp, distant about two and a half miles, but before he could reach it, he fell to the ground, exhausted and badly frozen. Fortunately, however, he managed to crawl near enough for his cries for help to be heard. Friends in camp came to his rescue, and, as soon as possible, rushed him to Marquette Hospital, where he lay for over five months. Troubled ever since, it was necessary a short time ago to amputate one of his feet in order to save his life.

Happily, owing to a sturdy constitution, preserved by a clean, outdoor, vigorous life, together with the patient, brave fight he is putting up, there is every hope for a complete recovery. Many is the interesting tale handed down from past generations, that Moses is able to tell of days long gone by—and from his own experiences of later times—and it is hoped that some of these will be gathered and become a part of the possession of our Society before it is too late.

Algonquian Legends

(Continued from Page 31.)

on everything, even men should get no mercy from him, and he ran in a circle and snarling showed his fangs, even at Nanibush, with utter ingratitude.

* * * *

NANIBUSH'S bow leaped in air, his arrow sang and it pierced the front leg of Myingan, but with such skill was it shot that it stopped when half had gone through the leg and the other half had not; the wolf cowered and Nanibush sternly reminded him that he need never dare to attack the sons of Man with impunity; the children of Nanibush were to have dominion or rule over all life on the earth. Then the grass began to clothe the hills and enrich the valleys, and trees grew, giving shelter and food, and Nanibush after all realized his ambition to be king over all things living in the earth.

SEMI-QUARTERLY

"MER DOUCE"

(FRESH-WATER SEA)

The Algonquin Historical Society Magazine

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A MEMORIAL CHURCH, PENETANGUISHENE.
Erected to the memory of the martyr priests, who gave their lives and service to Huron Missions, 1615-1650.

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THE STORY OF ONTARIO'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Penetanguishene
AND
The Men Behind Its Industries

By FREDERICK W. GILMOUR

The Author of this sketch has many years intimate acquaintance with the Georgian Bay, its Industries and its Playgrounds. He has just completed a novel, "The Kennebec Pines," which is now in the publisher's hands, and will be on the market shortly.

THE DAYS OF THE SAILING VESSEL.
A fleet of four schooners—Groton, C. A. King, Nassau and Charger—being towed into Penetanguishene Harbor by the tug John Martin, to be loaded with C. Beck Company lumber.
The photograph was taken June 28, 1890, as the vessels were passing the Breithaupt Tannery dock.

PENETANGUISHENE makes heroic efforts to retain her distinction of possessing one of the longest names in the Province of Ontario. The hectic spirit of the age persists in cutting the name in half, scarcely half—a bit of vandalism to be resented with ardor, as a glance at philology will explain: "Shene," is an Indian suffix signifying "place," and residents of the northern town rightly object to being rubbed off the map as a PLACE, especially since the residue of the title means only, "white—rolling—sand."

APPROACH is best made by water, but not in a speed-boat. The past is here. Curious how some localities display ancient grandeur in a fashion that quite obscures modern beauty and wins the mind back to former days. The stately shores encasing the deep inlet seem like a gorgeous antique urn of ageless green into which some mystic hand has poured all the worthy and tender memories of the past. If not an urn, they form, at least, a wonderful harbor down which, from out the troubled waters of the open sea, one sails with vast content. Probably both elements unite to make the place-of-the-white-rolling-sand the Mecca of an ever-increasing host of summer tourists.

CULTURE ever responds to ancient pictures still in ancient frames. The beauty of the landscape, delightful to any eye, is filled with haunting meaning to those of mystic vision who go, "commercing with the skies," and who love best earth's sunny vistas subdued with broken clouds of sorrow. Disciples of Parkman, winning down the harbor, again ponder sadly over the death of a nation. At the entrance, a solitary white cross marks the place where Europe first touched Huronia; mounted high at the foot of the bay, stands the magnificent Memorial Church in voiceful praise of the missionaries who perished with the nation. A sense of sacred tragedy overtakes the mind and the reverent turn aside to seeing Penetanguishene the centre of this ancient Huronia which disappeared three hundred years ago.

BUT the town is more than an old landmark, more than a place of dreams and treasure-hunts. Notable as a centre of historic interest, she is no less notable as a business centre of marked stability. Her claim for consideration rests less on what has been hers in the past than on what is hers at the present moment and what she may reasonably be expected to attain in the future.

FOUR periods are discernible in the history of Penetanguishene: (1) That purely Indian, which lies hidden in the mists of the great Mer Douce and yields nothing but the name, one of the few relics of the early occupation of the territory by the Algonquins—the name strangers find hard to pronounce and the one which the interested of to-day find hard to keep in current use. (2) That distinctly French and Indian, dating from the arrival of Le Caron, Franciscan Recollet, and Champlain in 1615, together with that of the Jesuit missionaries a few years later, down to the middle of the century at which time the period was brought to a sudden close by the complete overthrow of the Huron nation. (3) That of military interests, which found its beginning in the war of 1812 when British wisdom selected the deep inlet as a promising harbor, built a fort at its mouth, and established a military base over against frontier needs. (4) That of to-day.

OR is there any fourth period? The impression seems rather common that the PLACE is only a quaint old heirloom of the Province wrapped up in hoary traditions and tucked away in dreamless sleep. The fancy may not be altogether fanciful. Answering her prototype on the St. Lawrence and retaining still something of the atmosphere brought from old Quebec City three centuries ago, Penetanguishene can scarcely plead "not guilty" to the charge of being quaint, perhaps a trifle drowsy. A city may slumber beside a great water-way of the world and arrest but a moiety of its traffic, gather but a moiety of its gain—content to only entertain wondering guests; a town may nod in somnolent ease beside a great inland water-way and watch, untroubled and undisturbed, a swelling traffic sail on to enrich other ports. One city groans with expansion, another suffers from no growing-pains.

BUT, if Penetanguishene has never stood in need of assuaging anodynes neither has she suffered from consuming fevers which left her pale of face and clamoring for tonics. Gordon's Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, established in 1825, formed the nucleus of the modern town. It is interesting to observe that, in this same year and from the same shore, Sir John Franklin set out on his expedition into the unknown North. With the restoration of peace, in order to establish elements of civil life in all the wilderness, determined effort was made to bring unexplored Canada within the purview of a newly aroused national consciousness. What the expedition did for Canada, Gordon's Post did for Penetanguishene. From this small beginning of trade grew a thriving village of industry and commerce.

EVEN at that time—the time of incorporation as a village—no prideful boasting marked the life of the community. At their first meeting the city fathers record with prophetic caution: "On examination of the accounts it was agreed to pay the same, AS SOON AS THERE ARE FUNDS ON HAND." The burden of debt was thirteen dollars and fifty-four cents. The worthy treasurer upon whom fell the onus of financing the venture was voted the sum of fifteen dollars per annum for his services, "On his giving satisfactory security." So it happened that in 1882 this carefully nourished sapling in the northern woods had grown to a dignity which warranted further recognition. In the spring of that year the village blossomed out into an incorporated town, the late Mr. A. A. Thompson having the honor of being its first mayor.

Penetanguishene, a Naval Station and Military Post of 1812-14. A Hudson Bay Trading Post, 1825. An Industrial Centre, 1923.

THE story of her industrial development contains distinctly unusual elements. Proximity to the great playground of the Georgian Bay encourages the thought that Penetanguishene is a centre of holiday idleness, but a glance in one or two directions will show it to be a busy hive of industry.

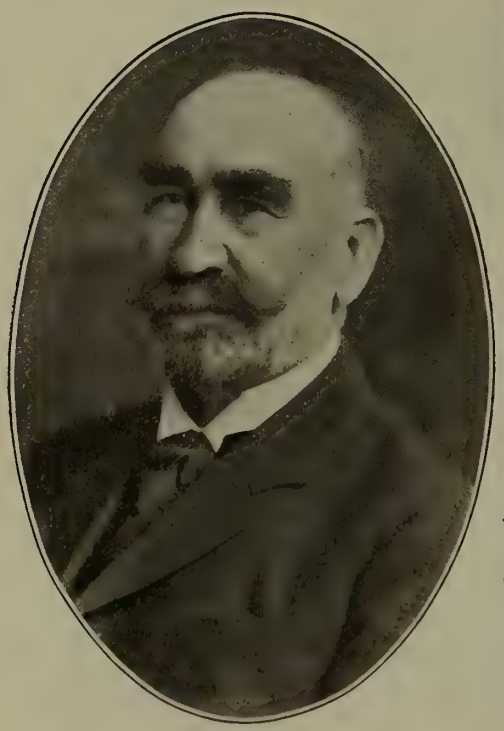
teen millon lath; from her two foundries went forth large quantities of machinery and heavy mill equipment, stoves and steam-heating plants to many parts of Canada and beyond; her flour fed a multitude, while her tannery and two leather-working industries put shoes on their feet and her fibre board provided them shelter; her staunch skiffs carried innumerable fishermen to their paradise and romance, creeping noiselesly down twilight ways in her dainty canoes, bobbed confident greeting as opulence darted past in her luxurious motor-boats. The glance invites closer inspection.

The C. Beck Lumbering Company

A Pioneer Industry of Penetang

THE C. BECK MFG. CO., established nearly half a century ago by the lates Charles Beck, is one of the best known of the many lumber firms on Georgian Bay. The business, big and vital, bears the stamp of its founder. By a strong physique and a no less vigorous mind, Mr. Beck beat down for himself a path into the wilderness and took rich toll of the forest despite the grim fingers which hold its treasure in such unyielding grip. Equally at home in the heart of the woods, frequently crunching on snowshoes as many as fifty miles for a day's tramp, and in the heart of the city's business circles measuring wits with the most astute minds of his day, he built up an enterprise which for many years was the backbone of the town, and, as well, gave initiatory help to other ventures which needed assistance in their infant days. To him difficulties were only part of the scheme of things; obstacles lay in the path not to block progress but to try the mettle of the progressive. His indomitable spirit was best shown in his manner of meeting threatening disaster. When fire destroyed mill or box factory no agony of uncertainty questioned breathlessly whether he would build again—always with the ground still warm the debris was cleared away and better equipment took the place of that which had been consumed. In later years, with his large capital, rebuilding was merely an incident but at an earlier period only a brave spirit met such setbacks with new initiative.

W. F. BECK.



THE LATE CHARLES BECK, Founder of the Company.

Mr. Beck's name is rightly associated with the establishing of the Protestant Separate School in the town. Early gauging the situation, he gave to the question penetrating wisdom and a keen sense of justice, at the beginning, with the result that this matter of education has never been a burning question in the municipality.

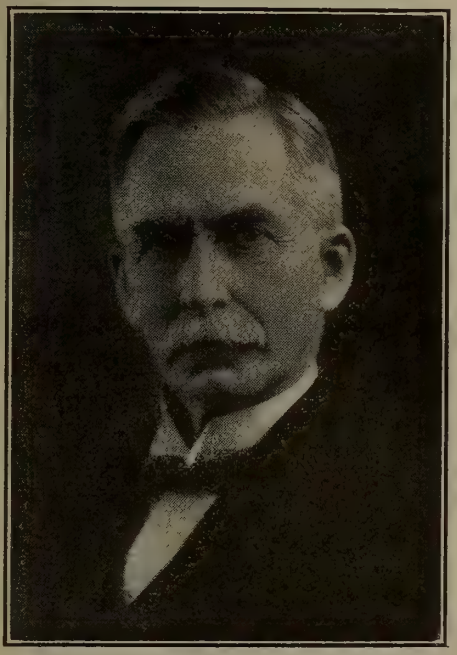
After the death of the founder in 1915 the business was carried on by his sons under the able leadership of Mr. W. F. Beck as president of the company, and with Mr. Alfred Beck in control of the limits. Two large mills operated from early spring to the late fall every year, cutting some 15,000,000 feet of lumber per season; also, two up-to-date box factories, one of which is in Toronto, working the year round, with an annual output of 5,000,000 feet of lumber made into boxes, are the present tokens of what business ability can accomplish and the inestimable benefit of that ability to a community's life.

IN the development of its chief leather industry Penetang is another example of the benefit of railway facilities. When the original founder of the well-known Breithaupt Leather Co., with present large interests at Kitchener, Woodstock, Hastings and Burk's Falls, accompanied by his son, Mr. Louis J. Breithaupt, came on a business trip to Barrie in 1879, the newly-opened railroad northward invited their thoughts to Georgian Bay where a supply of bark was then obtainable in the immediate neighborhood. Together they looked over the ground and were favorably impressed, but the death of Mr. Breithaupt, Sr., the following year delayed the project of extending the business to Penetang.

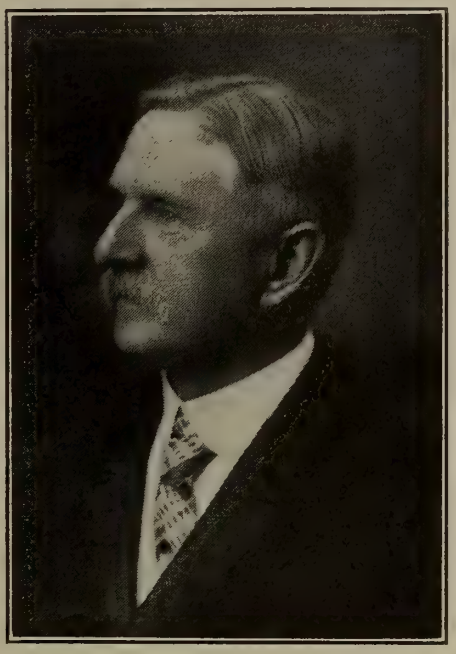
In 1882 Messrs. Louis J. and John C. Breithaupt, though very young men, had taken zealous grip of their father's business with full purpose of carrying on his traditions. Taking into co-partnership with them Mr. Z. A. Hall, who had been tannery superintenent in Kitchener, then Berlin, for a number of years, they decided to launch out on the Penetanguishene venture.

A road had to be cut through the virgin forest to the site of ten acres, itself densely wooded. Mr. John C. Breithaupt remained at Penetang to superintend the building of the new plant, which was completed the following year, when the first hides were worked into the high-class sole leather which has made this tannery famous throughout Canada and Great Britain as the producer of the well-known Steer's Head brand.

On the retirement of Mr. Hall from business some years later, his interest passed to the present owners, The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd. The plant has continued in constant operation, winter and summer, during the last forty years. Like all other industries this company had to face the world-wide depression of recent years, but fortunately it was possible to keep up activity, much to the satisfaction of the workmen and of the town, which for so many years had benefitted greatly from this industry.



L. J. BREITHAUPT, KITCHENER.



J. C. BREITHAUPT, KITCHENER.

The incorporation of The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd., dates back to 1890, when the various enterprises were combined, with Mr. Louis J. Breithaupt as President, and Mr. John C. Breithaupt as Secretary, the latter having chief charge of the Company's tanning operations. The plant at Penetanguishene, though not one of the largest in their control, yet, with its capacity of six hundred hides per day, has produced large quantities of leather, much of which has been purchased by Great Britain. Tanning chiefly raw hides brought in from South America, this tannery has sent forth a product commanding by its uniform excellence the confidence of the trade. The strength of the company is the result of ability and integrity as these found expression in the business life of Mr. Breithaupt, Sr., and as these are still finding expression in the lives of the present President and Secretary. Nor is the future without like promises, for sons of both officials are bringing a devotion and marked ability to the enterprise, founded by their grandfather and greatly enlarged by their fathers, which will maintain in its proud place the Breithaupt name in the annals of the Province's industrial life.

It may be added that the family has always taken an active interest in the municipal and public life of Kitchener, its home city. The founder of the business was its Mayor in the earlier days of its history since when his two sons herein referred to have in turn occupied the Mayor's chair, which civic honor, by the way, is this year shared by one of the younger generation, Mr. L. O. Breithaupt. Mr. J. C. Breithaupt has recently been re-elected chairman of the Kitchener Water Commission, with which position he has been honored continuously for over twenty years.

Minnicoganashene and Its Environs

The beauty spots and scenic islands of the Georgian Bay are attracting every year an increasing number of summer cottagers and tourists. Fourteen hundred acres of Tiny township, facing the bay and looking out on its islands, has been secured by Mayor J. T. Payette, of Penetanguishene, with a view of establishing it into an up-to-date summer park.

As Mayor of the town since Jan., 1921, Mr. Payette has given his driving force to civic improvements. Two parks came into being during his regime, the Soldiers' Memorial and Huronia, the one uptown and the other, an even more delightful spot, on the shores of the Bay.

At the age of thirty-six, J. T., as he is familiarly called, has accomplished much. Yet he still reaches out. Recently he purchased fourteen hundred acres on the Tiny shore, looking toward Minnicog, about which, doubtless, some future historian will have a story to tell of a truly up-to-date summer resort.

The P. Payette Company, Engineers and Machinists

WITHIN eight years to more than quadruple an already well-managed business is no mean achievement. But Mr. J. T. Payette, proprietor of the well-known machine shop and foundry established in 1880 by his late uncle, Peter Payette, has given unlimited energy and much business acumen to the control of the plant which produces the excellent saw mill machinery so popular with lumbermen in all Canada.

Twelve years ago a test was made of the capacity of the P. Payette lath-mill and bolter when a world's record was made of 128,350 laths in ten hours. This seems to have been the spirit of the present owner's regime. The following year the founder of the P. Payette Company passed away and, after a few months during which the plant was operated on behalf of the heirs, it was purchased by Mr. George Copeland in conjunction with the present owner. In April, 1914, Mr. Copeland withdrew his interests and Mr. J. T. Payette assuming full control got the enterprise away to its record-breaking pace.

From the beginning he has had but one slogan, "Business, then more business." With the transforming of so many machine shops into shell factories it became difficult to find ready and capable places for repair work, especially marine repairs. Mr. Payette wisely gauged the situation and measured accurately the opportunities afforded by the exigency. Soon he was deluged with work, enlargement of the plant became imperative, many additional workmen had to be secured at any price. The hectic uncertainty of those early months of the war called for new daring in business circles, and, perhaps, no other quality is more characteristic of the youthful head of the P. Payette Company than venturesome initiative, always willing to take a chance. Acquiring the Adams Engine Works, 1914, interfered in no way with driving the main industry into new fields. Unheard-of undertakings in the plant became matters of common occurence. When the Dominion Ship Building Co., Toronto, asked for a gigantic double-end, self-acting punch weighing seventy thousand pounds, the order was filled; the monster broke the back of the first flat car onto which it was loaded, but a special car was provided which groaningly carried the giant punch to its place of service in the city. Another triumph marked the war effort in providing a brass liner for the propeller shaft of the Canadian "Logger." The weight of the brass casting was two thousand six hundred pounds—the casting was made, shrunk and fitted at Penetang.

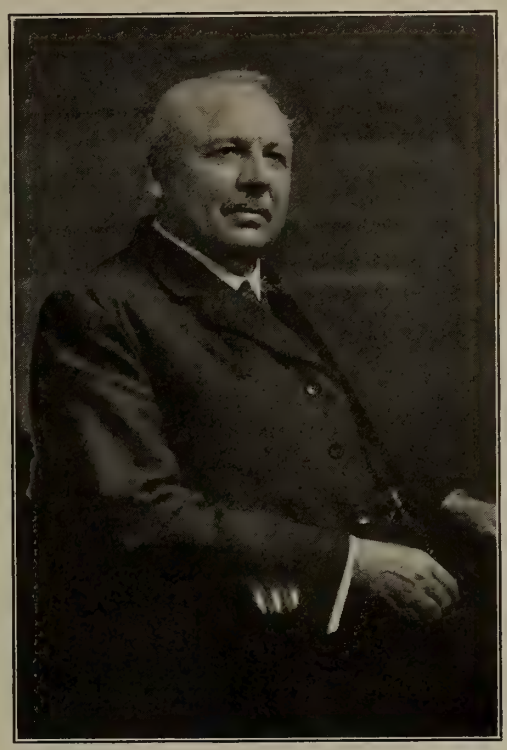
Besides these special products the Company has continued its output of saw mill equipment and frequently has found it necessary, for months at a time, to work an all-night shift to overtake the demand.

Mr. Payette is an ardent horseman, the owner of the famous Lucy L., time 2.00½, which won over six thousand dollars on the Grand Circuit last year. He also, some years ago, bought the property of the Penetanguishene Driving and Racing Association and has fitted it out into the best half-mile track in Canada. His racing meet every first of July is one of the most popular events in this part of the province.

McGibbon Lumber Company

SOME few years before the C. Beck Co. began operations—in 1864, to be more accurate—a mill was built at the foot of the bay by D. J. Mitchell, half-brother of Penetanguishene's veteran postmaster, J. S. Darling. This was taken over by D. D. Davidson, who, in turn, sold it to F. McGibbon and Sons, of Sarnia. The transaction marked the advent of another prominent citizen, Charles McGibbon, whose devotion to business and the general interests of the town are woven into the fabric of her life. Coming as a mere boy, practically his whole life was spent in the district where his astute counsel in both town and county affairs not only had weight but had telling effect in wise directions. For a number of years he acted as Indian Agent for the band on Christian Island, later becoming Provincial Inspector, but his mind was never really diverted from lumbering.

It is characteristic of Penetanguishene that the fathers of her industries leave sons to carry on the work they inaugurate. After the death of Mr. McGibbon in 1918, followed by that of his eldest son, Finlay, last year the extensive operations of the McGibbon Lumber Company came under the care of Messrs. Archie and Norman McGibbon, the former as president of the company and the latter with chief oversight of the mill. Three years ago the old mill was completely destroyed by fire, but a fine new plant, one of the most up to date on the bay—as one would expect from the master-mind of Mr. James Warnock—has taken its place. With this fine new mill, splendidly equipped, and with ample limits on reserve, the McGibbon Lumber Co. looks confidently into the future.



Charles McGibbon

A Prominent Citizen whose Boyhood and Manhood were Spent in Penetang-guishene

Like his confrere, Mr. McGibbon was interested in education—through his enthusiasm, very largely, the town has its fine High School.

The Shoepack Trail

MR. C. G. GENDRON is perhaps Penetanguishene's most romantic figure in industry. Taking up the primitive enterprise of his father, Mitchel Gendron, who operated in days when buffalo hides were tanned at twenty-five cents apiece, Mr. C. G. Gendron blazed the shoepack trail into all quarters of the Dominion and gave to Canada one of her distinctive industries.

The "Gendron Penetangs," as this footwear is commonly called, have won a place, approached by no other, among lumber-jacks, prospectors, huntsmen, surveyors, and all such modern courreur du bois whose hard path is the severest test of covering for the feet. Made of carefully selected oil-tanned leather, with every stitch put in by hand, the Gendron Penetangs many years ago set out on their mission into the Canadian wilderness. The story of THE SHOEPACK TRAIL is the record of pushing back the frontier during half a century. The men who did it wore Gendron Penetangs.

Thoroughly acquainted with the exigencies of such a life, Mr. Gendron studied the requirements and experimented with materials until he found equipment to meet every need. No name is more widely or more favorably known among all classes who haunt the woods to-day than that of Mr. Gendron and the reason is that for over fifty years his goods have stood the test on the shoepack trail.

One of the most satisfying triumphs in the uniformly successful history of the Gendron Penetang Shoepack Co. was that achieved in the Great War. In this hardest of all tests, their product, like the Canadian soldiers themselves, won imperishable renown. Not all army boots became a by-word. Along the muddy roads and in the soggy trenches of France and Flanders the Gendron Penetangs so surpassed all other footwear in withstanding the trying conditions that the Canadian Government took this pack as the standard for all other manufacturers for the Militia Department. This wisdom was well attended by later testimany such as that of Lieut. Jack Munro, who says in Mopping Up: "It seemed that nothing could resist the penetrating drizzle of that rain, though it must be recorded that the Penetangs withstood it better than did anything else. They possessed the element of toughness that must enter into all Canuck articles of wear, intended for a land where the weather, the seasons round, runs to extremes."

To have met such a situation was indeed an achievement.

The output of this company, at present, is limited only by the number of sufficiently expert workmen they can secure. Having set a standard their first concern is to maintain it. At times, the demands, which now reach from coast to coast and from the farthest North, seem about to overwhelm the plant, but the willing men at the benches prolong their day and speed up their activities to meet the emergencies. Refusing machine work, where such is deemed less efficient, the famous PENETANGS remain, and it is the intention of the Company that they shall remain, almost entirely hand-made. As such, from the ordinary Manitou pack, used on the farm and in the bush, to the high-class Sportsman, a prime favorite with the discriminating, the company provide the best that material and skill can produce.

As the founder finds the weight of years becoming a burden, the enterprise is being carried on by his sons with Wilfred L. as general manager, and Manson in charge of manufacturing process.

The Gidley Boat Company

An industry that does credit to the town, and serves a very useful purpose in the supply of all kinds of pleasure craft for the Georgian Bay and other holiday resorts.

THE GIDLEY BOAT COMPANY is of particular interest. Speaking of motor-trucks reminds one that the ubiquitous FORD has appeared in Penetanguishene in a new and distinctive fashion. The GIDLEYFORD is a new name. If the Peace Ship of so great fame has long since come to anchor in the misty harbor of idealism, it is to be remembered that the GIDLEYFORD motor boat has just cast off for the open sea of ideality. With Gidley at the prow and Ford at the helm, this wonderful new power boat has swept into view, a sure winner in the race for popularity. The name "Gidley" on any craft has been like the word "Sterling" on silver, but with this high-class hull propelled by the notable Ford motor, a new sense of completeness overtakes one when riding over the blue in this master-product of the Gidley Boat Co. The more one knows about boats, the more subtle is the appeal of the Gidleyford. The amateur is attracted by its beautiful lines, fine finish and inviting coziness; the expert yields to its unique design—a clever combination of the round and V-bottom types—its evident speed coupled with economy in fuel, its convincing seaworthy qualities, and then, standing back, pronounces it as handsome a craft as floats. We predict a great future for the GIDLEYFORD.

Strides in other directions are marking the ambition of the company under the live management of Mr. Hugh M. Warnock. Having bought out the Walter Dean Canoe and Boat Co., which had been in business in Toronto for thirty-five years, they have added equipment to their Penetang plant to produce these well-known metallic-joint craft, popular on the Humber and elsewhere. But not in pleasure craft alone have they excelled. As far back as twenty years ago, when the Government wanted a special boat for survey work on the St. Lawrence River, the design of the Gidley Boat Co. best measured up to the peculiar needs. So well did the boat serve Mr. Cowie, Government Engineer, on the difficult and treacherous rapids, that, when another and more difficult enterprise had to be undertaken by water, the same firm was appealed to and with like result. This was the running down by the Mounted Police of the Eskimo who murdered the missionaries in the Hirschel Inlet district on the edge of the Arctic circle and Hudson's Bay. The "Lady Borden" never faltered, and when her grim task was finished she was sent forth on similar work on the Mackenzie River.

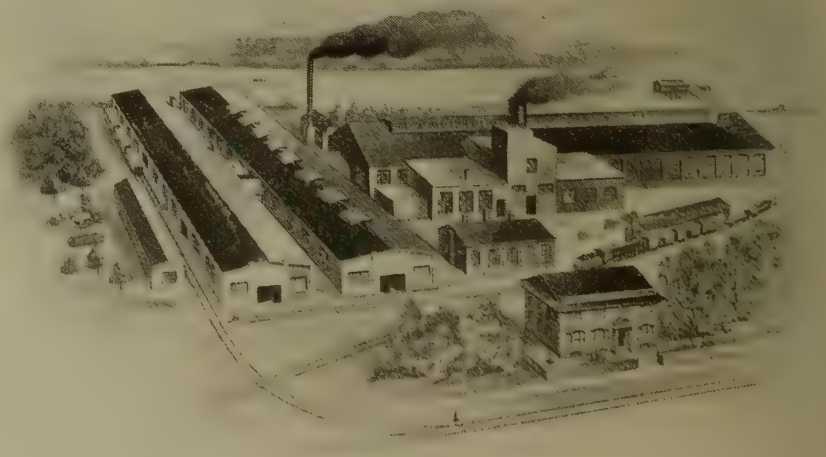
The eyes of the Hudson's Bay Co. were thus directed to the Penetang builders. In 1915 they secured a very sturdy cabin cruiser for exploration work on the Ungava coast and a few months later ordered a staunch harbor tug for the transferring of supplies from their ocean-going vessels to the landing at Fort Churchill. At the present time this greatest company of the North are having constructed a special tunnel-stern boat for use on some of the more shallow rivers of their remote trading ground.

Just prior to the war the Gidley Boat Co. supplied the Russian Government with a fleet of five special boats for work in connection with ice breaking on the White Sea, and during the great conflict a capacity output of lifeboats marked their contribution to the cause of the Allies.

That they are still reaching out in new lines is indicated by the imposing fire-tug which, at present, they are building for the Toronto Fire Department—the first of its kind to be produced in Canada.

The Dominion Stove and Foundry Co,

Believing that industries are to the town-dwellers what farming is to the rural districts, certain prominent citizens, under the leadership of Mr. J. B. Jennings, initiated the movement which led to this large and important manufactory being established in this town. A site was secured within the immediate neighborhood of Huronia, the beautiful grounds donated by the C. Beck Company for a park, and the scene of the wonderful pageants of the Tercentenary in 1921.



The Plant of the Dominion Stove and Foundry Company.

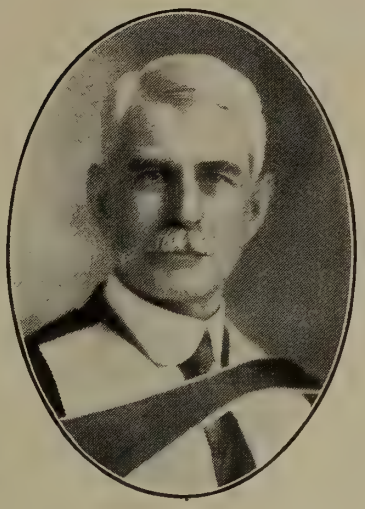
Besides it, the busy foundry has steadily forged ahead. Early difficulties were faced and overcome with spirit. Ambitious from the first, its daring venture into big business ultimately found realization by

(*Continued on page 29.*)

Huronia

By
COL. ALEXANDER FRASER,
LL.D., Litt.D.
Provincial Archivist

An address delivered at Penetanguishene, on the occasion of the Champlain Tercentenary, celebrated there, August, 1920, an historical gathering comprising representatives from Ontario and Quebec, the greatest of its kind ever yet held in the Province.



The home of the Hurons in the 17th century, comprised what are now five townships of Simcoe county, Ontario, lying between Penetanguishene and Orillia, and was then said to have a population of 30,000. They were first visited by the French Recollet priest, Rev. Joseph LeCaron, July, 1615; and two weeks later by Champlain, both of whom remained with them until the following summer. For the next thirty years, until the destruction or dispersion of the settlement by the Iroquois, altogether 27 priests were connected with the establishment of Christian Missions amongst them.

PART I.

A Sketch of the Homeland of the Huron Indians, and a Summary of the Christian Missions Established Amongst Them

HISTORY, whether sacred or secular, has her consecrated shrines,—mayhap, her hallowed hiding-places to which are dedicated vital and immortal pages. They may not lie on the broad pathway of affairs, or command the attention of him who runs. Rather are they sought and found in the solitary place, in the peaceful resort of reflection where, to the discerning mind of the scholar or the poet, the deep as well as the fine things of life are sometimes revealed. On one of those spots we have alighted. From its hidden well-springs we have been refreshed and inspired with a lively sense of the significance of an imperishable saga, bequeathed to us and to future ages.

The scene of our story is still all but unknown to the world, nor is a knowledge of the events themselves widely diffused. Yet in this place, in the Huronia of the seventeenth century, were to be found daring adventure and heroic achievement, rare in the wide world, the glory of which will never fade; and to-day we are privileged, as well as justified, in recalling that past, in drawing attention anew to its wonderful story and in suggesting some lessons from it, applicable to our own time and people.

HURONIA, strictly speaking, was a comparatively small district, comprising the five townships of Tiny, Tay, Flos, Medonte and Orillia, in the County of Simcoe, but the operations of the mission extended beyond this restricted area to the Petuns of the west, the Neutrals of the south, to some of the friendly Algonquins and to Indian tribes occupying the peninsula beyond the Grand River. The influence of the mission reached, also, the Nipissings, the Mississaugas, the Beavers (Amikwas) to the east and north-east of Huronia. This larger field was an important territory lying near the heart of a vast, new country, accessible from the seaboard by a choice of water routes and occupied by an organized and powerful people.

THE inter-relationship of those tribes is an interesting ethnological study which lies outside the scope of this paper, but one opinion may be referred to. Because of the similarity of their languages—divided mainly by dialectic differences—the Hurons being the parent stock,—"from which sprang all the branches of the great Iroquoian family whether included in the primitive confederation of the Five Nations or standing apart territorially, within historic times, as did the Tuskaroras, the Cherokees and the Andastes." Whether or not this view may be safely accepted—language alone often being a doubtful guide—there can be no question that the Huron-Iroquois Indians ranked as one of the three great determining aboriginal families, each having a generic language, who claimed inherent racial rights of superiority in the soil now known as the eastern half of Canada. Of the habit of the Huron-Iroquois, the causes of their political separation and subsequent implacable hostility, much speculation but little or no certain knowledge exists.

THE Hurons entertained definite ideas of government, of a character which might be termed republican in form, but excessively and impracticably democratic. They usually lived in substantially built houses, grouped together in villages, twenty of which, according to Brebeuf (1636), contained about thirty thousand souls, or an average of fifteen hundred each. Each village had its council of elders who met almost daily and decided village business. The meetings were open to the villagers, who had a right to take part in the debates, but the decision lay with the elders. Above the village or town-meeting there was a general assembly for the government of the whole tribe or nation, and beyond that an Assembly or Council for the confederacy of allied nations. Their administration was two-fold. One branch dealt with all matters

of what we would call civil government; the other exclusively with war. Peace-time affairs were conducted by chiefs who did not lead in war, and war was conducted by chiefs selected for that purpose alone. Bressani (1653) has this interesting statement: "The Hurons have neither king nor absolute prince, but certain chiefs, like the heads of a republic, whom we call captains, different, however, from those in war. They hold office commonly by succession on the side of the women, but sometimes by election. They assume office at the death of a predecessor, who, they say, are resuscitated in them. . . . These captains have no coercitive power . . . . and obtain obedience by their eloquence, exhortation and entreaties."

The weak point was the absence of "coercitive power"—the power to enforce the enactments of the assembly or council. This condition arose from the reluctance of the Huron to surrender the personal freedom under which he claimed to do pretty much as he pleased.

Lalemant says: "I do not believe there is any people on earth freer than they, and less able to allow the subjection of their wills to any power whatever, so much so that fathers have no control over their children, or captains over their subjects, or the laws of the country over any of them, except so far as each is pleased to submit to them.

In short, the people were lawless, not because there were no laws, but because the individual placed personal freedom above the law. Personal influence, won by eloquence or savage bravery, commanded admiration and respect and was the determining factor in government.

The Huron religion was a low form of paganism, suggesting decadence, in the course of ages, from a higher conception of life and a clearer idea of death. The united testimony of all who had an opportunity of observing their habits is that the Huron Indians were practically devoid of moral virtue, and that they exemplified, with scarcely any modification, the evil tendencies characteristic of debased savagery. Of a remote civilization traces still remained. Tillage was understood, handicraft developed, and a fair measure of prosperity was enjoyed. They kept their tribal friendships in good faith, the claims of hospitality were honoured rather above the standard of their contemporaries, nor was the courage of their blood lacking in war, though often misdirected by wild impulse and dishonoured by cruel barbarities.

The Indians who could speak the Huron language were estimated by Brebeuf to number about 300,000 souls, of whom about 30,000 occupied Huronia. In a letter to Cardinal Richelieu, dated 1646, Father Jerome Lalemant reports a reduction by war, famine and disease to about 10,000, so disastrous were the incursions of the Iroquois and the misfortunes which followed in their train. These numbers are likely to have been an over-estimate.

REV. JEAN BREBEUF,
Jesuit priest, descendant of a noble French family, whose powerful physique, spiritual enthusiasm and courage, raised him to a first place among the first 27 missionaries to the Huron Indians. He suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois, March, 1649.

This, then, was the field and such the people to which Champlain directed the attention of the Church, as urgently and hopefully calling for missionary effort.

THE adventurous explorer was sometimes either a religious enthusiast or a solid, quietly-devout son of the Church. Cartier raised the Cross on the headland at Gaspe, when he landed there, and claimed the new country for his sovereign, the King of France. The religious ceremonies, on his departure for Canada in the following year, in which the High Mass, the Holy Sacrament, and the episcopal benediction are so lovingly preserved, were in accord with the custom of the time and characteristics of all Catholic countries. Later on, this same year, at Hochelaga, Cartier read a chapter from the Gospel over the prostrate form of a crippled Indian chief and the sick of his tribe. Religious duties were observed amid the sickness and hardships of his first gloomy winter at Stadacona. Aymar de Chaste was even more zealous. To him the evangelization of the Indian was of greater value and more to be desired than the coveted fur-trade. His lieutenant and representative, Champlain, was no less truly pious and shared equally with him a high sense of patriotic duty. It is unnecessary to multiply examples; it may be taken for granted that missionary enterprise entered largely and seriously into sixteenth century projects, whose main purpose was colonization, commerce, and the acquisition of new territory.

One reason for this has been suggested, viz., the personal character of the explorers and of their chief backers in France, among whom were noblemen and women of high standing and influence. Another reason that may be mentioned was the powerful position occupied by the Church in public affairs, combined with a lingering respect for the traditional policy of the Vatican, echoing a past when kings were made and unmade, when kingdoms were bestowed and royal titles annulled or confirmed; a time when the Pope effectively exercised a spiritual mandatory over the lands and peoples of all the earth, and which still might be considered a popular buttress in a disputed claim of right by discovery.

Champlain's appeal naturally did not fall, therefore, on deaf ears, and before returning to Canada in 1615, he made arrangements, with the concurrence and authority of the Pope, to bring out with him four members of the branch of the Franciscan Order known as Recollets. They were Joseph Le Caron, Denis Jamay, Jean d'Olbeau and Pacifique Duplessis. This was the first Christian mission to Canada. No doubt there were missionaries before this time in the part of Nova Scotia then known as Acadia, and two chaplains were attached to Cartier's second voyage in 1535. But the Recollets brought by Champlain came as a constituted mission to occupy new territory permanently,

and as such the names of its members deserve to be held in honour as real pioneers of the faith. They embarked at Honfleur on the 24th of April, 1615, reaching Tadousac on the 25th of May and Quebec a few days later. At a conference with Champlain the missionaries were assigned to their several fields; Father Le Caron, at his own request, being given the distant and unexplored regions of Huronia. He set out from Quebec for his field of labour early in July and, travelling by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, Lake Nipissing, French River, Byng Inlet and Parry Sound and through the thousands of beautiful islands in Georgian Bay, he ended his long and wonderful journey in safety. With Le Caron were twelve Frenchmen, to protect him in the event of danger from hostile Indians. Le Caron was warmly welcomed by the hospitably-inclined Hurons, who insisted that he should share with them the best accommodation in their village, which was named "Carhagouha."

AN HISTORIC CROSS.

Set up to commemorate the celebration of the First Mass in Huronia. It is situated in the parish of Lafontaine, at the site of the former Indian village of Carhagouha, near Penetanguishene, where Champlain and LeCaron met and observed the Sacrament, August 12, 1615.

As the relator puts it: "The Hurons, wishing to show Father Joseph the joy they felt at his coming, offered to receive him in their common lodges. He represented to them that, having to confer with God on affairs of importance concerning the welfare of their nation, these weighty matters deserved to be dealt with more respectfully in solitude and retreat, far from domestic turmoil and the bustle of every-day life. They heeded his remonstrances and with poles and strips of bark built him a cabin apart from the village."

"Therein," says Le Clercq, "he raised an altar that he might offer to God the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and give himself over to his spiritual exercises." The first step had thus been taken to sow the good seed on this thorny, virgin soil.

LEAVING Quebec on the 9th of July, Champlain, accompanied by two Frenchmen and seven Indians, and travelling over the same route as that taken by Le Caron, landed at Otonacha on the first of August. Next day he visited Carmaron and on the third day, Ossossane, from which point he visited Le Caron at Carhagouha. The village, Champlain tells us, was inclosed in a triple palisade of wood, thirty-five feet in height. The meeting of Champlain and Le Caron at the little dwelling house must have been as affecting as it was suggestive and hopeful to those men of vision and far-reaching ideals. It took place on the 12th of August, 1615, the day on which the first Mass was celebrated in Upper Canada and in the parish now known as Lafontaine, within the bounds of the diocese of Toronto. The scene had a unique grandeur all its own. No doubt the High Mass at St. Malo, the sacraments and the bishop's blessing, performed in the correct and elaborate ritual of the church, were enduringly impressive to explorers leaving their native shores to face unknown dangers in the far west, but the humble cabin, the lowly altar, the open canopy of the heavens appeared immeasurably sublime to the boundless faith of the consecrated missionary who had placed his trust in the unseen Power, rather than in the splendour of the seen. As we proceed, we shall find that this was also characteristic of Le Caron's successors in the Huron mission. Each and all of them had marvellous faith in God—the faith that would remove mountains, neither blind nor credulous, but well-grounded and triumphant over their severest trials and most cruel tortures. That fact was their sustaining power which raised them above physical suffering to an exaltation of soul far beyond the average human understanding.

To a brave mind the prospects in Huronia were inspiring. In Vaughan's recent biography of Sir William Vanhorne, we find the dominating motive of his life, the great incentive by which he was animated, to be the joy of grappling with and overcoming difficulties which might seem, even to a great man, to be insuperable. In the faith that he could conquer lay the secret of his power and success. Likewise with the Huron missionaries, with this racial difference, they believed, not in themselves, lion-hearted though they were, but in the Divine power and in the Divine promise. On such surety their faith could not be, and was not, in vain. So Le Caron regarded his birch-bark cabin, constructed by willing Indian hands in the course of a passing hour, as a tabernacle in the wilderness; the prototype and precursor of temples in a land of promise, the possession of which was far off, but not in doubt. Champlain rested at Carhagouha for a couple of days only, and then passed on to Cahiague, to meet the Indian braves assembling for what proved to be the bootless expedition against the Iroquois in their own country, near Lake Canandaigua. On the way—the Trent valley system—they entered Lake Ontario, which Champlain named Lac St. Louis, a name by which it was known for a long period. Champlain was seriously wounded and the Hurons then abandoned the attack. Retreating homewards, they carried him with them back to Cahaigue. He spent the Christmas season there, making a good recovery and then rejoined Le Caron early in the following month of January (1616). The two friends planned a visit to the Petuns, a neighbouring and friendly nation with whom they remained about

a month. They were not well received. The medicine-men saw their craft in danger and resented the intrusion of a new religion. The remainder of the winter was consequently spent by Le Caron at his own home, where he was engaged in the duties of his office and in acquiring the Huron language. In this he had considerable success, and was able, in a short time, to compile a small, useful dictionary which is now a relic of inestimable value. The advance he made in his work was gradual and chiefly of a preparatory character. Whilst not strikingly successful with respect to the number of converts made, it was, nevertheless, far from being unsatisfactory. Conditions were learned, the language acquired and the minds of the people disposed to listen favourably to the gospel message. Civilized modes of life were brought to their notice; the day of change had arrived. Harvest time was, in due course, to follow. With the opening of summer, the close of the first missonary visit had come, and throughout friendly relations had been maintained. This of itself was a good omen and Le Caron made the return journey to Quebec in peace of mind, reaching Three Rivers on the 15th of June, 1616.

AN interval of seven years had elapsed before Huronia was revisited by a missionary. Le Caron went to France and on his return in 1617, in company with Father Paul Huet, he succeeded Father Jamay as Superior and was stationed at Tadousac until 1623. Champlain once more took the lead and at his request Le Caron, Father Nicolas Viel, and a lay-brother, Gabriel Theodat Sagard (famous for his history) undertook the mission. Sagard wrote a long and interesting account of the journey by the Ottawa, Nipissing and French River beaten route, "coming in sight," he says, "of the fresh water sea, crossing from island to island on its waters, they made in the long-yearned-for-country on a Sunday, the feast of St. Bernard, near noon, with the sun's rays falling perpendicularly." The feast of St. Bernard is held on the 20th of August, and in 1623 fell on a Sunday, so that Sagard's statement fixes the date of arrival.

Champlain had furnished eleven Frenchmen to help and to protect them; and two "donnes," or lay-brothers, accompanied them. At first the missionaries did not remain together. Le Caron naturally went to his old home at Carhagouha, while Father Viel resided at Toanche to the north and Sagard to the south at Ossossane. After a few months the two latter joined Le Caron at Carhagouha, which then became their headquarters. During the fall and winter, progress was made in the conversion of the Indians, several families having been won over and two adults baptized, a father and daughter, "of whom they felt more assured." They had perfected a dictionary of the Huron language and had organized the mission on what they hoped would be a permanent basis; a centre from which journeys would be made to the neighbouring nations, with Father Viel in charge, assisted by some of the Frenchmen who were to remain with him. Le Caron and Sagard thereupon returned to Quebec for necessary supplies. Here Sagard found instructions awaiting him to return to France, with which he at once complied. To his visit to Huronia we owe his very interesting history, the source of much important information concerning those early days. To Canada he did not again return, but with it his name is and will be indissolubly associated, especially with that part of Ontario of which he was par excellence the pioneer chronicler.

Le Caron was not able to re-visit Huronia. He carried on his duties in Quebec, and being the Acting Superior for Canada, kept in touch with the missions established by his Order at Tadousac and Gaspe for the Montagnais, at Miscou for the Micmacs, and at Three Rivers for the natives there. He eventually returned to France where, worn out by the hardships he had so willingly endured, he died in the year 1632, leaving a name indelibly imprinted on our religious history. The following extract from one of his letters raises the curtain on pioneer missionary experiences: "It would be difficult to tell you the fatigue I suffer, being obliged to have my paddle in my hand all day long, and run with all my strength with the Indians. I have more than a hundred times walked in the rivers over sharp rocks which cut my feet, in the mud, in the woods, where I carried the canoe and my little baggage, in order to avoid the rapids and the frightful water-falls. I say nothing of the painful fast which beset us, having only a little sagamity, which is a kind of pulmentum, composed of water and the meal of Indian corn, a small quantity of which is dealt out to us morning and evening. Yet I must avow that, amid my pains, I felt much consolation. For, alas! when we see such a great number of infidels, and nothing but a drop of water is needed to make them children of God, one feels an ardour, which I cannot express, to labour for their conversion and to sacrifice for it one's repose and life." There we have an expression of the spirit of the true soldier of the Cross. Perhaps it may be the highest privilege of citizenship to endure in war the unspeakable hardships of mud, barbed wire and unsanitary trench, to face the dangers of the death-dealing barrage on behalf of home, freedom and right, but to the soldier-missionary who, for the salvation of an immortal soul, endures hardness, is due the highest possible human glory.

AS I have stated, Father Viel remained behind in charge of the mission. He applied himself ardently to acquiring a practical knowledge of the Huron language and became proficient therein. His success in the matter of conversions was not, however, what he had expected and he wrote an imploring letter to Le Caron, still at Quebec, for more help. This appeal was sent on to France with an invitation to the Jesuits, who were better furnished than were the Recollets, with means for carrying forward a great missionary enterprise, to enter the field. Out of this came, in due course, the famous Jesuit Mission to the Huron Indians. Before entering on particulars, it is necessary to tell of the closing scenes of Father Viel's career. It was his heart's desire that he might be allowed to live and die in his mission in Huronia and his Superior had no other thought with respect to him: and so he laboured on until the spring of 1625, continuing to reside at Carhagouha, when he felt a desire to visit Quebec to avail himself of a short retreat there.

The journey thitherward proceeded in the usual uneventful manner until within the neighbourhood of Montreal. The canoe then entered the Riviere des Prairies and, instead of portaging, shot a rapid in which it was capsized. The Indians swam to shore and saved themselves, but Father Viel and a young Indian

neophyte, who accompanied him, were allowed to drown. There seems to be no doubt that this action had been proconcerted, for the Indians in the canoe were known to be unfriendly and, besides the fact that they had been able to swim ashore, they were also able to carry with them a part of Father Viel's belongings, but evidently made no attempt to rescue the missionary and his student, whose name was Auhaitsic. The rapid in which they were drowned has been known since as "Sault au Recollets." The name of the young Huron who thus shared his master's fate, has been commemorated by changing Lajeunesse's corners, near the village of Sault au Recollets, to Ahuntsic, a corruption of Auhaitsic. Viel's body was found and brought to Quebec for burial.

THE appeal made to the Jesuits had already been favourably received, and the vanguard arrived at Quebec about the middle of June, 1625.

Champlain was not at first favourably inclined towards the Society of Jesus, regarding its members, as did other devout sons of the Church at that time, as being rather aggressive; perchance ambitious in the secular or civil ramifications of their undertakings. His preference rather leaned to the Franciscan Order. There could be no doubt as to the zeal of the Jesuits or as to the efficiency of their organization, and experience proved to Champlain that there could be no question as to the disinterestedness of their motives. So much was this the case latterly that he bequeathed part of his estate to them. That they interposed in political affairs when by so doing they believed the interests of the Church could best be served, they did not conceal or deny. With them, of course, the Church came first and other interests were subordinated. In those days the interests of Church and State were closely intertwined and action and interaction ought always to be interpreted in the spirit of their own age. The operations of the Jesuits in the mission fields of the world ought not to be excepted or excluded from the application of this general principle.

THE most remarkable of the new Huron missionaries was Father Jean Brebeuf, the descendant of a noble family, a man of extraordinarily powerful physique, unbending determination and burning enthusiasm. He was accompanied by Father Anne de Noue, who had arrived at Quebec a year later than Brebeuf, and Father Joseph de la Roche d'Aillon, a Recollet. Father Charles Lalemant remained at Quebec as Superior-General of the Canada Mission (1625-1629) and Father Ennemond Masse was not assigned to Huronia. There was a delay of a year at Quebec, their first attempt to arrange for the journey proving a failure. Next year, 1626, a bargain was made and transportation, not without difficulty, was secured for the three missionaries, paid for in kind, the barter including strings of beads, knives, kettles, etc.; and Brebeuf, on account of his gigantic size was subjected to a blackmail of valuable presents in order to obtain the necessary accommodation in one of the canoes. They then set out about the end of July or beginning of August, and arriving at their destination, took up residence at Toanche, where they laboured together for a short time. Father D'Aillon received instructions to proceed to the Neutral Nation and, leaving his fellow-priests behind and accompanied by two Frenchmen and a few Indians, he travelled, the late Father Jones believed, through the counties of Grey and Wellington, southward, and then followed the course of the Grand River. The Neutrals occupied an extensive territory including both sides of Niagara River and northward to the lands of the Petuns. D'Aillon was the first Christian missionary to visit them and his visit lasted for about three months. He notes the milder climate of this southern field, the melting of the snow beginning towards the end of January and its disappearance early in March.

In the course of his wanderings, did he penetrate as far as Niagara River? Was he by any chance the first (unrecorded) European to gaze on the wonderful falls, half a century before Hennepin and the building of the "Griffon?" It would be surprising had he not gone as far as the great cataract of which he must have heard from the Indians.

The three missionaries were again together until June, when Father de Noue left for Quebec. He had found it impossible to learn the Huron language, a knowledge of which was essential in order to carry on. For another year Brebeuf and D'Aillon continued their work with varying success. Then, D'Aillon returned to Quebec, influenced in that step probably by the famine from which the country was suffering that year. Brebeuf remained another year, alone among Hurons, daunted neither by the dearth of provisions nor by the prospect of prolonged isolation by being cut off from communication with his friends. But in the midsummer of 1629 he was summoned by Father Masse, now acting as Superior, to Quebec, for a crisis had arisen there, Kirke's ships blocking the St. Lawrence and demanding the surrender of the town. This formal request he must obey, but he did so with sorrow. A strong tie of admiration bound the Indians to Brebeuf. They admired his enormous strength, his exhaustless endurance, his disdain of personal suffering, his dignified, commanding presence, his unfeigned humility, and his transparent sincerity for their welfare,—qualities which made an unfailing appeal to the Indian mind. Moreover, they felt his presence to be more or less of a mystical protection, for the reality of the faith he professed and sought to propagate had begun to be felt and to be more or less appreciated. They pointed out that for three years he had been preparing himself for the work of the Mission, and that it was unreasonable, now he had learned their language and their needs, to desert them. He explained that the obedience he owed to his superiors, and the duties awaiting him elsewhere allowed him no choice, but that he hoped to return and to bring with him the necessary help to teach them to know God and to serve Him. With this leave-taking, he proceeded on his anxious journey.

Conditions at Quebec were desperate, and its capitulation took place a few days after Brebeuf's arrival, the flag of France giving way to that of England. Kirke permitted the Recollet Fathers to return direct to France, but disliking the Jesuits intensely, he took Brebeuf with him as prisoner to England. Thus was closed the third mission to Huronia, in circumstances of doubt as to the dark future, but not of despair.

(To be continued next issue.)

Metropolitan Churches and their Preachers

An Historical Sketch of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto

BLOOR STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TORONTO

REV. W. G. WALLACE, D.D. (Inset). First Pastor.

This handsome church is built of Credit Valley stone, with Ohio stone trimmings. The tower is 120 feet high. The auditorium, with a seating capacity of 1,200, is amphitheatre in style, beautiful in interior design and with excellent acoustic properties. The Corner Stone was laid September 4, 1889. Church opening, June 8, 1890.

IN recording the story of the achievements of our people, the realm of religion and Christianity must not be overlooked. It is in this field where achievement counts for more than in any other. The Christian churches of Ontario are an index of the character of our people, but they are more. Their activities give scope for such a variety of gifts that they become educators of first rank to those who serve in them, and it is to their honour that there has been with them a steady progress keeping pace with their opportunity and the growth of the country.

BELIEVING it to be both interesting and instructive, and in keeping with the aim of the magazine, we have set for ourselves this year the task of sketching the history of eight leading congregations from among the different denominations, together with an example of the teaching supplied by their ministers. We have made selection of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, for this issue.

THIS church is one of the premier congregations of its denomination in the Province of Ontario. Every department of church work is represented in its activities. In addition, its minister, the Rev. G. C. Pidgeon, D.D., is now before the public of all denominations by reason of the leadership to which he has been appointed in the Church Union Movement, the aim to weld the three great churches,—Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational—into one organization, an effort which, if successful, will be an achievement of far-reaching consequences to Christian work in Canada.

IT is only thirty-seven years since the first step was undertaken to bring this congregation into existence, and this month is but the thirty-fifth anniversary of the creation of its first session, or governing court. In this short period of time it has sprung up from an idea, a dream, a hope in the mind of a few devout souls, to be one of the most prosperous and influential of congregations in the City of Toronto.

The idea of establishing a new Presbyterian congregation in what was then the north-west end of the city, did not emanate from the Presbytery, or any committee of the church, but was a distinctly democratic movement, a layman's movement, thirty years before Christian work by the laity was officially designated by this name. A gathering of eight persons in a private house resolved to undertake the task as there was a splendid prospect that an extensive residential district was to rise up in this part of the city. This self-appointed committee looked over the field, canvassed the prospects, and decided that the outlook was good.

The importance of this gathering must not be underestimated because of the smallness of their numbers. Two distinguished theological professors and six others, business and professional men who stood in the front rank among their class in the city, in these would be embodied the best wisdom and judgment possible in any public gathering assembled for an alike purpose, no matter how great their numbers.

These eight, supplemented by others, threw themselves heartily and unanimously into the work, sparing neither time nor money to make their venture a success. They purchased a building lot, a part of the site on which the church now stands, later received the sanction of the Church courts and rented a private house for Sunday School work and Sabbath evening services. They were formally organized into a congregation, November, 1887, with an enrollment of sixty-three members. Their first service for public worship was conducted by Rev. Professor MacLaren, D.D., later a principal of Knox College, who, in a vigorous sermon, laid down the basis on which their undertaking might be expected to succeed:

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my father."

Having soon outgrown the limited accommodations provided by their rented house, they moved for a time to Knox College Convocation Hall until a house was erected on their own lot, meant for school purposes, but used in earlier years also for preaching. From the very first, though their numbers were few and their resources limited, they launched right out into the deep, laying the corner-stone of their present beautiful structure September 4, 1889, the building of which was made possible only because eighteen of their number became personally liable for their mortgage indebtedness of $66,000. The dedicatory service connected with the opening of their new edifice, June 8, 1890, was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Paxton, of Princeton Theological Seminary, whose text well-fitted the occasion:

"For the preaching of the Cross is to them who perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

From this time forward, the progress of the church was phenomenal, and the membership so steadily increased that to-day it stands a premier among the churches of its denomination in Ontario.

THIS congregation has been very wise in the choice of its ministers. The first chosen for this office, the Rev. W. G. Wallace, M.A., of Georgetown, a graduate of Toronto University, 1879, and of Knox College, 1883, was inducted into the pastoral charge, September 4, 1888. Five years previously devoted to High School teaching, and five years of pastoral work in Georgetown, gave to him an experience that stood him in good stead when he undertook the leadership of a congregation that was destinel to occupy so large and leading a place in the history of the Christian work of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. The church was situated in a rapidly growing section of the city and proximate to the University and its associated colleges; the efforts of the minister were supported and fortified by the services of theological and university professors, and of professional and business men of outstanding repute; the minister was gifted with organizing and preaching ability of no mean order; every year, therefore, saw a gratifying increase in the membership and revenues of the congregation. With unabated energy, and for a period of about thirty years, Rev. Mr. Wallace, now a Doctor of Divinity by the grace of his Alma Mater, continued in this office. He resigned in 1918, closing a faithful pastorate in the enjoyment of the full esteem and affection of his people.

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An outstanding congregation must have an outstanding minister if it is to live up to its opportunities, or even save itself from decadence. Dr. Pidgeon, the present pastor, is a Canadian, a product of Canadian schools and colleges, a graduate of McGill University, and of Montreal Presbyterian Theological College. Finishing his course in 1894, he accepted Montreal West as his first charge, and from the pastorate of West Toronto, to which he had been called in 1903, he accepted the chair of Pastoral Theology in Westminster Hall, British Columbia, in 1909, continuing in this work until he was called to his present charge in 1915.

Though his name is widely known because of his weekly writings for Sunday School work, it is in the pulpit, we believe, where he wields his best influence. Tall above the average, calm in his manner, conversational in his style, clear in his thinking, lucid and chaste in his expression, with an evangelical note as the background of every sermon, he attracts the interest every normal Sabbath of an audience that fills his church to its fullest capacity. A life of practical Christianity, based on a miracle of grace, available and sufficient for all, is the message of his pulpit. He proclaims the reformation of society, as well as the redemption of the individual, as an additional Christian end and aim, believing that an untoward environment is not the best medium for the expression of the Christian life, and hence, throughout his whole ministry, all the general church's undertakings in behalf of moral and social reform, have received from him aggressive support.

In the troublous days of the Great War, the sympathetic nature of the minister burned with a desire to share with the men overseas, the trying experiences of warfare at the front. In October, 1917, he crossed the ocean under an appointment by the National Council of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. For five, of the seven months that he spent abroad, he moved up and down among the first-line troops, and saw the message and the messenger daily tested in the face of

the realities of suffering and death produced by such an environment. With the increased faith and vision which such an experience was qualified to give, he came back to take complete charge of the pulpit and pastorate of the Bloor Street Church, a responsibility he is now ably discharging.

In addition to the strenuous work required of a minister of so large a congregation, the church at large has placed upon him the responsibility of leadership in the Church Union Movement into which he is throwing himself with his usual vigour. The following sermon, recently preached—though not meant for publication—we bring before our readers as an example of the teaching that emanates from this pulpit from Sabbath to Sabbath, despoiled, it is true, of three elements at least that gave it its strength and charm, the personality of the speaker, the inspiration of numbers, and the worshipful atmosphere created by an efficiently conducted service of praise and prayer. Doubtless not a few will discover in this sermon, not only sane teaching for the instruction of the individual Christian, but also Scriptural reasons why the noble ideal of a union of all the forces that have to do with the defence and support of the Kingdom of Christ ought to become an achievement within the realm of practical Christian Duty.

REV. G. C. PIDGEON, D.D.
Called from the Chair of Pastoral Theology, Westminster Hall, British Columbia, to become pastor of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, 1915.

One Body---Many Members

An Expository Sermon on the Topic of 1 Corinthians, Chapter 12.

FINDING THE PURPOSE OF GOD IN OUR LIVES AND DOING IT

THE following story from ancient days may illustrate the thought of the chapter. Early in the history of Rome the populace became seditious, left the city, and went outside to a camp of their own. Menenius Agrippa went after them, seeking to reconcile them to their brethren. He told them this fable: The various members of the body, the hand, the eye, the ear and the feet mutinied against the stomach. They refused to work any longer because it seemed to them that all the food and enjoyment for which they toiled went to it and not to them. The accused member soon cleared itself of the charge of inactivity, and showed that the food which it received was not retained but distributed through the rivers of blood to all parts of the body, and how even "the strongest nerves and small inferior veins" received from it that by which they lived. (Dods). Only through the member against which they revolted could they receive the means of their own life. If it retained any of it for itself it would die. The body is a unit; each member lives for the others.

THIS lesson Paul wants to teach the Corinthian Christians. They were strongly individualistic in their tendencies, each insisting on his own rights and privileges without regard to the others, and each prizing his own gifts rather for the impression they made than for the service they could render. This chapter is written to show them their unity in diversity, and the obligation that rested on each to consider first the claims of his brethren. The same lesson is needed in any modern church or organization of any kind. In the average group the work is done by a few, and the rank and file of the membership simply allow the others to serve them. The result is, first, great loss to the body when so many of its members are inactive, and the second is the spiritual impoverishment of the members themselves. Only by serving can any member of any body reach fulness of life.

I. WE ARE ONE BODY IN CHRIST.

IN other connections Paul describes Christ as the head and believers as the members of His body. Plato used the same figure to teach many lessons of the mutual obligations of individuals to the state. The Stoics taught that man was made for society, and that it was each man's business to labour for the good of the whole. Take the following: "You have seen a hand cut off, or a foot, or a head lying apart from the rest of the body: that is what a man makes himself when he separates himself from others or does anything unsocial. You were made by nature a part; and it is due to the goodness of God, that, if you have become detached from the whole, you can be reunited to it." You can see the force of this if you study the life of a real hermit like Tennyson's St. Simon Styllites, or read Van Dyke's striking little sketch—"A man without a country."

Paul takes this figure to show our oneness in Christ. We are bound to one another through Him. All races, classes of society, creeds and pursuits are a unity in Him.

Our life is nourished from the one source. We worship by the use of different forms and in different surroundings, but all are nourished from the grace of Christ. The African in the jungle, the rancher on the plains, and the philosopher in his study are fed by the one bread and drink from the one stream if they are to live the divine life at all. Some young naval officers on furlough dropped in to see a little Christian service in a seaport town in Japan. They had heard that it was a Christian gathering, and, as they had never seen the like before in the Orient, they dropped in to observe. It was the Communion Service and they were asked to participate. At first they refused, but after a few minutes, they went forward and joined the other believers at the Table of the Lord. The officers told afterwards that as the service proceeded they saw it a privilege to partake with their brethren in the Lord, and the Japanese coolies expressed their wonder at the possibility of such unity in the faith.

We are moved by the one will. If the arms fails to respond to the movements of the will, we know that paralysis has set in. So it is in the body of Christ.

Our interests are all bound together. "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; if one member rejoices, all the members rejoice with it." Plato says, "When one's finger is hurt, such is the fellow feeling which spreads along the body to the soul until it reaches the ruling member, that, the whole condoling with the part afflicted, the man does not say, 'My finger is in pain,' but, 'I have a pain in my finger.'" So it is in the Christian Church. If one member be dishonoured, the whole Church feels the reproach; if one be honoured, every fellow member shares in his glory. The body of Christ is one. Our arbitrary divisions are destructive of its life, for whatever separates brother from brother to that extent separates both from Christ. It is one of the fundamental obligations of the Christian life to seek the unity of all in the Lord.

II. THERE ARE MANY MEMBERS IN THE ONE BODY.

(1) Showy Gifts.

UNDER this figure Paul warns against over-valuing the showy gifts. This was the weakness of the Corinthian Church. It was a wealthy city; much of its wealth was newly earned, and the startling contrasts between rich and poor moved the wealthy to over-value their possessions. Thought had deteriorated. The noble seriousness of Greece's early thinkers had given way to the shallow cleverness of a materialistic age. What was brilliant was more highly prized than what was substantial, and it was more important for a speaker to win a verdict than to unfold the truth.

The same qualities appeared in the Corinthian Church. They found themselves suddenly endowed with amazing gifts. They were the most talented of all the early churches. It is strange, however, that multiplicity of gifts appeared side by side with paucity of graces. This is shown in their estimate of the value of different gifts. "What was useful could not compete with what was surprising." Against this temper our chapter was directed. In the church of to-day there are two types of ability that receive disproportionate emphasis—gifts of utterance and the possession of wealth. Now, our great orators and our wealthy men often do wonderful things for the cause of Christ, but, as a matter of fact, any denomination's financial strength comes from the small gifts of the many rather than from the great gifts of the few. "Millions from the millions and thousands only from the millionaires." No church could live without its silent members. They express their Christianity in action, and often the testimony of a quiet, consistent Christian life has more effect than the brilliant words of the orator. To each his gift, and each is indispensable in its place.

(2) Why Am I Not Gifted Like My Brother?

PAUL urged, therefore, that each cultivate his own peculiar gift. The question is often asked: Why am I not gifted like my brother? The answer is: God has a different work for you to do. To cultivate a new gift means that the church enters a new element. Alexander Graham Bell was distressed over the deafness of his wife. In turning his genius to find some device that would help her, he discovered the telephone and became one of the greatest benefactors of the modern world. Let any man develop his own gift and Christianize his own environment and he renders thereby a service of priceless value to the entire race.

(3) Self-Confidence Indispensable to Service.

THERE must, therefore, be no self-depreciation. Paul says: "If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it, therefore, not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it, therefore, not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him." (Verses 15-18). We hear much of the conceited aggressive man and the harm his boastfulness does. It was once remarked of a certain individual, "He has the most brilliant autobiography I ever heard." Now the man with the brilliant autobiography loses much influence that he might gain by modesty, but for one held back by undue self-assertion there are scores who never rise because of their lack of self-confidence. They fail to realize their power and place. They will not assert the convictions God has given them, or give the views of truth which He has revealed to them. If self-confidence is wrong, what of confidence in God? Paul's faith is surely necessary: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." There is a place for each in the body of Christ where he is indispensable.

(4) Seeing the Value of Gifts Different from Our Own.

SIMILARLY there must be no disparagement of others. In verse 21 Paul says: "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." It is so hard to see the value of gifts different from our own. The

practical man is hard put to it to endure the thinker. Macaulay says that William of Orange had no patience with the Earl of Halifax. Now, of all the men who moulded the British Constitution to its present form, Halifax probably stands first. Men who heard the elder Pitt in the fulness of his power remembered Halifax's orations as the greatest they had ever listened to. The mind of Halifax was so full that he saw all sides of a subject, and William of Orange, diplomat, soldier and statesman, accustomed to see the thing needed and do it, could not endure with the man who saw all sides of a subject so clearly that he had difficulty in making up his mind as to which to prefer. It is hard for the modernist to appreciate the man who stands by the Church's heritage for the past. It is hard for the man with iron will to give credit to the one who lets his sympathies interfere with his plans. The one whose religion is of the intellect is tempted to despise him whose religion is of the heart. Yet each has a place, and without any one of them the church would be immeasurably the poorer.

(5). Doing the Work of Another.

IS it possible for one gift or faculty to be trained to do the work of another? Can the eye do the work of the ear, or the hand of the feet? We know how difficult it is. In religion this is a real problem. Here is an important work to be done and no one is qualified to do it. The call comes to me; I appreciate the need, but lack the attainments necessary. I can do certain other things for the Kingdom, but I have no aptitude for this thing. Go back to Paul's illustration. Is it not true that the eye can be trained to do the work of the ear? With Helen Keller, the blind and deaf genius of our own day, the sense of touch takes the place of hearing. It is not so perfect, but nevertheless it affords a real medium of communication with the minds of others. Some pictures were shown years ago of scenes of Scott's Antarctic Expedition. One scene was in a tent. A remark was made, and the men all laughed. The man who showed the pictures said that the only company who laughed with them was a group of deaf mutes in Boston. They had been taught to read the movements of the lips, and from them they understood what was said.

So it is in the work of grace. There is one man in Canada who has exceptional power in religious work among children, yet when he entered the Christian life it was with this feeling—I am ready to do any work to which God calls me except among boys and girls. It was into this very work that he was led and in which he has attained extraordinary success. There are men preaching who are not gifted for public speaking. There are men organizing who have no genius for organization. There are men giving out of the depths of their poverty. God is wonderfully blessing them and building up His Church thereby. Some of the best work for the Kingdom, and by far the largest part of it, is being done by people without any special qualifications for their particular task. They see a great need, hear God's call to meet it, and God blesses them as they respond.

(6) Gifts Without an Opportunity to Exercise Them. Why?

WHAT about the one who has gifts, but no opportunity? This is often seen. Here are brilliant intellectual gifts with a weak body. Here is a young man feeling the fulness of his powers, but held back from their development by the claims of others. Many a son, or daughter, gives up a career that promises great things to meet the needs of their own family. A son with a widowed mother gives up his own ambition that the younger members of the family may have their career. A daughter turns aside from the threshhold of her own home that her aged parents or her brothers and sisters may have the service or opportunity that they need. Yet no such sacrifice is ever in vain.

In the British Weekly some years ago there was a striking article entitled "The Meantime." In it the story was told of Dick, the author of "The Philosophy of the Future State"—a book extraordinarily influential in its day. He was a youth with splendid promise, but early in his career made a grievous mistake. He had to give up his church, and he retired to an obscure country place, where he taught school for years. There he studied diligently and profoundly, and in early middle life came out with this book that influenced deeply the religious thought and life of his own and succeeding generations. In the "Meantime" when he was kept from his chosen work by his own sin, he studied, and then came forth with this magnificent contribution to the thought of his country.

I have heard it said that early in his ministry Webb-Peploe was laid aside by a serious illness for three years. In that time he mastered his Bible from cover to cover. Once in a Bible Class in Northfield he was asked if he could give the substance of any chapter in the Bible that they might name. He said he would try. They mentioned chapters from all parts of the Bible, and he never failed to give a correct summary of their teaching. They quoted texts from the different Books of Scripture, and he never failed to give the chapter and verse. In "The Meantime," when laid aside from his own chosen work, he fitted himself for a world-wide ministry of teaching the Word of God. Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress" is another product of "The Meantime." So is Milton's "Paradise Lost." Many other instances might be cited. If God turns us aside from one pursuit, it is that He has some other place in which our energies will produce a richer result. There are no mistakes in His government. "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." That heathenish symbol, the broken pillar, has no place in the thought of faith. Everything will be complete and perfect when His work with us is done.

HAVE you found your function in the body of Christ? He is guiding you to it. Sometimes by circumstances, sometimes by disappointments and trials, more often by the impulses of His Spirit, and too often by over-ruling your mistakes, He is guiding you to the place which He has raised you up to fill. In it whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might, and ultimately all will see that your work has its necessary place in God's all-perfect plan.

The Lost Scout

An Historic Novel, by HUGH COWAN, Toronto

CHAPTER XII.

Sailing in Strange Waters

Principal Episodes in the Narrative

Warren Wilcox, a Scout, whose camp name was Sol, becomes lost in the thick woods of Parry Island.

After several adventures and misadventures, he is picked up by a fishing tug, whose crew comprises a Breed, a full-blooded Indian, a white woman and her son, the latter of whom becomes a genial companion to the Lost Scout.

The discovery of a whiskey trader's secret store on Cave Island leads to dangerous consequenccs.

AS soon as Charlie pulled the bell to stop the engine, Sol, ever on the alert, immediately responded, while Mrs. Butterworth picked up the lantern, leaving Sol and the engine-room in darkness, and rushed up hastily to Charlie to ascertain the reason for the signal. Arriving out of breath she asked excitedly:

"What is it? Why did you stop?"

"It's that dark object again come back, Mother, and the water is getting shallower. It is there like an island lying out straight before us."

Mrs. Butterworth peered through the darkness, but saw nothing save the little space of water lighted up by the dim flicker of their oil lamp. A soft wind fanned her face as she looked westward.

"I see nothing, but the wind is rising, Charlie, and if it does that, it means an impossible passage through the Gap to-night."

The stillness that followed the cessation of the tug's machinery enabled Sol to hear distinctly Charlie's explanation for the signal. Making his way as best he could through the darkness to the wheel-house, he came up just as Mrs. Butterworth finished her prognostication of the coming weather. He stood over beside Charlie, and both boys looked out earnestly in the direction where he was supposed to have seen the mystery island lying in the path before them.

"An optical illusion, I'm afraid, Charlie," he suggested after several instants of silent gazing. "It may have been only a cloud."

"That may be," responded Charlie, "but whatever it was, I saw it plainly when I gave the signal. The lights and shadows on the Bay oftentimes deceive us after night."

"A cloud and an island can hardly be distinguished in the day, if the spectre of both happens to be lying on the horizon."

Sol had been trying to decipher in his own mind the nature of the phenomena previously seen by them, and now observed again by Charlie, and he had come to the conclusion that a cloud or some other atmospheric condition was playing pranks with them.

"That is certainly true, especially in the early morning. I can remember Captain Ike himself on one occasion vowing a cloud which he saw a distant island, and we all thought the same thing, only the chart or the Bay didn't happen to agree with us."

"Can we be near land?" Sol asked, detecting a sound that appeared to him like running water. His hearing was apparently more acute than that of either of the other two, for they as yet, had heard nothing.

"Why, yes, we may be," answered Charlie. "The shore is very irregular here, and there is no telling the moment you may strike a shoal, an island, or even a jutting promontory of the mainland."

"I think I hear a river."

"It's a water-fall," he added as he heard the sound with increased distinctness.

Mrs. Butterworth and Charlie having their attention called to it, listened more intently, and soon all three heard it, and were agreed as to its nature.

"It sounds like a water-fall, and if it is, the mainland's over there, and we must be very close to it."

To the mind of Mrs. Butterworth, the discovery of a body of land in their immediate neighborhood was a fortunate circumstance. She was not too much enamoured with a journey across the Bay, and had concluded, and that rightly, that Charlie had taken matters into his own hands, notwithstanding Captain Ike's injunctions, and had re-directed the course of the vessel and was now again heading for the Bustards.

"If it's a river there'll be a landing at its mouth, and if so, we'd better pull in there for the night. It will give us time to get something to eat and a few hours of rest at any rate," she said, voicing the desire of her mind to call a halt to any further travel until the re-appearance of daylight.

Although she had absolute confidence that the ability of the boys would be equal to the occasion, yet she was averse to taking any unnecessary risks that might endanger their safety, or unduly delay the return of Sol to his camp. In this conclusion she was confirmed by the spectre of the two drunken seamen lying prostrate each one by the side of his post of duty, and the uncertainty of their subsequent conduct, when they again would awaken. But Charlie hesitated:

"There may be a sand-bank though, Mother, and it's a dark night."

Charlie well knew the dangers to navigation on the Bay when too proximate to its shoreline. Had they certain knowledge of their whereabouts, decision would have been easy, but the blackness of the night had robbed them of the means of making a true estimate of these.

"Will there be any moon to-night?" asked Sol, more by way of conversation than lack of knowledge.

"Not until late," answered Charlie.

"Or rather not at all," added his mother, "so that I think we had better make an effort to get to the river. We have the sound of the water to guide us, and going slowly, we ought to be able to make a safe landing."

"Shall I start her up, then?" asked Sol.

"I think, Warren, that you had better stay up here with Charlie, and take the soundings, and I'll look after the engine. With both of you on the lookout, we ought to be able to escape any trouble for that short distance."

"All right, then, Mother. Start her up slowly and we'll see what we can do. There's nothing like trying. Can you get along without the lantern?"

"Why, of course. I can see by the light of the fire."

She passed the lantern over to Sol, while Charlie at the same time handed him out the sounding line. Sol lifted the lantern over the prow of the vessel and began to look for shoals and boulders and shallow waters.

"The rock is apt to push its nose out here at any place," explained Charlie by way of reason for taking these precautions.

The vessel was turned landward, and began to move cautiously to the mouth of the river. Once they were in grave danger as they passed over a submerged island, one of those granite formations which are constantly appearing and disappearing according to the rise or fall of the water-line of the Bay, but by continuous and frequent use of the sounding line it was detected and avoided. Soon they reached the current made by the inflowing waters of the river.

"We're there now, Charlie," Sol exclaimed as he discovered the moving waters with its deepening channel.

They kept on sailing until they got far enough inland to escape the swelling of the Bay and its storms, if any should hapen to arise.

"Throw out the anchor, Warren. We'll snag her up tight, and lay to until Mother gets ready to move out," requested Charlie, when he deemed that they had reached a suitably sheltered place.

Warren picked up the mass of iron and threw it overboard with the same ease with which Charlie was accustomed to see Captain Ike handle it.

"My, you must be strong," he remarked as he saw it tossed into the air. "I wish I had your muscle."

"Muscle! You wouldn't think I had any if you had seen me this time last night, trembling from head to foot at the sight of two whiskey-traders, and all because their goods and I occupied the same hole in the rock."

"Did they make any show of hostility, of fight?"

"Indeed they didn't. They were completely taken unawares and genuinely scared. I was puzzled as to what I should do, when I heard them coming, but it must have been the instinct for self-preservation that guided me, for I cannot account for my actions on any other grounds. Instead of hailing their approach with joy, I took their own revolver and held it ready for action, the sight of which seemed to have had something to do with unnerving them."

"So much real adventure and no one there to share it with you. I would jolly like to have been there to see them skip."

"'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' you know."

"Ay, those kind of fellows are cowards, without doubt."

"Yes, but that's what makes it dangerous to get entangled with them. A brave man will give you a square deal, but these fellows never will."

"That's so. It's a strange world compelling us to be more afraid of our fellow-man than of the wild beasts in the forests. We can keep away from the one, but the others will force themselves upon us, and at a time when we least want to see them. My mother is a brave woman, but she is more afraid of these whiskey-men than she is of the sea, and this trip more than any other."

"Why this trip?"

"The money on board, of course."

"Money? I didn't think you needed money to run a fishing-tug."

"It's the pay of the fishermen. The summer's wages of all of them is down there in the cabin."

"And the guardians of it both dead drunk, eh? But sea-piracy is surely not practised on this little Bay?"

"Not practised? I should say it was, or the bones of MacGregor would not have been found by you at Island Cave. It's a clever man that's able to keep his sin a secret."

"Was MacGregor mixed up in a robbery?"

"No, but he knew too much about them that were."

"I thought perhaps it was to prevent his giving away the whereabouts of their cache."

"A cache is nothing to MacKenzie," and Charlie gave a little laugh of incredulity at the thought of it. "I suppose he has a score of them scattered at convenient places around the Bay. If one hiding-place is found, he'll simply desert it and go to another."

"Do these whiskey-traders stand well in with Captain Ike and Conossoway?"

"They love his wares, but hate his person, and Captain Ike got warning before he left port to look out for sharks."

"But how could they know that there would be money coming up on this trip?"

"It's the season. They know that it will be either this trip or the next, and there's no other way of getting the money to the foreman."

"I suppose Conossoway is honest."

"Absolutely. There's no person you can trust more than an Indian if he's your friend."

"And if he's not?"

"Well, no person can tell what will happen, and they have long memories."

"How do these fellows take the murder of MacGregor, I mean Captain Ike and Conossoway? Will they tell what they know to the authorities?"

"The authorities will get nothing from these two, never fear. MacKenzie has no need of fear on that score. The only authority they'll acknowledge is their own gun, and the law of their conscience tells them that no man is guilty who turns his gun on the murderers of MacGregor."

"How's that? The law of an 'eye for an eye,' I suppose."

"MacGregor was a decent chap who stood well in with the Indians, and some of them may take it in their mind at any time to avenge his death. He was associated with my father in the discovery of a mining claim, and this lucky find was the cause of his death, poor fellow."

By this time the boys had finished their work of fastening the vessel tight to the shore, and the dinghy along with it.

They were about to start into the cabin, where Mrs. Butterworth was making ready their promised repast, when the hearing organs of Sol again came into requisition.

"Charlie, I hear a paddle," he whispered.

Both boys stood silent. Dip, dip, dip, gently and at long intervals. A canoe was drawing away from the tug, of that there could be no doubt.

"Some Indian disturbed in his sleep, and come over to see who we are," was Charlie's explanation.

After the paddling had ceased, and stillness again reigned, the boys went into the cabin.

"Mrs. Butterworth!" exclaimed Sol, as he looked at the neatly laid out and well-filled table. "You are certainly a marvel. After acting as captain, engineer and mother to us all, you ought to have been satisfied with a hand-out, but this is a banquet."

The particular part that attracted Sol's attention, and called out his exclamation of wonderment, was a platter on which was a joint of steaming roast venison.

"It's a part of a young fawn that was given to Captain Ike on his last trip down," was the response of Mrs. Butterworth, as she saw Sol's eyes directed towards and admiring the roast. "It's perhaps a little overdone. There has been so much going on to-night that I left it a little longer than usual in the oven."

"Never mind that, Mother," was Charlie's cheerful rejoinder. "It looks good to me."

There was no lack of cheerful and animated conversation at the table. Both Mrs. Butterworth and Charlie seemed pre-eminently satisfied with the circumstances that gave them the free mastery of the tug, while Warren was equally cheerful at the prospects of soon overcoming the handicaps that these three times had prevented him from returning to his companions.

During a lull in the conversation, Sol looked up suddenly.

"What is it?" both of them together asked him.

"I thought I heard that canoe again, but I must be mistaken."

Both boys got up, and leaning over the railing, peered out into the night, but the tug's lights were out save the one in the cabin, and nothing could be observed in their near vicinity. The boys returned to their luncheon and resumed their light-hearted talk for their minds were not the least affected by so little an incident as the passing of a tramp canoe.

Soon Mrs. Butterworth invited them to retire. "Show Warren to Captain Ike's berth, Charlie, and be good sleepers, both of you, to-night. To-morrow night must see us back to Parry Island."

Warren was shown the Captain's bed, which was a berth off the wheel-house, while Charlie and his mother occupied berths off the cabin. Jack Conossoway's quarters were by the side of his engine, but to-night the floor of the engine-room was his only couch.

"Shall I close the window, that you may sleep warmly?" asked Charlie, intent on the comfort of his guest.

"Oh, not at all, thank you. The open air is the life for me just now. In the winter we'll sleep behind closed windows and drawn blinds, but now the ozone of the North is what I'm after, though I'm getting it in ways and places that I did not expect."

"That'll soon be over now, Warren, and you'll be back to your old chums to-morrow night. Good night."

"Good night, Charlie, and many thanks for your kindness."

Sol sat down on the side of the couch ruminating on the strange vicissitudes that were now pouring into his life from every unexpected quarter. He thought of the money in the cabin, its guardians paralysed in drunkenness, the courageous woman in the cabin, with a slender boy her only protector, when once more he heard the dip of the paddle in the water. Distinctly he heard it, though made very quietly and at long intervals. A canoe was loitering about for some reason or other.

Sol sat quietly, almost breathlessly, as the canoe floated noiselessly past on the leeward side of the tug, the dip being heard more distinctly the farther it got away, the paddler apparently less precautious as the probability of being overheard, lessened.

To be continued.

From Start to Finish in the Great War

An Analysis of the Spirit of the Canadian Soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force

CHAPTER X.

FROM AMIENS TO CAMBRAI

Canadian Optimism Increases as the Month of Destiny Approaches

THE battle of Amiens did more than free that city and its railway from danger. It struck a heavy blow at the morale of the German private soldier. The strength of an army is in measure according to the spirit of its private soldiery. As the Generalissimo is reported to have said, "An army is not defeated until it thinks so." The German soldier, like our own, was war-weary. But to his war-weariness there was now added down-heartedness. A sense of coming victory, and the collapse of the enemy, inspirited our men; but the German private soldier was becoming obsessed with the idea that the day of disaster and defeat was inevitably before him. The suddenness and completeness with which we struck out from Amiens was a staggering blow to the spirit of the whole enemy army. The driving and disciplinary powers of their leaders alone saved them from an utter routing as blow after blow fell upon them during the next two following months.

The war-horizon was being carefully scanned at these times for forecasts of coming events. Was there to be another winter in the trenches? The concensus of French and American opinion leaned towards this probability. The enemy retirement, which had now begun, was considered a piece of strategy on a par with that which he had executed with such cunning skill in 1917. Sheltered in their shorter lines, they could use the winter in suing for a favorable peace, and failing this, continue their defensive warfare the following spring, the Americans bearing the brunt of the fighting for 1919, as the British had been doing since the battle of Verdun, and which they were now more conspicuously to do in the approaching month of October, the month of world destiny. Some of the British press forecasted a strong probability of this. But not so our soldiers. After the first blow at Amiens, and our grip of the situation, so firmly held, and our superiority over the enemy so clearly evidenced, each one carried his head high, for he sensed a near and final victory. And we think the Higher Command shared with them in this opinion.

The Invention of the "Smoke Screen" and the "Tank"

This optimism was due to our now being able to meet the enemy on an equality, or a little better than an equality. There were two instruments of recent discovery that more than anything else brought about this favorable condition. In two respects, particularly, the Germans previously enjoyed an advantage over us. He had the advantage of position, with the benefits of observation which this gave him. Besides, his machine guns, of which he had an unlimited quantity, with their concrete emplacements and their hidden nests everywhere, were the most deadly of all his weapons that we had to meet. The machine-gun accounted for more casualities than any other single weapon. To meet these two points of advantage, the British discovered and put into use the tank and the smoke screen. This latter was a barrage of smoke which put an impenetrable bank of fog between us and the enemy, and hid from him all observations of our movements and number. In the beginning of the war, the Germans knew too much about our doings. The firing squad got rid of some of his sources of information. The smoke screen was another preventative of inestimable value. Had this instrument of protection been discovered and made use of in the battle of Passchendaele, and the other engagements of 1917, the story of that summer's achievements would have been differently told. It took away from his gunners their aim, and left their command in a state of uncertainty as to which particular point we were going to attack. The "Tank" was a caterpillar tractor, a machine-gun fort on wheels. It had the advantage over the "pill-box" in that it was a weapon of offence as well as of defence, speedily movable from place to place, and capable of removing otherwise insuperable obstacles, to advance by the crushing power of its own sheer weight. Some of these carried two Hotchkiss quick-firing guns for attacking concretely-fortified shelters. They were first tested at the Somme in 1916, but with two years of improvement they were so perfected that they had become the infantry's best protector and offense where they could be put into use.

The Development and Perfection of the British Transport System

There was a third source of superior strength. It was the development and perfection of the British transport system. The Germans were noted at the beginning of the war for the rapidity with which they could move their men from place to place. The British copied their methods in this respect and improved on them. Their lateral roads and railways in the rear, we copied and surpassed by the efficiency and strength of our Sapper and Engineer corps. In fact, many of the achievements of the last two months were possible only because of the work of these corps, who wrought in the face of difficulty, danger and the dark, and with initiative and courage and speed, again and again saving the day for our armies, and snatching victory out of defeat. The transport was now organized to its highest possible state of development, and was thus able to take full advantage of the way prepared by the sappers and engineers. As the men advanced, ammunition, food and water followed closely on their heels.

Cambrai, the Chiefest Among the Ten Great Canadian Engagements

In these final blows against the enemy the Canadian army occupied no mean part. During these two months, which were fated to rout the enemy out of those marvellously fortified lines, that it had taken four years of the world's greatest efficiency to build up, and out of which they had sometimes to flee without so much as striking a blow in their own defence, the Canadian achievements are associated with the names of half a score of engagements, not one of which could be called minor. Amongst these ten, CAMBRAI must be written with capital letters, for it was the climax of Canadian achievement, and marked the last real effort of the Germans against our army. The others were but preparatory steps or concluding stages of one great drive which met its strongest resistance at and around Cambrai.

Aiming a Blow at the Siegfried Line

When the battle of Amiens was ended we were immediately returned north to Arras. On the way, we as before slept by day in woods and villages and marched by night in order to keep the enemy in the dark as to our movements. The aim was to strike a blow east of Arras at the Siegfried line, knowing that if once the enemy resistance here were overcome, their winter shelter would have to be found in some other place than within the fortifications of the Hindenburg system. The underground tunnels at Arras, previously prepared, could not be surpassed for the assembling of our troops for the attack. From here our second and third divisions, supported on the left by our old and well-tried Scottish friends at Vimy, debouched at three o'clock in the morning of August 26th. In front of us lay the cap of the Hindenburg system, a line running from Drocourt, north east of Arras, to Queant, the same distance away but to the south-east. This line was protected by three trench systems to the front of it, and another to the rear, making five lines of fortifications to be overcome before we would be able to break through. In this area, the land was more broken and filled with shell holes than to the south at Amiens and so made the use of tanks more difficult, so that the burden of the preliminary attack fell on the artillery and infantry. Peronne and Baupaume to the north had previously been incorporated into the British possessions, and it now remained to attack Monchy le Preux and surrounding territory preparatory to the main attack on the Drocourt-Queant line. This village was attacked on the morning of the 26th, and taken, our troops having cleared out the territory on a five mile front to a depth of two miles on the first day. The next few days were devoted to adding to these gains and preparing for the main attack, which took place at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd September, launched by our men of the First and Fourth Divisions, supported on the right by the British. Up against this line the tanks moved, followed by their usual quota of rifle-men, trench-mortar men and bombers. Behind was the artillery, belching forth a cloud of lead or dropping down on the disorganized Germans a bank of smoke-screen as the exigencies of the attack required. The gunners fired aimlessly into this bank of fog, disclosing to us their positions, and enabling the tanks to move through and around them, clearing out carefully these deadly nests as they advanced. The German town-major of Dury on the other side of the line, slept peacefully, fully assured that no British army would see the east side of that line before at least the spring of 1919. But before six o'clock, within an hour after launching the attack, the whole system was crumbled up, a wide gap was torn in the defences, and he with his whole staff and their beds were passed back to the rear. Enemy reinforcements were rushed up, and a day of hard and fierce fighting followed, but as darkness dropped down on the land, it found the Canadians dominating the whole position. But we were not allowed a restful night. A counter-attack at midnight prevented any sleep or rest for ambulances or stretcher-bearers, and a continuous stream of casualties flowed all night through the varying posts before this first stage of the offensive was over.

Our Faces Towards Cambrai, But the Du Nord Canal and Bourlon Wood Between

Our faces were now towards Cambrai. Between us and this objective there was Du Nord Canal and Bourlon Wood, the one a great natural barrier to our advance and the other bristling with machine-guns and other artillery. This canal was about fifteen miles long, and seventy feet wide at the top. In places it had water about five or six feet deep. In other places the bottom was on a level with the ground, and the banks had been built up with brick ten or twelve feet high within which it was intended to keep water by means of locks. Apparently it had been only in process of construction at the beginning of the war.

After our successful attack on the 2nd the Germans retired to the east side of this canal followed by our artillery and machine-gun fire so that their retirement was not accomplished without great loss to them. We had in the meantime pushed forward so that the west side had become approximately our front line when we began this second stage in our offensive. It was arranged to cross this canal on the morning of the 26th. The part that our division had to cross was a narrow strip about 3,600 yards wide, and the men were obliged to spread out, after crossing, in a fanlike shape to create a front about three times the width of the one they were using in crossing the canal. They were, therefore, most anxious to get to the east side before daylight, for if the Germans became aware that we were crossing in large numbers over a narrow front, their artillery fire would no doubt deal very disastrously with us. With scaling ladders, the crossing was accomplished in a short time under the protection of our artillery barrage. Once across, the men began to push forward while our engineering corps laid a railway to the canal and bridged it, and all within the short space of four hours after launching the attack. Our artillery and tanks were now able to pass over. The Germans, strongly reinforced, counter-attacked. but by one o'clock, Bourlon Wood and the high ground surrounding it, overlooking Cambrai, was captured and held. Five miles of enemy territory were penetrated. Seven officers and four thousand others were made prisoners. Many guns and huge quantities of other material had been captured.

Our division on the left of the Canadian Corp front advanced several thousand yards further than the troops on either their right or left, and by night found

themselves with Germans on three sides of them. The following day, in attempting to push still further and secure possession of the railroad line in front of them, they encountered machine-gun fire. The enemy had assembled a concentration of batteries on the Sensee River, and bringing them into action drove back this left flank and recaptured some of the ground taken from them.

The Final Test of Strength

That night, we devoted the time to getting more guns forward, and were in addition reinforced by two divisons of British troops. In the morning began the final test of strength. Fiercely, terribly and determinedly both armies fought. A stream of casualties poured into our dressing stations. Eleven divisions of Germans were pitted against the Canadian corps and the two British. The stretcher-bearers, both the regulars and the improvised, worked steadily, heroically and speedily. The evacuation of the wounded during these days, though not so arduous a duty as at the Somme in 1916, or at Passchendaele in 1917, was still hard work and very dangerous, on account of the men having to work out in the open where there was no protection from shell fire and from the German air-service.

Speaking of the German air-service, one dressing station of ours on a mound was flying a red cross flag. A German airman flying low, and dropping bombs along the trench, kept on until he came within a hundred yards of the station, then, presumably seeing the flag, he stopped, and after having passed an equal distance on the other side, continued his task of bombing the men in the trench. Driving ambulance cars was a particularly dangerous occupation here, as the roads were all in plain view. While, of course, we do not know that the Germans fired on our cars directly, the roads were lined with all sorts of transport, and, of course, a legitimate objective for them to fire at, so that ambulance cars were simply taking their chance with hundreds of other vehicles, which must of necessity take the same road. Then, too, all transport had to cross the Canal Du Nord at places that were well known to German artillery.

Our main dressing station was a bazaar of activity. There was haste, of necessity, but it was the well-ordered and well-disciplined service of men long trained to speed of despatch, devoid of unseemly fuss or unnecessary delay. The casualties were fed and their wounds dressed and they were sent on to the railway train that was to bear them back to the casualty clearing station, as rapidly as they could be accommodated. These had a particularly long journey, as the clearing stations were still many miles back across what had formerly been the old battle ground. It was possibly the best that could be done, but, if so, it was not good, as the railway train in which they had to travel was simply box cars, with stretchers placed on the floor. The road-bed was rough, and the jarring as they lay there, without light or heat, certainly did not add anything to their comfort or shorten the period of their convalescence. The locating of these casualty clearing stations was the work of the "Army," and not carried out by the Canadian Corps or the Canadian Division. It would seem as though the men actually on the spot should be better able to pick a desirable location, than a man many miles back in a comfortable chair in a well-ordered office.

The Fierce Conflict That Took Away Their Last Ray of Hope

While we were thus busily engaged, the infantry were in close grips with the German line of machine-gunners, disposed by them only twelve feet apart in the line. By and by they began to give way. Their riflemen were bayoneted out of the way by our advancing infantry, the canal was reached and the city of Cambrai outflanked. But the next two days they clung to it, and continued to put up a plucky fight, with great losses for which they received no compensations. This attack of the second and third was their last great attack as far as the Canadians were concerned. These three days of fierce conflict marked the climax and the beginning of the end.

The enemy was determined that we should not retain our hold on the L'Escaut canal, nor obtain the bridge-head at the north-west corner of the city. If they could drive us out from this position they might continue their possession of the city, but if they failed it must become ours, and with the British troops pressing them back to our right, this would mean a general retirement along their whole line from St. Quentin to the sea. Command was given to their troops that they must retain Cambrai at all costs. Up the valleys of the Bantigny their reinforced divisions came in mass formation. Their artillery fire was wonderful; their machine-gun fire most destructive, while the air seemed literally to swarm with their different airplanes. It must not be imagined, however, that any similar branches of our own army were idle. In fact, it is quite probable, that if you were to get the account of the battle from the German source, they would give you a similar tale of our men. Our artillery, machine-guns, rifles, all were turned on them at short range. A terrible toll was taken of them, but not without great cost to us. It was at this locality and at this time that Colonel Peck, M.P., who had already gained the D.S.O., earned the Victoria Cross, and which he has since been awarded.

At Noon on the Ninth the City is Ours

After the third all serious endeavour of the enemy to retain their hold on the city ceased. The next few days we spent in consolidating the position we had held, preparatory to an attack on the city itself. But the Germans began to evacuate the city on the evening of the eighth, so that when our attack took place a little after midnight the same night, we met very little resistance. At noon on the ninth, our troops and the British from the south met in the centre of the city. Much of the city we found laid waste with fire; slow-timed mines were everywhere set to further the destruction of the city, and all the houses were plundered, and as much booty as they could carry was taken off by their retreating armies. What was left of the city was now ours. But the importance of the victory was not the gain of the city, important as this in itself might be, but in the strategic significance of the salient we had created. A base of operations was secured that compelled a retirement of their whole line from north to south, a retreat had been forced that ceased not until the war was over and the Allied victory won.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

1. THE MOULDING SHOP.

2. THE POLISHING ROOM.

3. NICKEL AND COPPER-PLATING DEPARTMENT.

The Dominion Stove and Foundry Company

(Continued from Page 12.)

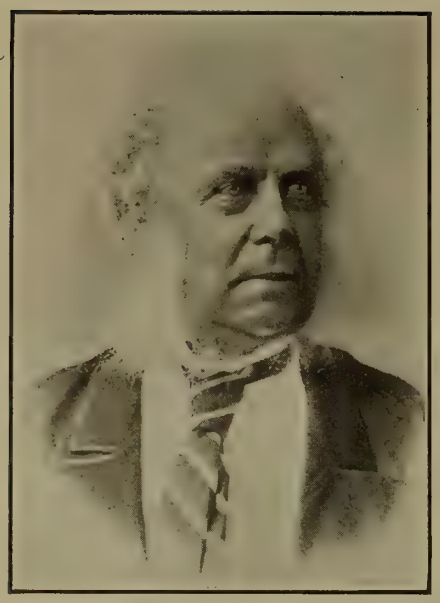
its highly organized facilities for distribution at Vancouver, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Winnipeg, has handled the entire output of the company, except that since the beginning of the year the White's Limited, of Collingwood, have been distributors for the Province of Ontario.

To gain an insight into the importance of this manufactory of ranges, heaters and furnaces, one has to pass through the building and observe the processes at work in the different departments of the plant. Starting with the raw material we see it changed into moulten iron, passed through into forms in one department, polished in another, nickel-plated in a third, and then in the assembly room, after great care has been taken to see that every inferior or imperfect piece is culled out, the different parts are put together, and it emerges a finished product of perfect quality.

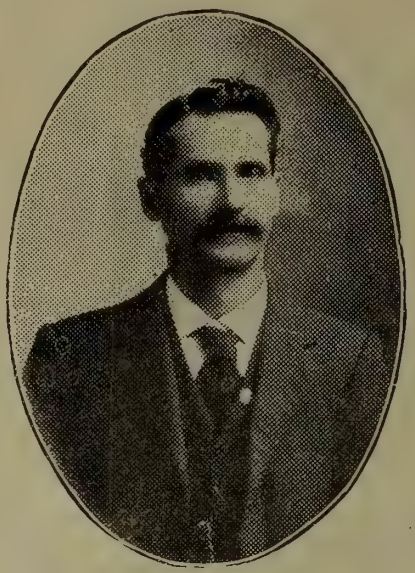
Although the plant employs a hundred men, and has had a pay-roll last year of over a hundred thousand dollars, yet not content with the achievement already attained, they are planning this year a material increase in their output, and are mapping out a programme of expansion in three different lines. The NESCO PERFECT, a very popular oil cook stove, an all cast-iron heating furnace, both with pipes and pipeless, and an electric washer, these three find their place on this programme.

With Mr. S. Marshal as president, and the energetic Mr. A. L. Fitzgerald as vice-president and managing director, there is every confidence that this company will maintain the important place to which it has already attained, and fully realize the worthy ambitions of its promoters.

Situated on the shore of the Bay, and directly opposite the famous monument where the first white man landed, is the home of the Spencer self-feeding boiler. This plant is the sole manufacturing centre of the SPENCER HEATER CO. OF CANADA. Following the policy of the long-established parent Company of Williamsport, Pa., the line of hot water and steam heating equipment has proven a great Canadian success. Peculiarly adapted for heating large buildings, the Spencer Heater Co. has provided plants for many of the largest schools, churches and theaters in the Dominion and it is worthy of record that, although a few years ago, comparatively unknown, to-day it finds a prominent place in the minds of builders from coast to coast. Penetanguishene has gained a splendid asset in the coming of this industry to the town.



A. A. THOMPSON
First Mayor of Penetanguishene.



C. B. GENDRON
Founder of the Gendron-Penetang Shoepack Company.

T. T. PAYETTE
Present Mayor of Penetanguishene.

THE ADAMS SHOE COMPANY, established in Toronto a little over a decade ago, was attracted to Penetanguishene last year. In the re-establishing of operations under the energetic direction of Mr. Adams, personally, the company suffered but little disjointing of business. The fine new factory building made telling appeal alike to both the executive and their staff of expert operators who accompanied them to the northern town. In an incredibly short time the new venture was away, without inconvenience to the market which ever demands the popular children's shoe made by the Adams Company.

That Mr. Adams has faith in the future is seen in the construction of the factory building. Built of stone and brick with heavy steel beams, it has a floor space of forty by two hundred feet; but a second floor can be added by extending the walls and re-roofing. With a boiler capacity for four such floors the plant is well set for future growth. The present output, creditable as it is, of two hundred and fifty pairs of shoes per day is but the pre-cursor of the flood of manufactured goods which will pour out from this centre in coming days. The business acumen, the irrepressible energy which made it possible for Mr. Adams not only to pilot his business through the troubled waters of these times but to launch out on a new venture in the teeth of the storm give unquestioning confidence that every hope for the Adams Shoe Company will be fully realized.

Penetanguishene Carriage Company

THE coming of the automobile wrought comparatively little change in Penetanguishene's industries. But it is worthy of note that the town just missed becoming a centre for the manufacturing of cars. As a matter of fact Mr. Beck was one of the first experimenters in Canada who actually produced an automobile, but tradition has it that an unfortunate and persistent halting of the new vehicle on a prominent street of Toronto brought disaster to the venture so astutely conceived.

IN another, if more modest, way, the community became partner in the new enterprise which appeared in the industrial world. With the marked drift away from horse-vehicles the Shannahan Carriage Co. switched to manufacturing of truck bodies and is now, as the Penetanguishene Carriage Co., carrying on a splendid business in that line. With an assembling plant in Toronto they meet the demands of all Ford agencies who bring their chassis and have them fitted with any kind of body individual needs may require. A similar product to meet modern demands is being specialized on by the Kerr Woodworkers, while in a modest but efficient shop Dusome and Tessier continue undisturbed the old line of waggon making.

THE BREITHAUPT TANNERY, PENETANGUISHENE

ANOTHER steady industry is that of ex-Mayor Alphonse Tessier, whose planing mill produces house finishing materials of all kinds, but always of only excellent quality—by persistent and conscientious effort has built up a most creditable business.

MER DOUCE

Published semi-quarterly in the interests of the ALGONQUIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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BALA, MUSKOKA

Morning on the Georgian Bay

SLIPPING along o'er the waters
Through the stillness and hush of the morn,
With only the note of the wild bird
Singing praise for a day new-born,
Treading a shadowy channel
That leads to a deep, deep bay,
Then stealing in through a rock cleft,
Where haunting shadows play;

We pause, and lo! before us,
In masses of brilliant flame,
The cardinal flower in glory
Proves its right to the name,
Holding its flaming candles
High o'er the paler things,
And looking up to the birches
Where a shy little warbler sings.

A GRANITE ISLAND Courtesy C.N.R.

GRAY DAY, MONHEGAN Robt. F. Gagen, R.C.A., O.S.A.

A PEACEFUL VALLEY Paul B. Earle.

Over the placid waters
The wand'ring dragon-flies flit,
Or pause on the pad of a lily
To rest their wings a bit;
While pickerel-weed straight standing
With slender, pointed leaves,
And sweet blue flowers upreaching
A graceful pattern weaves.

Many a waxen lily
Opens its golden heart
To the blue sky bent above it—
Of Nature's joy a part;
Many a tiny creature
Unused to the sight of man,
Glides away to its covert
As only the wild things can.

A little rustle of grasses,
Close to the water's edge,
And a spotted fawn is standing
Gazing over the sedge;
With gentle eyes that never
Have learned the look of fear,
He pauses, and looks, and wonders,
To see strange creatures near.

Then, turning, he wanders farther
Into the birches' shade,
And a great owl floats in silence
Over his hidden glade;
And, following slowly after,
With strange and raucous cry,
Three bitterns with long legs stretching
Go clumsily winging by.

Even the voice of the pine-trees
Here is seldom heard,
Or the softly fluttering birch leaves
To blend with the note of a bird,
For all is still and peaceful
In this sequestered bay,
And only the birds are praising
The dawn of awakening day.

SEMI-QUARTERLY

"MER DOUCE"

(SWEET-SEA-WATER)

The Algonquin Historical Society Magazine

Featuring the story of the Lake Regions from the earliest times

Eleventh Number | TORONTO, ONTARIO | June, 1923

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JUNE *1923*

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The Fifteenth Parliament of Ontario 1919-1923

PREMIER E. C. DRURY.

THE Fifteenth Parliament of Ontario, the most unique of its kind to attempt the government of the Province has now passed out into history. In the election which took place on the 20th of October, 1919, four distinct groups of parliamentarians were elected, 25 Conservatives, 29 Liberals, 45 Farmers, 11 Labor, and 1 Independent. In previous elections, it was a question only of which one of two had the majority, but now it was a question of which two out of four would unite to form a coalition. In a union of the Farmer and Labor groups, there was a clear majority of one over the other two, but should the Speaker be elected from either one of these two, it would leave the voting power of these on an equality with the combined strength of the other two groups. Relying on the age-long cleavage between

the Liberals and Conservatives, the Farmers, at a Conference held in Toronto, three days after the election, at which Labor was represented in the person of Mr. James Simpson, agreed to accept responsibility for the government of the province for the next parliamentary term, favorable conditions being supplied them.

The Farmer Movement came into being "to better rural conditions," and remove some of the disabilities under which the basic industry of the province has been and still is unjustly burdened. Their entrance into the arena of politics was a means to this end.

The election slogan, "Get rid of the two historic parties, and let us have 'Group' government," was not without its results. The working out of this was quite feasible and simple, it was said. For instance, under present conditions, let a cabinet be named of two Liberals, two Conservatives, four Farmers, and one Labor, and you have the Executive of "Group" government. Let the members, then, bring in their bills, and let all sit round the table agreed to see only their merit and demerit, not their influence on the future history of any political group, and let the combined wisdom of the whole 111 members determine to which category the Bill belongs, that of wisdom or folly, and then let them vote accordingly, declaring it lost or carried according to this finding. Doing this, you have the ideal in "Group" government realized for the province of Ontario.

But theoretic platforms and practical politics are oftentimes poles apart. You cannot force coalition on an unwilling group. Even the political prophets of the autumn of 1919 saw an impossible coalition in the union of the representatives of the Farmer and Labor organizations accepting joint responsibility for Government at Queen's Park, Toronto. Increase of wages and decrease in the cost of commodities of necessity and desire, of which food is one of the chief, in order to a better standard of living, is the professed aim of Labor. But the profits of the farm are proportionately decreased as the wages of the "hired man" goes up and the prices of clothes to wear, automobiles to run about the country, and machinery to run the farm, increases. Yet notwithstanding the antagonism between their economic aims, the union of these two groups for political purposes has continued with an outwardly unbroken front during the whole of this parliamentary term, and they are prepared, apparently, to carry out these same affiliations in the next parliament also, if, on the 25th of June a majority of the electorate of the province so determines.

FINDING A LEADER.

AFTER the Farmer group had agreed to take upon themselves the task of administering the affairs of the province so long as fortuitous circumstance would enable them to receive the support or forbearance of a majority of the elected members, their next task was to secure a leader. Several names were mentioned, the three outstanding ones of whom were, Sir Adam Beck, the hydro knight, and a defeated candidate of the provincial elections in the city of London; E. W. Drury, first president of the U.F.O. organization; and J. J. Morrison, its secretary. The responsibility was placed upon the shoulders of the youngest of the three, Mr. Drury, then but 41 years of age.

The announcement that Mr. Drury was chosen was received with general favor throughout the province. It was rather a strange coincidence that this event in the history of the Drury family should have occurred on the hundredth anniversary of their settlement in Canada. When we consider that Penetanguishene, the oldest urban centre in the county of Simcoe, came into existence as a military post, though a naval station preceding that, not any earlier than 1828, the coming of Richard Drury from England to Crown Hill so early as 1819, gives to their family a continuous history dating back to the earliest days of the county. Under the circumstances, then, it was not unfitting that the political events in the history of his native province, should have combined to celebrate a hundred years of devotion to the basic industry of Ontario by elevating E. W. Drury, a member of the third generation of the family, to the honored and responsible position of political leader and Prime Minister of its first Farmer government.

Although not having previously any parliamentary experience, he was not without training in public affairs. His father was Minister of Agriculture in a Liberal administration, 1888-1890. Taking into account heredity and example, his mind would be turned to the political field at an age when the world of affairs is opening itself out to the wonderment of boys. The foundations of a good education, and the mental discipline necessary to the useful display of his gifts, he received, after his public school course, in the Barrie Collegiate, after which he attended and became a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College. He early evinced a platform ability of no mean order, and was a frequent speaker at political, agricultural and religious gatherings. He was an active leader among the old Grangers, a secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and thus logically became the leading spirit in bringing about the organization of the U.F.O., which took place at a public meeting held in Toronto, March 19, 1914. He was chairman of this meeting, and after organization elected its first president. At a time when the general sentiment of the province was demanding a fair trial for the Ontario Temperance Act, his appearance upon the political arena, as a leader, with a reputation for unimpeachable moral integrity and a friend of social reform, was everywhere and by all classes, looked upon with hopeful confidence.

ARE WE TO POSSESS A FREE PARLIAMENT?

WHILE the elections of 1919 revealed the strength of the U.F.O. organization as a political force, it also laid bare some of its dangerous defects. The choice of Ernest Charles Drury as their parliamentary leader, raised at once the question, whether or not we are to possess a Free Parliament. This issue has kept springing up in one form or another during the whole of the parliamentary term, and at times threatened an open rupture between the elected Premier, and the aggressive Secretary of the U.F.O. organization, there being a marked difference between the two concerning that which the newspapers call the Premier's "broadening-out" policy. At the time of this election, the U.F.O. organization claimed to have 30,000 members. The members elected under the U.F.O. banner polled 258,090 votes, a number less than one-quarter of the 1,170,569, the total polled for all groups. If the elected members are not to be the leaders in the

shaping of the policies of the Government, but must lay aside their own independent judgment, and vote in harmony with the wishes of those who were instrumental in electing them, has not the 228,000 others, responsible for the election of the U.F.O. members, as much, and more right, to determine how they shall think and vote, as has the handful of men that comprise the U.F.O. Directorate? There cannot be such a thing as a "Free Parliament," if the members that compose it are not free. The whole cannot be greater than the sum of its parts. If these elected members are big enough to occupy the positions with which they have been entrusted, then they ought to be given untrammeled freedom in the exercise of their own judgment, and take counsel from none except those from whom they choose to ask it. In a progressive country, the platform of yesterday may be wholly inadequate for the requirements of to-morrow, and revision of policy must of necessity be constantly taking place.

A clear expression of the political aims of the U.F.O. organization was given by its secretary, Mr. Morrison, at a public meeting held at Mt. Albert on Feb. 5th, 1919.

"We are setting out to revolutionize the politics of this country."

"We will build up a strong organization, which will eventually rule this country."

All the utterances of Mr. Morrison since, and all of his actions have been rigidly consistent with this avowed aim. But in regards to Mr. Drury, by virtue of the office to which he was appointed, there was forced upon him the necessity of an enlargement of his interests bringing with it an increase in the sphere of his responsibilities. In the former days, as a Granger, a Patron of Industry, or a U.F.O., there was no necessity laid upon him of extending his interests beyond the platforms of these organizations, but as Premier of Ontario his responsibilities could not be circumscribed by these narrowed interests. He must now consider the educational welfare, not only of the rural child but that also of the children of village, town and city dwellers. He must marshal the forces that make for character building, not only in the Crown Hill Sunday School, but in every community where dwelleth the population of this province. He must work not only for dearer wheat for the farmer but also for cheaper flour for the poor laborer eking out a bare existence and living in squalid surroundings in one of the over-crowded sections of the city of Toronto. Not only must he consider the cheapest and best way to get a carload of sheep to West Toronto or a steer to Liverpool, but he must consider also how the merchant of the Manitoulin is to get his goods to the island in winter, and how the workingman of Islington is to get to his Toronto factory in the same season.

The Premier of Ontario is something more than a Director in the organization of the United Farmers. No demand is made upon him as a farmer to lessen his interest in the vocation of his choice, but as the Premier, his office demands an enlargement of his interests to include that of every other in the province. The new position to which he has been exalted is a trust that is neither irresponsible nor insignificant, and all classes of the province will watch with jealous care lest the organization that gave to the Fifteenth Parliament its leader, does not by that act ask us to surrender to them our dearly bought principle of parliamentary freedom. This new departure in political history,—the government of the province by occupational groups, elected to their place in Parliament through the influence of class organizations—is now on trial.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AT THE HELM IN THE NEW ERA OF PROGRESS FOR MORAL AND SOCIAL REFORM USHERED IN BY THE 1919 REFERENDUM.

THAT Mr. Drury has a clear vision of this Greater Responsibility, and is seeking to measure up to it, seems evident. "There is room in Ontario," he said at St. Thomas, Jan. 4th, 1921, "for the growth of a new political movement, but it must not be confined to any class, or classes." Similar sentiments, even more strongly expressed, were pronounced by him on other occasions.

HON. W. E. RANEY.

Apart from choice, the necessity was laid upon him to "broaden out" in the very first undertaking imposed upon him as leader—the creation of a cabinet. No provision had been made by the Farmer platform for the election of a lawyer. Government could not be carried on without one. He could fill the office of Attorney-General only by going outside of the two groups that elected him as their leader. There were clever and experienced lawyers among the elected members of the House, and it was thought at one time that J. W. Curry, Toronto, might be offered the portfolio, but for reasons best known to himself, the Premier went outside of the House and invited Mr. W. E. Raney, Toronto, to accept the office.

Mr. Drury, himself standing "unequivocally for prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of

intoxicating liquors," could not have made a better choice as far as Prohibition Enforcement and Moral and Social Reform interests are concerned. A Referendum on the Temperance question had been submitted to the Electorate on the same date as the Parliamentary elections, which resulted in the sustaining of the Ontario Temperance Act (1916), but favoring its amendment so as to permit the sale of light beer in standard hotels, and the sale of light beer, spiritous and malt liquors through Government agencies. The will of the people as indicated by this vote, would have to be now embodied in legal enactments; Government agencies for the sale of these liquors established, and the enforcement of the Act so as to obtain practical prohibition, rigidly undertaken. This would necessitate an Attorney-General friendly to Moral and Social reform.

Mr. Raney is a Canadian, a descendant of Huguenot and U.E.L. families, the son of a lumberman and farmer of Stormont county, Ontario, where he was born in the year 1861. He received his secondary education at St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, and spent six years in newspaper work before taking up law. Besides a long term of service in behalf of Temperance as the legal adviser of the Dominion Alliance, he is the author of many forceful articles on Prohibition and Race-Track gambling, and his pamphlets on these subjects did yeoman service in arousing the attention of the public towards the baneful effect of these and other kindred social evils. He was, therefore, no stranger before his appointment to the issues that were to occupy so large a place in the discussions of the Legislature during his tenure of office. In religion, he is a Presbyterian; in politics, he was a Liberal.

The enforcement of the amended Ontario Temperance Act of 1914 was transferred to his Department from that of the Secretary's, and he faced this difficult problem with his usual judgment and courage. He sought to lessen race-track gambling by the levy of a heavy tax on gate receipts, which brought down upon him adverse criticism from his own household, which they adjudged as a temporizing measure, and made the province a partner with the gambler in extorting blood-money from the widowed hearts of the wives and children of their victims.

During this last session of Parliament, his face was set in the direction of the "Company Promoter," and the daring "profiteer," those adventurers in high finance, who stop not at any oppression if only the helpless and inexperienced will supply them with gain. The United States is said by one writer to be the greatest gambling pit in the world. We live next door to the United States. There are "financiers" and there are "gamblers", but the line where one ends and the other begins, legislation has not yet clearly defined. There is needed a Blue Sky Law, but Mr. Raney laid down the wand of office before any remedial legislation was enacted. Taking up public life for the first time with the beginning of this Parliament, he announced his retirement from the U.F.O. Government at its close. On the occasion of this announcement, the Toronto Globe of March 7, 1923, had this to say of him,—

"Mr. Raney has been the only lawyer in the U.F.O.-Labor ranks, and has had to carry a burden greater than one man should be required to bear. He has been the guiding hand in the House and in the business of shaping legislation. In addition he has had to meet the brunt of the unceasing bitter attacks on the Ontario Temperance Act. Impartial judges will say that he repelled these assaults successfully and has endeavored to provide for an honest and fearless enforcement of the law. He had to contend from the first with considerable personal prejudice aroused, even before he entered politics, by his activities against the liquor traffic and against the interests which had a financial stake in the betting business. This prejudice has persisted and has increased his difficulties. He has neither the desire nor the art of conciliating opponents."

"The Conservative and Liberal groups in the present, or late, House contained a number of experienced lawyers, with the result that, despite Mr. Raney's ability and enormous industry, the Administration was at a disadvantage. How indispensable Mr. Raney was to the Cabinet was shown during the period of his illness, when much of the legislative machinery came to a standstill because there was no one to fill his place. His withdrawal is a blow to the Government which distinctly lessens its chances of success."

But Mr. Raney re-considered his announced decision, and after a few weeks holidays accepted the U.F.O. nomination, and will run as a parliamentary candidate in the forthcoming elections in the constituency of East Wellington, which he represented in the last parliament.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC CONTROVERSY.

NEXT to Prohibition Enforcement, Public Ownership constituted the issue most prominently before the Legislature in the various sessions of this Parliament. Under the latter, the hydro-electric enterprises of the Power Commission, of which Sir Adam Beck is chairman, became the chief subject of controversy.

Development of electric energy was first of all a private enterprise, Pellatt, MacKenzie and Nicholls, being the pioneers in this field of industry. This enterprise continued under the name of the Toronto Power Company until December 5, 1920, when all their property, including the greater part of their Radial Railway interests, passed into the hands of the province's Power Commission, at a purchase price of $32,734,000, creating themselves thereby practically sole distributors of electric energy for the province of Ontario.

Although this public ownership enterprise was organized as early as 1902, it was not until May 4, 1908, that the first contract for the supply of electric energy was signed by the municipalities interested. In this year twelve—Toronto, London, Guelph, Stratford, Woodstock, and Kitchener, and the towns of Hespeler, Preston, Waterloo, New Hamburg, and Ingersoll—entered into a 30-year contract for supply of electric energy from the Power Commission. It was five years after this when they received their first supply, so that it took eleven years to overcome the handicaps and realize the initial achievement of their aims. But more than twenty-five times that number are now contracting for electric energy, and the work

of the Commission has so far given entire satisfaction to the municipalities.

But it is not what they have done, but what they propose to do, that their opponents fear and criticize. The Power Commission which has control of this monopoly in the generation and distribution of electric energy is a creation of the provincial government. It is made up of three members, appointed by the Government, one of which must be a Minister of the Crown. During the life of this Parliament, the personnel of the Commission consisted of Sir Adam Beck, chairman, I. B. Lucas, K.C., and Lieutenant-Colonel, the Hon. D. Carmichael, until July 26, 1920, when F. R. Miller of Toronto replaced Mr. Lucas as a member of the Commission.

On this Commission were conferred far-reaching powers, extended and modified, of course, from time to time, which gave them authority to acquire property, including water-falls and water privileges, by expropriation if necessary, issue securities to raise funds, enter into contract for sale of energy, and many similar powers, including even the construction and operation of radial railways. It was the attempt to exercise this latter power to such an extent as to involve eventually the expenditure of millions of dollars that filled the supporters of the Government with fear for the outcome, and caused them to demand prudence in their execution.

At Oshawa, on October 9, 1920, Sir Adam Beck intimated somewhat the extent of their aims in reference to their radial railway projects. "Toronto is going to have the finest radial system of any city of the continent if we have the courage to carry out our plans. We want a system of railways municipally-owned that will make you independent of the steam roads. Our system will not be under Government ownership, but public ownership, and, unlike some other systems, there will be no politics connected with it. We have our eye on greater projects still; I mean the St. Lawrence River, and if we have our own way we will build a dam which will regulate the level of Lake Ontario. We are going to make the head of the lakes the head of navigation and will have a showdown with Montreal. When our plans are completed, we will be able to supply power to run all the railways in Ontario, and to develop two million horse-power."

The two projects must be kept distinctly apart, in our minds, if we would understand aright the grounds of controversy between the two contending parties—the Ontario Municipal Electric Association on the one side and the U.F.O. Government on the other. One might support to the limit the undertakings of the Power Commission in the harnessing of all available water-powers for the development of electric energy, if there is a waiting market for their product, and a financial assistance forthcoming which does not divert too much capital away from other equally necessary enterprises, and yet absolutely refuse to follow them in their radial railway policies.

The potential electric energy of the province is estimated at about six million (5,800,000) horse-power. The immediate aim of Sir Adam Beck is to construct an equipment capable of producing two and a half million horse-power, an equivalent to the possession of a coal mine producing one hundred million tons of coal annually. This would be available for domestic use, industries and the operation of radial railways.

The U.F.O. organization early evinced a critical attitude towards the hydro projects of the Power Commission. This was due in some measure to the fact that farmers far away from the generating plants could not obtain any benefit from the project. Distribution is the one item that increases the cost to the consumer, which varies from $11.00 to $85.00 or more

Sir Adam Beck

Since 1902 he has devotod himself with untiring energy to Hydro Electric Power developement making it an efficient Public utility for the Province of Ontario.

per horse-power, according to the distance the consumer lives from the source of supply. While there has been a saving to the consumers in the Niagara zone of over five million dollars in the use of electric energy instead of coal, no such saving could be made by those far distant. In order that there should be an equality of costs to the consumers throughout the whole province, a suggestion was made that the Government should extinguish the rights of the municipalities as producers and distributors, and re-arrange the rates so that the townships should obtain power at lower prices, while the larger communities should pay high prices.

So early as March 3, 1920, Premier Drury requested G. T. Clarkson, Toronto, to audit the Commission's accounts, report on the state of its affairs, and ascertain the amount of money that would be required in the next two years to construct and complete its undertakings. This at once raised a fundamental question, which has not yet been satisfactorily answered, —To whom has the Commission the right to give an account of its stewardship? Who has the right to review their acts, give permission for extensions, and demand curtailment of operations when these become prudent? The responsible body behind the Enterprise, is it the province, or the interested municipalities, of which the Power Commission is their Executive Head?

It was contended that such interference on the part of the Government was unwarranted, that the municipalities have a sufficient safeguard by the method of procedure required in case of new undertakings—the

municipality taking the initiative, makes application to the Commission, who, on approval, appoint competent engineers to make an estimate of the cost, after which it is submitted to the ratepayers for their approval under two By-laws, one to authorize the Council to contract for power, and the second to authorize the selling of bonds to cover the expenditure required within the limits of the municipality.

Who then is the responsible body behind the enterprise? The truth of the matter, perhaps, is, that a peculiar form of partnership between the municipalities and the province was set up by the "Power Commission Act of 1907," and subsequent regulations, in which the relationship of each to the other has not been too clearly defined, so that the friction and controversy which was such an outstanding feature of the Fifteenth Parliament, is an inevitable consequence. The organization of associated municipalities is demanding the dissolution of this partnership, if partnership exists, and that they alone shall be the responsible body behind the enterprise. There are others who demand that the province shall take possession, conduct the enterprise as a part of the Government, and appoint a Minister of Power who shall have executive power similar or superior to that now conferred on Sir Adam Beck, the chairman of the Power Commission. On the other hand there are those who contend that to take from out of the hands of an independent commission, an enterprise whose only aim now is cheapness of rates to the consumer, and put it into the hand of politicians and make it a perennial source of contention between rival political parties or groups, would be to destroy its efficiency and its usefulness as a public in contrast to a private enterprise.

In the meantime, this question is a paramount one in the political arena. This first move on the part of the U.F.O. Government was soon followed by another, the appointment of a Commission of five, July 15, 1920, with Justice Sutherland as Chairman to look into "the whole matter of radial railways." And still later this was followed by the Lethbridge Commission, who reported to the house, June 26, 1921, suggesting a tax for provincial revenue of $2.00 for every horse-power generated, with an additional tax on their property holdings. This would swell the provincial revenues to the extent of $2,000,000 annually at the present stage of development, and $5,000,000, on the achievement of their immediate aims, with a half-million more annually from the tax on their property holdings, this enormous sum not to go into the general revenues, but recommended to be ear-marked "to assist and encourage agricultural districts."

Discussions and enquiry by Commission is still going on. The complexity of the question is further increased by the entrance of the Dominion into the same field by the acquisition of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk railways, and operated as public utilities, with their programme for radial railways, many of which will parallel the lines projected by the Power Commission. There is a growing feeling outside of the Legislature, that the radial railways should be constructed and operated by an entirely different Commission, one which would stand in relation to the Power Commission only as a customer, and enjoying no privileges inimical to the interests of any of their other customers.

Shall the hydro-electric enterprises now operated as public utilities be provincially-owned, or municipally-owned is an issue that the Sixteenth Parliament will have to face, whether or not they find a satisfactory solution to it.

THE HANDLING OF THE PROVINCE'S FINANCES.

WHEN a new administration takes hold of the reins of government, it finds, in the matter of expenditures, a pace already set for it, a standard set up by preceding parliaments which must be maintained, unless it can show just cause, and receive a popular mandate for retrenchment—a liability created by one parliament, the discharging of it the task of another. When the preceding administration gave up office, the standard of ordinary expenditures was set at 21 million dollars ($21,464,575). When this parliament was prorogued, that standard was increased to 37 millions ($37,442,985).

Inevitably increase of service must mean an increase of expenditures. An administration can go

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT SHOWING INCREASE OF ORDINARY EXPENDITURES, 1920-1922.

	1920	1921	1922
Civil Government	$1,421,868.17	$1,698,332.36	$1,883,821.52
Legislation	333,936.17	370,755.86	435,711.2
Administration of Justice	795,993.65	1,058,791.87	1,515,460.80
Education	5,568,146.55	6,694,995.54	9,855,285.10
Public Institutions	3,399,021.82	3,763,339.48	3,640,282.89
Agriculture	99,830.80	1,253,043.42	1,482,563.14
Colonization and Immigration	99,830.80	116,895.00	111,961.35
Hospitals and Charities	743,661.78	951,502.60	1,300,718.59
Maintenance and Repairs of Government Buildings	402,279.89	491,209.39	530,842.27
Public Buildings	1,057,784.55	1,487,922.46	1,583,549.21
Public Works	311,795.10	337,157.20	675,786.56
Department of Labour and Health	405,364.63	1,283,417.38	2,180,144.78
Colonization Roads	451,808.59	506,180.80	671,184.48
Highways Department	378,144.38	151,834.39	135,730.64
Game and Fisheries	429,593.07	425,274.70	321,397.97
Attorney-General's Department, Miscellaneous	.....	520,486.57	31,262.91
Treasury Department, Miscellaneous	397,600.83	341,772.29	510,257.70
Provincial Secretary's Department, Miscellaneous	331,347.69	220,983.36	103,601.94
Lands and Forests	1,104,202.31	1,373,462.40	1,571,432.82
Department of Mines	218,641.45	165,611.94	173,114.67
Refund Account	136,817.14	201,620.54	194,499.79
Miscellaneous Expenditure	145,658.63	89,703.73	76,495.42
Hydro-Electric Power Commission	237,000.00	275,068.86	230,000.00
T. & N.O. Railway	.....	.....	2,054,182.82

forward only in so far as its revenues will permit it. This province went into the development of hydro-electric energy for the benefit of its industries, its transportation and the comforts of its people. It also went into the building of railways—the T.N.O. with an ultimate terminus at a James Bay port. Still further, it went into the building of highways suited for automobile traffic, and trunk roads for tourist traffic. These are enterprises to which the province has committed itself, to go back upon which it has neither intention or desire. It only asks that they be efficiently administered. Although the U.F.O organization inveighed against provincial highways when they went into politics, yet when their representatives came down to administer affairs at Queen's Park, they found that the hands of the province had been "put to the plough," and there was no choice other than to continue walking in the furrow already marked out for them.

These three enterprises entail enormous expenditures, but they are all revenue-producing investments, except the third which is so only indirectly, a license being granted on payment of a fee by automobile owners, this revenue understood as ear-marked for the construction and maintenance of highways at standard efficiency.

Again, there have been standards of expenditures set for undertakings, which, as regards revenue, are non-producing. In the matter of education, there are grants to rural Public schools, to High schools and Collegiates, and to Universities. These are institutions that have become a part of the social life of the people. So also, the support of hospitals, asylums, prisons, children's shelters, etc. There may be improvements and developments along these lines to make them more efficient, but there cannot well be retrenchment. Administration of these should be economical but dare not be penurious. We are not living in the Stone Age.

The only limit to advance and progress is the ability to produce the revenue, and the willingness of the people to set it apart for one instead of another requirement. The total revenue obtainable for non-revenue-producing undertakings cannot go beyond a certain sum without resulting in oppression and ultimate bankruptcy. In revenue-producing enterprises expenditures on these may continue in safety up to, but not beyond, their self-sustaining mark. The annual revenues of Ontario are not equal to our yearly expenditures. We have a provincial debt, and every year we are adding something more to it.

We have already piled up a debt of 240 million dollars. Of this debt, $97,572,000 was contracted by former administrations, and $143,900,000 by this. Of this debt, 152 millions of it has been spent on revenue-pro-

HON. PETER SMITH, Provincial Treasurer.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

SHOWING INCREASE OF REVENUES, 1920-1922.

	1920	1921	1922
Subsidy	$2,936,378.88	$2,936,378.88	$2,765,729.08
Interest on Common School Funds held by the Dominion	73,780.88	73,895.20	73,737.49
Interest on Investments	258,264.46	827,539.74	886,035.55
Lands and Forests Department, O. & C.	2,911,047.13	4,035,747.94	4,439,340.03
Mines Department	1,117,499.55	501,969.27	570,219.15
Public Institutions	329,166.14	.....	.....
Education Department	329,166.14	481,429.88	594,855.06
Provincial Secretary's Department	2,471,495.89	2,530,951.57	1,540,940.51
Motor Vehicles Licenses	1,990,833.38	2,945,360.36	3,477,430.13
Agriculture	263,623.24	303,330.85	312,711.42
Casual Revenue	2,966,837.97	2,071,300.50	2,095,809.46
Insurance Department	110,778.43	136,508.69	128,944.51
The Amusement Tax Act	.....	.....	.....
Succession Duties	4,014,468.31	4,821,810.93	6,523,245.21
Corporation Tax Act	3,008,553.33	3,099,469.68	5,641,357.12
The Ontario Temperance Act	.....	1,730,242.14	.....
Law Stamps	257,232.45	292,607.85	318,434.75
Game and Fisheries	819,765.71	871,030.59	762,345.04
Labour and Health	123,549.10	126,263.61	136,836.71
Mother's Allowance Revenue	.....	281,937.28	632,486.65
Land Transfer Tax	.....	162,506.70	521,115.48
Miscellaneous Items	619.11	.....	.....
Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Interest, etc	2,767,263.07	4,463,345.38	5,866,983.86
Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, from earnings	100,000.00	200,000.00	600,000.00
Public Highways	.....	.....	2,899,979.99

ducing enterprises, and 64 millions on non-producing enterprises. The following statement, published by the Treasurer, indicates in round numbers the various undertakings upon which this money was expended

Hydro-Electric Power Commission	$71,400,000.00
T. & N. O. Railway	3,300,000.00
Highways	36,900,000.00
Northern Ontario Development	3,700,000.00
Public Buildings	3,800,000.00
Colonization Roads	1,000,000.00
Lands and Forests : Forest Ranging, Fire Ranging, Surveys, Reforestation, Clearing Townsites, etc	1,400,000.00
Capital Expenditure on Public Works	800,000.00
Purchase of Bonds and Stock (Succession Duty Free) for Sinking Fund purposes	6,670,000.00
Housing Loans to Municipalities	6,250,000.00

But in addition to this increased indebtedness, our ordinary expenditures are every year mounting higher Has there been a corresponding increase in revenue?

We attach a statement of revenues and expenditures for the three years preceding October 31, 1922 These figures will not convey very much information to the general reader, as each item would have to be examined in detail before one were qualified to award either praise or blame. A superficial glance, however, will show that our expenditures for non-revenue-producing requirements have been growing at a rapid rate, that much of it is permanent and will be a liability on the province for all time to come. It will be seen also that while the receipts have been growing in near ratio to the expenditures, much of these are of a temporary character and other sources of revenue will have to be devised. The revenues obtained from the profits in the sale of liquors in Government wineshops and from race-track gambling, we hope to see a decreasing quantity, eventually passing out altogether. The revenue to be derived from the death of rich men is dependent upon how many die, and how rich when dead, a meagre source of revenue in one administration, a fat one in another. The time is not far distant when much of the revenue from timber will have to be spent in the protection of our present forests, and in re-afforestation, the development of new ones. The revenues from gold and silver and other minerals will depend on the extent and development of our mineral resources. Signs are not wanting that the policy of "Muddling along" in regard to the province's finances is nearing its end.

A TIMBER ENQUIRY REVEALS A SCANDALOUS EXPLOITATION OF THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

INCREASING expenditures necessitated looking into all the sources of revenue where increase might be deemed possible, and it was discovered that Ontario's revenues from its forests showed up in an unfavorable light when compared with that of other provinces. The Premier complained that Ontario was getting no greater revenue from this source than was New Brunswick, which did not possess more than one-tenth of our timber resources. Hence, he deemed an enquiry necessary. A commission was appointed, consisting of Judges Riddell and Latchford, March, 1920, which held courts of enquiry at many places and examined innumerable witnesses, including both the Premier and the Minister of Forests of the preceding administration. The report of this commission makes anything but pleasant reading for those who believe that our natural wealth ought not to be exploited for the benefit of unscrupulous foreign capital. The first report, dated July 11, 1920, stated:

"That W. H. Russell, Port Arthur, and his associates, had obtained wrongfully large quantities of pulpwood, totalling, in 1913-1919, 79,350 cords and had also for many years trespassed on Government lands."

In November they further reported that **The Shevlin-Clarke Lumber Co. returned 294,181,714 feet, whereas the total amount handled by the mills was 649,946,017 feet, and that the returns made by Government cullers and the Company's servants "contain a great mass of perjury and forgery."**

As a result of the findings of this commission, certain permits were cancelled and proceedings were at once instituted to recover some of these losses, with the result that over a million and a half dollars were recovered from companies that came under the scope of their enquiry.

Thus we find reproduced in our own province a condition parallel to that of Cloverland, Michigan about ten years ago, when a sale of a holding of timber land was made on an estimate that it contained 135 million feet of timber, while in actual fact there has been cut, or will be, 285 million, or more than double the amount figured as the basis of sale.

HON. BENIAH BOWMAN,
Minister of Lands and Forests, whose Department shows an increase of revenues from $2,911,047 in 1920 to $4,439,340 in 1922.

Charges were made that the motive behind this enquiry on the part of the Government was political, but any political capital that might accrue was lost by the activity of the opposition in their criticism of the terms of what are known as the "Bacchus deal," the sale of large concessions in timber and water power in north-western Ontario to an American capitalist giving him the practical monopoly of the timber trade in that district for a number of years, all of which goes to show that, if the public domain is to be saved from exploitation, honesty of aim on the part of our public servants must be backed by efficiency of administration.

REMEDIAL LEGISLATION FOR THE BETTERMENT OF SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

A reviewer of the province's political history for the past four years has said, "It has been an era of neither progress nor reform, but an era of discontent—a discontent which found expression in a plethora of political parties, all aspiring to power, but none of them with a statesmanship equal to the opportunities which the day and hour supplieth to this great and growing province, as the world passeth in a transition state from the wastefulness of war to a prosperity in peace."

This is a strong statement, but exception might be taken to it in the matter of one item of legislation at least—The Mothers' Allowance Act—which stands to the credit of this fifteenth parliament of Ontario. The writer recollects an instance that impressed itself forcibly upon his memory. A young mother emerged from a Muskoka woods at the dusk of evening, and started in the direction of the tourists' cottages on the lake. She carried in her arms a little babe less than a year old, while three others, all under seven years of age, trudged wearily by her side. She had been in the woods, picking wild raspberries, to make for herself and them a living, and carried a small pail of them, and was now on her way to sell them to the nearest tourist cottage that would purchase. Swinging from her arm was a lantern, with which she hoped to light herself and children back through the woods to her house, a little log shanty three miles away, which she designated home. Her husband, recently killed, had made no provision for the future of his wife and children, either by insurance, possession of money or property, as a bare existence was all that the wages derived from a spasmodic service in a lumber mill could provide them. At that time conscript war service was being forced on the willing and unwilling manhood of Canada. It occurred to me then, that, if the State had a claim on these children when they were grown to manhood, then the State ought to go out with the mother into the woods and pick wild raspberries for them when they were children. The appeal of humanity which such instances as these express has received a sympathetic answer in the Mothers' Allowance Act of 1920.

This Act provides for an allowance of $35 to a mother with two children, being a widow in need, or one similarly circumstanced, the two children being under 14 years of age. An allowance of $40 a month is made when there are three children, and $55 when there are four or more. These moneys are administered, and the right of a family to participate in them is adjudged by a central board, made up of three men and two women, and by local boards appointed by the central one.

Closely allied to this, and belonging to the same class of legislation, was the establishment of a Minimum Wage Board. Following the precedent set by five other of the provinces of Canada, this Board was set up in 1920, to fix and adjust, from time to time the minimum wages and the hours and conditions of labor for women and girls in Ontario, a Board which has already done commendable service along the lines appointed it.

An Act, increasing protection for the children of unmarried parents, causing the father to take a greater share in this responsibility, was a step in the right direction, where much remains yet to be done.

From the painting by Miss Flora Lion.

MOTHERHOOD.

"The appeal of humanity for the widowed mother in need."

OPPOSITION FORBEARANCE AND SUPPORT.

That the Farmer-Labor Alliance were able to direct the affairs of the Province and get their legislation through the House, during the three sessions of their Parliamentary term, was due to the forbearance and support received from the Opposition. There was displayed the spirit of true sport not to take too great an advantage of their inexperience, rather to lend helpful aid on occasions when attack would mean chaos. What would have been the effect had this forbearance and support been witheld was clearly seen in the events of the last few weeks in the Legislature's sittings, when an attack was made on the legislative programme, centering its force upon the Redistribution Bill, overdue since the completion of the Dominion census returns. Obstructionist tactics, unparalleled in the history of provincial legislation, was met by the Administration throwing up its hands, with an appeal to the country. That these tactics were so successful is indisputable testimony that stable government was maintained by the withholding of concentrated attack of the power undoubtedly possessed by the opposing groups of the Legislature.

The first instance of Opposition support came with the making of the appointment to the office of Speaker of Hon. Nelson Parliament, a Liberal, and thus gave the governing groups a majority of one. Mr. Parlia-

ment is a Canadian, honored by an ancestry of United Empire Loyalists, a farmer by occupation, and therefore able to fittingly preside over the deliberations of a Farmer Government. A Methodist in religion, he is also a strong supporter of moral and social reform. He has already the representation of two Parliaments to his credit, having been first elected in 1914, and again in 1919, and is now seeking a third term, the U.F.O. recognizing the services rendered by him to their government by the withdrawal of their candidate from Prince Edward County, in which constituency he is seeking re-election.

The Leader of the Liberal Opposition was in the beginning of the Parliamentary term Mr. H. H. Dewart, the member for South-West Toronto, Seat A. Mr. Dewart is a barrister, the son of a well-known Methodist minister, Rev. Dr. Dewart, for many years editor of The Christian Guardian. He has achieved distinction in his profession and has ability above the average. He relinquished the position of Leader in the early days of the Parliament, but gave his party able support and the Government keen criticism, and to the Province fidelity of attendance to his Parliamentary duties during every session of the sittings of this Fifteenth Parliament.

Mr. Wellington Hay was elected by his fellow-members to the leadership of his party—a successful manufacturer and merchant of Listowel, Perth County, which constituency he has represented since 1914. There he was born in 1864, of Scotch parents, and has added much to the growth and prosperity of his native town, for which services he was elected its first citizen during the years 1903-4. He has a reputation for being able in business and a consistent advocate and supporter of moral and social reform, and, like the other leaders, is now awaiting the verdict of the electorate, on June 25, as to what shall be required of him and his party in reference to the affairs of the Province during the next Parliamentary term.

The leader of the Conservative Opposition is Mr. Howard Ferguson, who was a member of the Cabinet in the previous administration, as the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines. In a sense, Mr. Ferguson is a Parliamentarian born, not made. His father, Dr. Charles F. Ferguson, of Kemptville, Ontario, where he was born, represented North Leeds and Grenville in the Federal Parliament from 1873 to 1896, when he voluntarily relinquished it. Apart from the training received in such an environment, he received a thorough education, passing through and graduating from Toronto University and Osgoode Hall, graduating from the latter as barrister in 1894. He is a fluent speaker, clear thinker, amiable and versatile. His father was Scotch, his mother Irish, and in his Church relationship he is English. All his talents he is now using to good advantage for his party which elected him its leader after the defeat of Premier Hearst in his own constituency and his government in the Province, 1919. Mr. Ferguson has represented his constituency continuously since 1905.

"JUNE BLOSSOMS"

The Early Beginnings of Little Current

By T. J. PATTEN, O.L.S.

A Resident of Little Current, since 1870.

IN 1865 my brother-in-law, George B. Abrey, Dominion Land Surveyor, came to the Manitoulin to survey townships for the Indian Department. He came in a small schooner with his party from Hamilton, and the passage occupied about six weeks. My sister, Mrs. Abrey, and her two little girls, one is Mrs. Stuart Jenkins of McGregor Bay, followed the next year and wintered at Little Current in the small log house which is shown in the corner of the stockade on the side of the hill, to the left, in the picture. Shortly after, they bought the dwelling which had been built by the Hudson's Bay Company, and lived in it until they removed to Toronto in 1882. Mr. C. L. D. Sims a few years ago bought the property and remodelled the dwelling. A portion of the old dwelling is shown behind the large store in the centre of the picture.

The writer came to Little Current in 1870 to live with the Abreys. At that time there were only about five or six white families in the village, and a few Indians. Humphrey May, the first white child born on the Manitoulin and still living here, hale and hearty, had been settled here a few years, also William McKenzie, whose father, Donald McKenzie, was lightkeeper for many years. George P. Burkitt, Donald McKenzie's son-in-law, had kept a store. He was later Captain of the Waubuno, on which he was lost, with all hands, in November, 1879. Capt. Burkitt's father, was some years previous to 1870 in charge of the Anglican Church Mission here. The late Rev. J. W. Sims had been in charge of the Anglican Mission of Sheguiandah.

Little Current in 1870. Birdseye view.

BUILDINGS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

Geo. Obetosseway's stockade. Small log dwelling in corner. Over it, up the hill, is Zac-quib-a-nis' house. Anglican church, log, with belfry, on top of hill. Muggrah's house, on top of hill. Bryan Mackie's store, at foot of hill. G. B. Abrey's and Bryan Mackie's wharves and storehouses. Bryan Mackie's hotel, the small log building close to the right side of Manitowaning Road. G. B. Abrey's store. His residence is partly hidden by the store, and was built by the Hudson's Bay Co. Mr. C. L. D. Sims rebuilt the house, and occupies it now. Chief Columbus' log dwelling. Dr. Carruthers' residence is about on the site of it. William Griffith's dwelling, with the big stone chimney. The small creek, known as the Gully, is shown at the left of Griffith's dwelling. Esh-ke-ma's log house. Geo. Burkitt lived in this house in 1870. Log dwelling built by Humphrey May, used for Methodist parsonage later. Frame store built by Geo. Burkitt, and used later as Methodist Church. Under these are the Lighthouse and the light-keeper's dwelling. Storehouse on wharf, owned by Manchester (alias Smiley). David Miller's dwelling, on the hill. (It is now the rear portion of John Dawson's dwelling.) Miller's store and wharf are below it. To the right of David Miller's dwelling, on the hill, hardly perceptible, is his father's small stone cabin. At the extreme right, the filling-in to Knockerville, or Lighthouse Island, does not appear. The fill was made after 1880.

William Griffiths, Mrs. William McKenzie's father, kept a hotel. Bryan Mackie, Mrs. Brydon's father, also kept hotel, and David Miller, J.P., kept a general store, and had a shop license to sell liquor. Mr. Abrey had completed the surveys allotted to him, and had bought a general store which included a shop license. The late Warren R. Abrey, Registrar, was subsequently a partner, and were known as Abrey Bros. Quite a contrast to present conditions under the Canada Temperance Act which has been in force on the Manitoulin since 1913.

Mrs. Hill had lately arrived, a bride. Her husband, the late Rev. Rowland Hill, B.A., was in charge of this mission (Anglican). The old log church of the mission is shown on the hill, to the left, in the picture.

There were a few settlers in the adjoining townships. The land had only recently been in the market for sale. The surrounding country was mostly dreary and uninviting owing to the terrible fires which swept over the island.

As in all new settlements law and order was disregarded somewhat. As an instance, the first school section on the island had just been organized, and a Mr. Tom Reid was engaged to teach. Tom was a character, of the good-hearted, jovial rollicking type, and had served in the Confederate army. Like a certain writer's definition of a boarding house landlady, he was equal to anything. He boarded at the Mackie hostelry. In addition to his hotel business, Mackie, who was also a school trustee, had built a small saloon on the steamboat dock, thinking of course to

better serve the travelling public and enhance his income as well. When the steamboat whistle blew, Tom would immediately dismiss school and go down to the wharf and tend bar, and sometimes did not return to school that day. Of course those conditions did not endure for long. The saloon building was moved to the south side of Campbell Street, near Mrs. Maltas' dwelling, where it stood until recently, and was known to old timers as the "Bummer's Roost."

During church service also, when the steamboat whistle blew, it was customary for the congregation to rush down to the wharf without waiting for any benediction.

The first colonization road on the island, from Little Current to Manitowaning, had been recently built. It is now known as the old road. The new, or lower road, is the one which is nearer to the lake shore and goes through the Ten Mile Point settlement.

A Dog team starting with the mail. Mr. I. Turner, Postmaster, in the doorway.

In winter the mails came from Penetanguishene, and later from Parry Sound, also from the Sault, and were exchanged here. In spring and fall it was not unusual for them to be as much as two or three weeks overdue, particularly the one from Penetanguishene. One from there never came. One courier and the dogs and mail drifted on loose ice into Georgian Bay and were never seen again.

After the Sault Ste. Marie branch was built to Algoma village, in 1882-83, our mail in winter came by Sudbury. For some time the Sault line railway was abandoned, and the couriers travelled all the way on the track with dog teams or horses. One winter William Smith and John Jeffrey carried the mail the round trip, about 160 miles, for $8 each and boarded themselves and dogs.

Two dollars per trip was paid for carrying the mail from Little Current to Manitowaning, and return, in the winter. It occupied from one and a half to two days. Usually some farmer's boy anxious to earn a little spending money, and thinking himself very lucky to get it, would make the trip with a dog and carry his own grub.

Snowshoeing those days was a part of every day life. Young people, girls too, wishing to attend a dance at Manitowaning, have been known to snowshoe from here, 22 miles, dance all night and return the next day. An Indian couple from Spanish River, 24 miles west of here, wishing to get married, walked all the way here where they expected to find the minister. The minister was at Sheguiandah, so they walked on to there, six miles, got married and started out for Spanish River the next day.

There was splendid steamboat service those days. The Chicora, Cumberland, Algoma and Frances Smith, fine big side wheelers, ran from Collingwood to Duluth, and called here. The Waubuno also ran weekly to the Sault.

The municipality of Howland, which included Little Current, was formed about 1873. The late James Burnet, of the town line of Howland, was the first reeve. G. B. Abrey succeeded him and held the position for some years.

Little Current was incorporated as a town in 1890. Thomas C. Sims, Esq., was the first mayor.

In 1885, the late Charles Anderson, of Anten Mills, near Barrie, built the first big saw-mill in Little Current. The smaller mill, which had been built by John Amos, (or perhaps only operated by him) in about 1874, had been burned and rebuilt and changed ownership until torn down by Mr. Norman Trotter a few years ago.

Shortly after 1885, Messrs. J. and T. Conlon, of Thorold, built the big saw-mill on Picnic Island, which adjoins the town. At about the same time William Potter, of Tottenham, built a big saw-mill on Lighthouse Island, now known as Knockerville, a small suburb. This mill ran a few years, and was burned.

Charles Anderson, after disposing of the big mill referred to, bought a small grist-mill (it had only one run of stones), from W. S. Gibbon and Angus Herriman, and engaged Mr. Hedley Shaw as miller. Hedley Shaw moved to Toronto and became very prominent in the Maple Leaf Milling Company. He died recently, a millionaire. While in Little Current he built the house now occupied by Ira Pearson.

At the present time the Hope Lumber Co. is building an immense saw-mill on the site of the one built by Mr. Anderson in 1885. Their logs will come by railway from the height of land country to the north of Sudbury.

About 1889, the late A. P. Kilganan, C.E., superintendent of the deepening of the channel at Little Current, obtained a charter for the construction of the Manitoulin and North Shore Railway, to connect Little Current with the C.P.R. at about where Espanola is to-day. It was not until 1913 that the railway was completed, and now runs direct to Sudbury under the new name of the Algoma Eastern Railway.

When Mr. Kilganan approached the Dominion Government for a grant towards the construction of the road he was asked how he intended to build a railway to an island out in Lake Huron. He failed to satisfy the committee as to its feasibility, but was told that if he would submit a plan and profile of survey by a competent engineer they would consider the matter of a grant. Accordingly, Mr. Kilganan had a route surveyed, at great expense, and obtained the grant. The widest channel is at Little Current, about 600 feet, over which has been built an enormous swing bridge.

Mr. Kilganan built a telegraph line from the C.P.R. to Little Current in 1892, and extended it as a telephone system to the greater part of the Manitoulin.

A waggon road is now being built, by the Ontario Government, from the Great Northern Colonization road which will connect the Manitoulin, at Little Current, with, we might say, the rest of North America for motor car travel. There are magnificent motor car roads all over the Manitoulin Island, thanks to a considerate government, and it is fast becoming a great resort for motorists.

T. J. PATTEN.

Little Current, Ont.,
March 14, 1923.

The Sawmill of J. and T. Conlon, Picnic Island, Little Current, 1904.

DE MAN FROM MANI-TOO-LIN

By Frank Conlon, Thorold, Ont., Jan. 5, 1904.

(With apolo gies to Dr. Drummond.)

JIM MAY, of Little Current, Manitoulin, was the first white man born on the Island. He has been for over thirty years, and is still carrying the mail between the Manitoulin and the North Shore. Mr. May is probably the best-known character in Algoma."—Frank Conlon.

DEY was hear plaintee talk on de crook politique,
Dey say she's some feller, Bob Gamey, I tin'k,
And de Man from de Mani-too-lin;
To me dat's very strange t'ing,
For it's t'irty year now on de lumber shantee,
Way off on de Ver-meel-yin;
W'ere de boy dey all say, w'en he's comin', Jeem May,
Here's de Man from de Mani-too-lin.

Many year ago w'en de Mani-too-lin
She's not known on dis contree,
An' Injun sauvage was leev heem dere,
So long tam I don't know me:
Wall, wan day dere's arrive on dat beeg Speerit Isle,
De firs' w'ite man's ever born dere,
Dey was call heem Jeem May, an' to dis very day,
He's de man from de Mani-too-lin.

Dat Leetle Curr'nt town, he was leev heem roun',
Feel mos' proud of heem, for sure;
W'en he pass on de street, every boddy he meet
Shout "Hoorah for de ole voyageur,"
For he's carry de mail on sunshine an' hail,
De wedder she's nottin' for heem;
He's wan de bes' feller in camp or on trail,
An' he's come from de Mani-too-lin.

He's known all roun' on de wood an' de town;
From Mississaga to de Wahnapitae,
Wit' de dog an' de snowshoe I hear he dont min'
For travel honder mile on wan day;
To de "Soo" he is go, Sudbury also,
Everybody dey's glad welcome heem,
For it's not eb'ry day dot dey see ole Jeem May,
De Man from de Mani-too-lin.

So it's no won'er I'm s'prise hear de man s'pose be wise,
Spik 'bout feller Bob Gamey Strat-tin,
W'en I know me for sure dey was tole 'em de lies
On de Man from de Mani-too-lin;
T'irty year all de same Jeem was hev it dat name,
'Fore Bob Gamey start blow off hees win':
Dont care me w'at peep say, ma ole frien' Jeem May's
De troo Man from de Mani-too-lin.

FRANK T. CONLON.
(Thorold, Jan. 5, 1904.)

"Mr. Frank T. Conlon, the writer of the above, was a science graduate of Toronto University, and a son of Thomas Conlon, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. J. and T. Conlon, of Thorold and Picnic Island, Little Current, Ont.

"Frank was clever and versatile. He died at Thorold some years ago.

"Jim May was one of the best known characters in the whole North Shore country. The poem describes him very well indeed, with the exception of the error as to his being the first white man born on the Manitoulin, which needs a correction, as his brother Humphrey, the oldest in the family, rightly claims that distinction. He was of Habitant descent, and died a few years ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances."—T. J. Patten.

Little Current
A Holiday Trip
to the
Commercial Capital
of the
Manitoulin Island

One of our many delightful summer resorts.

AFTER seeing Civilization at its brightest and best making holiday at Queen's Park, Toronto, on Empire Day, and decorating the monuments of those on whose foreheads in their lifetime the word **"Achievement"** or **"Sacrifice"** was written, I boarded the train that was headed for Sudbury, in order that I might celebrate the 24th on "The Island." To an outsider, there are 56,000 of these islands in the Georgian Bay, but in this North Country there is only one, the Manitoulin.

Sudbury was alive and active when I arrived, though it was early morning, and I had no difficulty in hailing one to supply me with information how to walk to the station of the Algoma Eastern, for I do not ride when I am out taking a holiday. I stopped one with an intelligent looking face but with a foreign accent to his tongue and made enquiry,—

"Which way to Little Current?"

"Go to the Post Office, turn right, and you'll see station."

I followed my directions and duly arrived at the station where I met one walking from one end of the platform to the other and repeating the performance to kill time.

"Is this the train that goes to Little Current?"

"Yes, but it does not go out for another hour yet."

"A long time to wait," I replied.

"Not so long," he replied. "We on the Island had to wait forty years for it to start."

He was an Islander.

His answer caused me to ruminate on the past, and I thought of the charters, and the charters, paid for by Government money, and associated with the names of R. A. Lyon, Gamey and others, and the irate meeting at Little Current, April 10, 1905, sending a message addressed to "Bob"—The Railway—Now or Never! In answer came another promise, followed in due course by some steel rails shipped up and dumped on the shore opposite to the town as concrete evidence that this promise, unlike its many predecessors, was to issue in reality, and Little Current destined to become the terminus of a railway line, all the Island's own, and connected with the C.P.R. at Espinola, thirty-five miles distant. The isolation of long winters, lengthened by the cessation of all communication and trade with the outside world save by dog trains, was now ended. The railway touched the Island at the spot nearest to the North Shore mainland, but further it would not go. The islanders, living at the remote end, 80 miles or more distant, might come to it; it would not go to them.

When at 8.45 o'clock on this morning of the 24th the conductor called out "All aboard," I was seated in the Accommodation surrounded by jolly picknickers bound for High Falls, a drop of a few feet somewhere on the Spanish River. The train backed up a mile, like a runner determined to make a long jump, to give it the impetus of a good start, and then turned and hastened Islandward.

For a few miles out, the scene was one of the most oppressive that man could look upon. We curved in and out and round about, through the greater or lesser eminences of these Laurentian rocks, but all we could see was one weary wilderness of waste. Every vestige of vegetation was gone and nothing remained but the monotonous gray of the granite formations that surrounded us on all sides. In some places a trunk of a tree was left, serving the purposes of a perch for a passing crow or some other wild bird, sometimes the charred remains of a log, but in most places there remained not even these reminders of our past forest wealth.

"Was this the work of successive fires by careless hands, or was it the intentional work of mining prospectors, making bare the rocks so that they could discover the evidences of the mineral wealth that lay hidden somewhere within them?"

Thus I meditated as I gazed on these unclothed

rocks in majestic nakedness revealing themselves to us in the appearance in which they came forth fresh from our Creator's hand.

"Sulphur fumes," I heard a voice say, as if interpreting my thoughts.

It was this chemical, emanating from the Nickel plants in the processes at work to produce mineral wealth that destroyed all the forest wealth, and removed all vegetable life from the whole district round about.

"These rocks—" said my fellow-passenger, when he had finished the tale of the sulphur fumes, and with these words he began to reveal their story, which grew in interest as here an outcropping of green granite and there of red came into view. I learned as I listened that these rocks have interest if one has only an eye to see and a mind to understand them, and that in this world there is nothing dull and uninteresting except to a dull person.

By the time his story is finished we have lost sight of the rocks, for they are now covered with forests, and we are looking out upon Nature at its beauteous best, reaching a climax at McGregor's Bay and the islands round about in the near neighborhood of Little Current where already a colony of summer tourists have begun to erect their cottages.

At high noon, on the 24th of May, 1923, we arrived at Little Current, the tenth anniversary, as to the year, of its becoming a railway terminus. While I was interested in its scenery round about I was more interested in its people, the persons associated with the life of the country from its earliest days.

There was Humphrey May, reputed to be the first white child born on the Manitoulin, of French extraction, reminding us of the fact that Quebec was here before Ontario, and that some of our most worthy citizens trace their origin to these early settlers.

There was Willie MacKenzie, a boy of 70 years of age whose fidelity to the lights that flicker across the channel has saved the sailors of many seasons from danger in its narrow waters.

There was T. J. Patten, a resident since 1869, who in his capacity as a land surveyor, and by virtue of his long residence, is versed in the lore of that country as no other, and who, fortunately has both the willingness and the ability to commit his experiences and his knowledge in writing for the benefit of future historians. To him I committed the task of writing the story of the past, while I undertook the lighter one of ascertaining present conditions in the life of the town and the grounds for basing hopeful prospects in its future.

LaCLOCHE

An old Hudson Bay Company Post. From left to right: Storehouse, store, servants' houses, factor's house, clerks' house.

THE SCHOONER.

This class of picturesque vessel, once our only freighters, are now fast disappearing from the inland lakes, steam having made the modern boat independent of the weather.

From him I received the following short sketch of the old Hudson Bay Company post, Fort LaCloche, with a promise to give our readers a fuller sketch at a later date; while Rev. Father Papineau, the genial president of the local historical society, supplied the valuable photograph from which the accompanying photogravure was made, thus enabling us to preserve a true reproduction of an historic spot, of which only the site now remains, the southernmost post of the Hudson Bay Company trade one hundred years ago.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, LaCLOCHE.

"This post is situated on the north shore of Lake Huron, about thirteen miles, north-westerly, from the town of Little Current, Manitoulin Island. It was established somewhat over one hundred years ago, and, until its abandonment in 1886, was the distributing point for the territory lying between the French and Mississauga Rivers, and from Lake Huron north to the height of land.

"The location of it is most picturesque, being at the mouth of a small river which flows through a gap in the LaCloche mountains from a chain of beautiful lakes a short distance inland. A canoe route through these lakes is a connection between Lake Huron to the Spanish River.

(Continued on page 28.)

SHALL LITTLE CURRENT BECOME A CITY?

THE establishment of Little Current as a place of trade dates away back before Confederation. The names associated with the beginnings of this trade are J. C. Phipps, later the well-known Indian land agent at Manitowaning, and a Mr. Johnston, who occupied a store built by the Hudson Bay Company. This Company made an attempt to establish a post there, but the Government of the day—having in view the setting apart of the whole Island for the use of the Indians, where all of them from every tribe throughout the province should be gathered together into one reserve under its protection and patronage—refused, and they had to abandon the undertaking after they had built a storehouse there. Hence the establishment of their post at La Cloche. These two early Indian traders were followed in turn by Mr. Bryan Mackie, David Miller and G. B. Abrey, who were the resident merchants there, when settlers began to pour in after the Indians had surrendered their right to the territory in 1862. This trading post of the early sixties has now become a town of about 1,000 inhabitants, and has possibilities which the hopeful think will lift it some day to the status of a city.

Contemporary with these, though coming to the town much later, was Mr. Isaac Turner, the founder of the thriving retail business now carried on under the firm name of Byron H. Turner & Co. Mr. Turner came to Little Current from Tilsonburg in 1879 and started as a retailer in general merchandise. Later he was appointed postmaster, which office was established and continued in his store for many years. When first he began business he was under the necessity of renting such stores as were available, until in 1884 when he erected a store for himself on the site on which the present store stands.

THE LATE BYRON H. TURNER.

A citizen of Little Current since 1879, founded the business now under the management of his son, Grant H. Turner, 1888. Died 1920, at the early age of 56 years, a successful merchant of the town for 32 years.

THE BYRON H. TURNER COMPANY, MERCHANTS.

A Business With Forty-Five Years of Continued Prosperity.

In 1888, the business was taken over by Byron H., his son, who continued a successful merchant of the town until his early death in 1920, he being then but fifty-six years of age. Much of Byron Turner's success was due to his knowledge of Indians and their language. When his family came to the Island, he was a boy fifteen years of age. Furs, in those early days, occupied no insignificant commodity of trade, and it did not take him long to sense the value of a knowledge of Ojibway. Partly through association with Indian boys, but principally through study, he became proficient in his ability to talk and write their language, and gained thereby from them a good-will which was continued with unbroken fidelity until his death.

His fund of Indian legends and anecdotes was great, but unfortunately they were not committed to writing, and a valuable collection of curios was lost through a fire which destroyed his store and contents in 1910. Mr. Turner also held the confidence of the whole white population, as was evidenced in his twice receiving nomination as a Conservative candidate for parliamentary honors, once for the Federal House, Mr. A. E. Dyment being his successful rival, and again in the bye-election that made Beniah Bowman the member for the Manitoulin, and gave to the U.F.O. organization in Ontario, its first member. Since his demise, the business has been conducted under the management of his son, Grant H. Turner, whose capacity for public affairs and his administrative business ability give promise that the firm shall hold a very conspicuous place in the future history of the town and occupy no small place in bringing about its expected prosperity.

TWO RETURNED SOLDIERS — THE SIMS BROTHERS—MAKING GOOD IN THE MERCANTILE LIFE OF THE TOWN.

CLOSELY connected with the pioneers who "blazed the trail" on the Island, is the history of the two brother merchants, Wilfred and F. L. Sims, the sons of an esteemed citizen, Thos. C. Sims, and first mayor of Little Current, when incorporated as a town.

The Sims family are surely one of the oldest now associated with business here. Rev. Mr. Sims, their grandfather, was an Anglican clergyman appointed by the Government as a Missioner to the Indian Establishment at Manitowaning, which later was moved to Sheguiandah. He and his family came up on the old steamer "Algoma" in the month of October, 1864, Thomas C. being then a child two years of age. Shortly after their removal to Sheguiandah from Manitowaning, Rev. Mr. Sims, while travelling to his work in a sail-boat, was drowned somewhere between Killarney and Sheguiandah on the 19th of August, 1869.

MAKING HOLIDAY AT LITTLE CURRENT

The store which the Sims Bros. purchased and started out in mercantile life a week after their return from the Great War, May, 1919

Thomas C. Sims received his primary education from the schools then existing on the Manitoulin, and his secondary education in the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, where he qualified for a public school teacher. As his classmate, we were spectators of a race staged at the Normal School, Toronto, with the gold medal for the most proficient teacher out of a class of 130 as the prize, and saw him arrive at the finish a close second. But although well qualified to make for himself a career in this profession, his gifts sought expression in other avenues of service and after six months' experience after graduation, he returned to the haunts of his youth, and entering into partnership with his brother, Charles, the two started to carve for themselves a future out of a general merchandise business at Little Current, which they purchased from their brother, Henry. In 1903 they began a boat business, purchased the "Iroquois" in 1905, and later the "Bon Ami," a steamer which plied for eleven seasons between Cutler and Little Current, mainly to carry the mails to the Island, but doing also a commendable trade in freight and passengers. Two years ago, he relinquished this work, sold the "Bon Ami," and now desirous of closing a successful life with less strenuous service, he sits back, a silent partner, as his sons take up the web of destiny and begin to weave at the place where he left off.

Wilfred and F. L. Sims, like their father, had taken up teaching as their profession and were thus engaged when the Great War threw the whole world into a state of chaotic confusion. Both of them responded to the call for men, enlisted in a western battalion where they were teaching, 1916, but later transferred to the 119th, the Algoma battalion. After suffering the mishaps of war, Wilfred being gassed and F. L. wounded with shrapnel, they were returned in the winter and spring of 1919. Because of the larger vision which the years of experience at the war gave them, and the inspiration received from the actual performance of big things at the front, they decided on their return, like their father, that they would quit the teaching profession, and test out what destiny has in store for them in commercial life. A week after the return of F. L., they purchased the business conducted for eighteen years previously by O. Vincent, and already success has smiled down benignantly upon them. Notwithstanding the depression of general conditions, but here augmented because of the partial failure of the Manitoulin crops, their business showed, during the past year, a gratifying increase. To the business as conducted by their predecessor, they added a new line of merchandise, that of hardware, making an increase of 25 per cent. to their previous $20,000 stock. In addition, sensing the need of a gasoline depot for the convenience of Canadian and American motor boats, now frequenting these waters in increasing numbers every summer, they had a very complete equipment installed on the new Government dock, with a tank, the most modern found in the district. Thus equipped, they deem themselves prepared to meet the requirements of the public according to the motto written over their entrance door, "Satisfaction and Service." Their enterprise, we trust, will issue in a realization of their buoyant hopes, because of the rise of a greater town keeping pace with the development of the country and its resources.

Two brothers of their father, Charles and Henry, still continue in business in the town, and are, therefore, among the oldest and most esteemed of the citizens associated with its earliest history.

THE HEAD OF THE TOWN'S CIVIC AFFAIRS.

THE civic affairs of the town are in safe hands. The present Mayor, George E. Baxter, is one of its most enterprising business men. Born in Quebec in 1883, Mr. Baxter came to Little Current from London, Ontario, where he was educated and received his business training. From 1898 to 1911 he was an employee of the McClary Manufacturing Company, a firm which has all along been noted for the efficiency in training which it gives to its men. After an apprenticeship in the office and order room, he was sent out on the road as their salesman, and continued at this work until he became partner with J. G. Kingsboro, who had founded the business in 1893, 19 years previously, the first strictly hardware business to be established on the Manitoulin, the new partnership taking the firm name of Kingsboro and Baxter.

GEO. E. BAXTER.
Mayor of Little Current.
An Enterprising Hardware Merchant.

Summer-time sport among the islands of the Georgian Bay.
—Courtesy C.N.R.

For the benefit of the permanent settler, the firm is giving special attention to cooking stoves and heating of homes, the previous training of Mr. Baxter having well qualified him to render efficient service in these lines. But in addition, they are making a specialty to meet the requirements of holiday seekers.

The value of a well-stocked hardware business such as that of this firm to a town situated as Little Current is, cannot be overestimated. If the Georgian Bay Islands are to become a great tourist resort, and if in the years to come, motor boats shall ply on its waters in the ratio to its cottagers as automobiles on the land in ratio to its population, then Little Current and the islands adjacent must always remain an attractive centre to the tourist traveller.

The City of Midland, and Gidleyford motor boats distributing cottagers and tourists among the islands of the Georgian Bay.

On the North Shore opposite Little Current, there is left yet one of the best deer-hunting grounds of the north. Forty years ago a deer was not known to be on the Manitoulin, having been destroyed by wolves and fire. Twenty years ago, an occasional one was seen. Now, crossing the ice in the winter time from the North Shore, they have become quite numerous in its forest sections, and properly safe-guarded, the wild lands of the Manitoulin and the adjacent mainland ought to provide a permanent place for their preservation. For tourist, angler and hunter, there are opportunities here, in this district of wildness, romance and beauty, and when conditions are made attractive they will find their way here in increasing numbers. With this in expectation, the firm of Kingsboro & Baxter have equipped themselves with a complete line for meeting their needs, which will doubtless be extended in variety and quality as their market enlarges.

Among the civic improvements which have taken place during Mr. Baxter's mayoralty, the building of a new wharf by the Government, and the erection of a memorial statue to the fallen soldiers of the Great War, are the two most outstanding. This last is situated very prominently on the main street, and is a worthy reminder to coming generations of the contribution of Little Current and vicinity to the Canadian army which showed itself up so bravely and heroically on the battlefields of Europe, 1914-1918.

Byron H. Turner and friends out on the waters of the Bay.

The Manitoulin Island was once noted as a paradise for the speckled trout angler, but the removal of the forests from the banks of the streams replacing them by prosperous farms and the merciless slaughter of the finny tribes, in season and out, had well nigh emptied these streams. The Manitou river, and the Blue Jay were two years ago re-stocked, and it is now expected that something of the former day sport will be revived.

For the resort of Bass and also of lake trout, the shores of the many islets and bays in the vicinity of Little Current there has been no diminishing, and richness of field is here supplied for the summer tourist. The amateur as well as the experienced angler finds here the realization of his dreams.

Two dozen—a good day's catch.

Canoeing, boating and fishing among the islands of McGregor's Bay, in the near neighborhood of Little Current.

PROVISIONS FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC

LITTLE CURRENT at present is fortunate in its hotel accommodation. The Mansion House, under the efficient supervision of Mr. Johnston, recently from Toronto, makes provision for a daily accommodation of fifty guests. Hot and cold water in bedrooms, ample heating equipment, a well-provisioned table and courteous service await the convenience of the travelling public at moderate rates, so that in this one necessity of commercial life, the foundations of a good future are already laid.

ANDERSON'S MILL
Little Current.

The lumbering industry of the Manitoulin Island has had a continuous history of over fifty years, and no insignificant supply of timber has been cut and exported during those years. This once important mill was destroyed by fire, but on its site there is being erected today one of the largest and best-equipped mills of this North Country.

THE HOPE LUMBER COMPANY ESTABLISHES A MANUFACTURING PLANT AT LITTLE CURRENT.

THIS year the citizens of Little Current are seeing an enterprise establish which, in the history of the town, ranks next in importance to the coming of the railway into their midst. The Hope Lumber Company has an industrial plant nearing completion, which is costing them in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars, a plant which for size and milling equipment will make it second to no other on the Bay. They have purchased a timber limit 80 miles north of Sudbury, a district traversed by the Canadian National railway and are making a new departure in regard to the transportation of their unsawed logs to the mill. These will be carried by train instead of being floated by water, a method that will greatly lessen the time required to manufacture them into lumber and have the finished product ready for the market. This will be helpful not only to the town but to the Algoma Eastern railway, over whose lines the logs will be carried from Sudbury.

This enterprise is significant in that it is the first real attempt to place the Manitoulin on the industrial map, and utilize its accessibility to so many markets by the creation of an industry of really large dimensions. The construction of the plant is proceeding with energy, and it is expected it will be in operation before mid-summer.

Does this enterprise spell a future for the town and the Algoma Eastern railway? Little Current has ready access by water to Buffalo, Detroit and all the lake ports of the United States, and the officials of the railway are looking forward to the establishment of a traffic in package freight with these towns and Little Current as the distributing centres. In the establishment of a coal dock here, the first steps have been taken to make of Little Current the sea-port town of all that vast mining district lying north and east of it. Already in this one commodity, shipload after shipload is being docked from self-loading vessels, and distributed by the Algoma Eastern railway to Sudbury, to North Bay and to Cochrane in the far north district of Temiscaming, and to their intermediate railway stations. The amount of coal for the transportation of which contract is already made, it is estimated will keep a train a day moving out from Little Current docks to this north country continuously from now till Christmas.

Scenes as we pass on our way to Little Current.

THE FUTURE OUTLOOK.

Surrounded by scenes such as here illustrated, it could be made a tourist centre of first magnitude. Nature has given it the advantage of position, being the nearest point of the Manitoulin Island to the mainland, and the only place where access could be made to it by railway. Behind it is a farming district 80 miles in length, and comprising sixteen townships, a town and several villages, the export trade of which, going northward, must pass through this point as its distributing centre. North and north-east of it lies the greatest mining region in the world, and it is the terminus of a railway system that passes through the centre of it and logically, therefore, is fitted to become the seaport town of this mining region of all trade going southward to American lake-ports. Both on the Manitoulin and on the mainland is a large area fitted only for timber production. These advantages belong to it. It only remains that human enterprise be supplied to realize these possibilities, placed thus within its near reach.

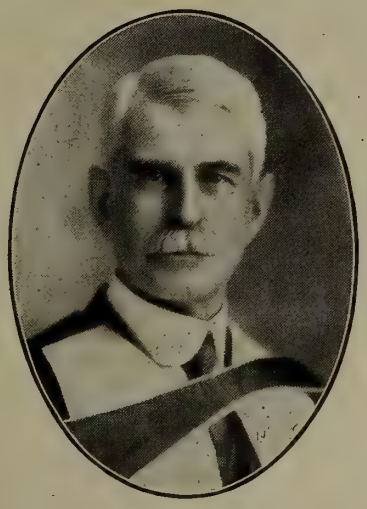
Huronia

By

COL. ALEXANDER FRASER, L.L.D., Litt.D.

Provincial Archivist

An address delivered at Penetanguishene, on the occasion of the Champlain Tercentenary, celebrated there, August, 1920, an historical gathering comprising representatives from Ontario and Quebec, the greatest of its kind ever yet held in the Province.



The home of the Hurons in the 17th century comprised what are now five townships of Simcoe county, Ontario, lying between Penetanguishene and Orillia, and was then said to have a population of 30,000. They were first visited by the French Recollet priest, Rev. Joseph LeCaron, July, 1615; and two weeks later by Champlain, both of whom remained with them until the following summer. For the next thirty years, until the destruction or dispersion of the settlement by the Iroquois, altogether 27 priests were connected with the establishment of Christian Missions amongst them.

PART I.—Continued from last Month

A Sketch of the Homeland of the Huron Indians, and a Summary of the Christian Missions Established Amongst Them

THE history of the Hurons from 1615 until their forced migration from Huronia in 1649 and 1650 may be summarized as one continuous and fierce struggle with the Iroquois. The latter harassed them in their yearly bartering expeditions to Three Rivers and Quebec, endeavoring as skilful strategists, to cut them off from their base of supplies. They lay in ambush for them at every vantage-point along the difficult waterways of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence. When the Hurons were the weaker party they were attacked, and either massacred on the spot or reserved for torture at the stake; and when they were the stronger, the wily Iroquois hung upon their trail and cut off every straggler. At times the Hurons scored a triumph, but these were few and far between. Thus things went on from year to year, the Hurons gradually growing weaker in numbers and resources. Meanwhile they received but little help from their French allies, for the colonists, sadly neglected by the Mother Country, had all they could do to see to their own safety. But a time came when the Iroquois found their adversaries sufficiently reduced in strength to attack them in their homes. In truth, they had all along kept war parties on foot, who prowled through the forests in or near Huronia if not to attack, save some isolated bands, at least to spy out the condition of the country, and report when the Huron villages were all but defenceless through the absence of the braves away on hunting expeditions or purposes of traffic.

The first telling-blow fell on Contarea in June, 1642. This was a populous village of the Arendarrhonons or Rock Clan lying to the extreme east, and one of the strongest frontier posts of the whole country. Neither age nor sex was spared, and those who survived the conflict were led off into captivity, or held for torture by slow fire. No particulars as to the mode of attack or defence are known as there was no resident missionary, its inhabitants never having allowed one within its pale. It had even more than once openly defied the Christian God to do his worst. Contarea stood about five miles south-west of the present town of Orillia.

It may be of interest to note here that all the great inroads of the Iroquois seem to have proceeded from some temporary strategic base established in the region east of lakes Couchiching and Simcoe, and to have crossed into Huronia at the "Narrows" so accurately described by Champlain.

The next village of the Rock Clan which lay nearest to Orillia, close by the Narrows, was St. Jean Baptiste. Its braves had sustained many losses after the fall of Contarea, but the outlook became so threatening in 1647 that its inhabitants abandoned early in 1648 what they now considered an untenable position, and betook themselves to other Huron villages which promised greater security.

By this move, St. Joseph II., a village of the Cord Clan, was left exposed to attacks from the east, nor were they slow in coming. At early dawn, on July 4th of the same year 1648, the Iroquois bands surprised and carried it by assault. Once masters of the place they massacred or captured all whom they found within the palisade. Many however by timely flight had reached a place of safety. The intrepid Father Antoine Daniel had just finished mass when the first alarm rang out. Robed in his surplice and stole, for the administration of the sacraments of baptism and penance, he presented himself unexpectedly before the stream of inrushing savages. His sudden appearance and fearless bearing overawed them for an instant and they stood rooted to the ground. But it was but for an instant. Recovering themselves they vented their fury on the faithful missionary who was offering his life for the safety of the fugitives. Shot down mercilessly, every savage had a hand in the mutilation of his body,

The Massacre of the Jesuit Missionaries 1648-1650

Father Lalemant to the front left and Father Brebeuf to the front right

which at last was thrown into the now blazing chapel. This diversion, the shepherd's death, meant the escape of many of his flock. The neighbouring village of Ekhiondastsaan, which was situated a little farther towards the west, shared at the same time the same fate of Teanaostaiae.

On March 16th of the following year two villages, one lying about six miles to the south-east of Fort Ste. Marie I., was attacked before daybreak and destroyed. Its defenders were nearly all abroad on divers expeditions, never dreaming that their enemy would hazard an attack before the summer months. Bressani says that the site of this village was so well chosen and its fortifications so admirably planned that, with ordinary vigilance, it was impregnable for savages. But the approach was made so stealthily that an entrance was effected before the careless and unwatchful inhabitants were roused from their slumber. Two villages only escaped butchery or capture, and half-clad made their way through the snow to St. Louis, three miles nearer to Fort Ste. Marie I. and there gave the alarm. The missionaries, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, then present in the village, refused to seek safety in flight with the other non-combatants, pleading that it was their duty to remain to baptize, shrive, and comfort the dying. After a desperate resistance on the part of the mere handful of defenders when compared with the thousand attacking savages, this second village was taken and destroyed, while the captives were hurried back to St. Ignace to be tortured.

What the two captive missionaries endured is simply indescribable, and appears to be unparalleled in the long catalogue of martyrdoms, undergone for the Faith, in the annals of God's Church. The Iroquois were adepts in the diabolical art of inflicting the most excruciating tortures by fire ever devised, and still of so nursing the victim as to prolong to the utmost his hours of agony. Their hatred of the teachings of Christianity was evinced on this occasion by the boiling water thrice showered on the mutilated missionaries in derision of Holy Baptism, and by their jeering words to the sufferers to be beholden to their tormentors for baptizing them so well, and for affording them greater occasion to merit more and more, through their sufferings, the joys of heaven according to the doctrine preached, for, it must be remembered that many apostate Hurons were mingled with the Iroquois invaders.

Father de Brébeuf, a man of powerful build, long inured to suffering, and who by his unconquerable zeal even in the midst of flames had drawn upon himself the fiercest resentment of the heathen, succumbed after four hours of torture on the evening of March 16th. Father Gabriel Lalemant, of a frail constitution, in spite of all his suffering, survived until the following day.

As they dwelt further west and north-west no attack thus far had been made on the One-White-

Lodge Clan at St. Michel nor on the Bear Clan, who occupied the region now forming Tiny Township, and whose principal stronghold was Ossossane or La Conception. At that time this village was almost wholly peopled by fervent Christians. When the news reached them of the disasters befalling their country they immediately took action. On the morning of March 17th a party of three hundred warriors, hastily gathered from Ossossane and Arenta (Ste. Madeleine), posted themselves in ambush in the neighborhood of the stricken village while awaiting reinforcements. Their advance party, however, fell in unexpectedly with some two hundred of the enemy who were reconnoitring in force in view of an attack on Fort Ste. Marie I. A skirmish followed in which the Huron detachment suffered severe loss and was driven back to within sight of the French Fort.

Meanwhile the main body of the Bear Clan had succeeded in intercepting a strong force of Iroquois, whom they compelled to seek shelter within the palisades of St. Louis, left intact when the village was destroyed. After an obstinate struggle the Hurons forced an entrance and, not counting the slain, captured about thirty warriors. Scarcely had they time to congratulate themselves on their success when the whole bulk of the Iroquois army, amounting yet to nearly a thousand braves, was upon them, and they in turn found themselves beleagured within St. Louis, whose defences taken and retaken within a few hours could now offer but slight protection.

Though reduced to about one hundred and fifty fighting men the courage of the little band of Christians was not shaken. The battle raged not only throughout the remainder of the day, but, as frequent sorties were made, and as renewed assaults followed each repulse, the uneven contest was prolonged far into the night. By sheer weight of numbers, and owing more than all else to the great advantage the Iroquois had in being equipped by the Dutch with firearms, the little garrison was finally overcome. The inrushing horde of Iroquois found barely twenty Hurons alive within the ramparts, most of them wounded and helpless. This victory cost the invaders one hundred of their best men, and their leader, though he still lived had been stricken down. On the other hand, the loss was an irreparable one for the Christian braves of Ossossane and Ste. Madeleine, who perished to a man.

On March 19th a sudden dread, wholly inexplicable, seized upon the Iroquois, and they beat a hurried retreat from the Huron country. An old Indian woman, who escaped from the burning village of St. Ignace II., tardily brought to St. Michel (Scanonaenrat) the news both of the disaster and of the precipitous withdrawal of the victorious Iroquois. It seems inconceivable that no inkling of the formidable events, which were being enacted less than six miles from their village, should have reached this Clan sooner, unless it be attributed to the measures to intercept all communication taken by the astute invaders, who in this particular, as in all others showed themselves consummate tacticians.

No sooner were they apprized of the situation than seven hundred braves of the One-White-Lodge set out from Scanonaenrat in hot pursuit of the retiring enemy. For two days they followed the trail, but whether it was that the rapidity of the retreat outstripped the eagerness of the pursuit, or that the much-heralded avenging expedition was but a half-hearted undertaking from the very outset, the Iroquois were not overtaken. On their return to Huronia the braves of Scanonaenrat found their country one wide expanse of smouldering ruins. Every village had been abandoned and given over to the flames, lest it should serve some future day as a repair for the dreaded Iroquois, for other events had taken place since their departure.

Forty-eight hours elapsed before Ossossane, the erstwhile centre of the flourishing mission of La Conception, heard of the annihilation of its contingent. The news reached its inhabitants at midnight, March 19th. It lay but ten miles further west than St. Louis, and a cry went up that the enemy were at their doors. The panic spread from lodge to lodge, and the old men, women and children, a terror-stricken throng, streamed out upon the shores of Lake Huron. The bay (Nottawasaga) was still ice-bound, across it the fugitives made their way, and after eleven long leagues of weary march reached the Nation of the Petun.

(To be continued next issue.)

St. Paul De Vincent Church, Little Current, with Rev. Fr. Papineau, S.J., in charge.

Mission work by the Catholic Church on the Manitoulin Island, of which this church is a part, dates back to 1648, the year when Father Poncet, of the Huron Missions wintered among its Indians, and gave them their first instructions in Christian teaching.

From Start to Finish in the Great War

An Analysis of the Spirit of the Canadian Soldier in the Great War. Edited and adapted for the "Mer Douce" from the Memoirs of Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Wood, M.D., D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Second Field Ambulance, Canadian Expeditionary Force

CHAPTER XI.

The Unity of the Associated Nations in Compelling the Enemy to Sue for Peace

IT must not be supposed that any Canadian engagement was an independent battle fought wholly on our own initiative and strength. Every effort of ours was but a part of the general scheme in which we were assisted most by those immediately to our right and left, but in great measure also by the strength and effort of the whole line. There was nothing now being done that was not co-related with and assisted by what was being done on all the other parts of the front. The Canadian was but a part of the larger scheme of the British offensive; and the British but a part of the whole Allied effort on the West. Since the appointment of a Supreme Head, there were now no unrelated parts. It was one army made up of the contingencies supplied by the associated nations, now resolutely combined as one, to compel a ruthless enemy to sue for peace.

It was on the 18th of July, 1918, that this army under command of General Foch began to move forward on what proved to be the last great offensive. It was a series of hammer blows, sometimes struck together, and sometimes struck one after another in quick succession. The Allied front was divided into thirteen sections. The northern section was held by a French army under General Degoutte; immediately to his right, the Belgian army under Gillrain; while next to him was the Second British army under General Plumer. These three were under the command of King Albert of Belgium, unto whom the northern thrust was entrusted. The Fifth, First, Third and Fourth British armies followed in order southward. To their right were the First, Tenth, Fifth and Fourth French armies, while to the extreme south were the First and Second American armies. This unity of aim and effort was further evidenced in that in the second stage of the northern offensive, American soldiers were also found taking in it a prominent part.

Looking at the configuration of the Allied front line as they were disposed at that time facing the enemy, one could see that the offensive must begin at the places chosen. Besides many smaller salients, as at Rheims and Saint Mihiel, there was one very large salient driven in by the Germans into the Allied front, which had its base roughly speaking extending from the north at Ypres to the south at St. Quentin. The apex of the salient was towards the north at Amiens, while towards the south, there was another at Chateau Thierry. The offensive began, of necessity, at these two points, the British striking out from Amiens, and the American first army assaulting the enemy at Chateau Thierry.

The British effort began first. This, as we have seen, having been successful, was followed by the thrust from Arras, at both of which the Canadians took a part and were, with their British comrades, the spear-head of the thrust. This drive was continued unabatedly until we reached a point east of Cambrai to the north, while the British army to our right had captured as far east as Le Cateau.

In the southern sector of the line, the Americans and French came up against a stubborn and carefully planned resistance from the enemy. Sometimes they were able to make advance without many casualties, but as a rule, the Germans demanded and made them pay a high price for their gains. This resistance culminated for the Americans at Chatel-Chehery in the northern parts of the Forests of Argonne. Here the enemy used every known method of defence, wiring the forest from tree to tree with barbed wire, filling the place with machine-gun nests, searching it with poison-gas shells, and hovering over it with innumerable air-planes. But although the Americans were held up for a day or two, until Stokes guns were brought up, the enemy had, however, though reluctantly, to give way. Obstinately the Germans contested every yard of territory from Chateau-Thierry to Grand-Pre, but victorious French and American armies pushed them back steadily through Rheims, Saint Mihiel, Rethel to Sedan, before the Germans secured the armistice that saved them from military disaster.

But the most spectacular thrust was that from the north sector of the line. The three armies, French, Belgian and British, attacked on a front from Dixmude on the Yser to Comines on the Lys river. They struck east from the place where we, No. 2 Canadian stationary hospital, spent the first of our days at the war, La Touquet, on the morning of the 14th of October. They stormed over the Passchendaele Ridge, so full of memories to the Canadian soldier, avenging the death of our comrades, while we far away to the south were partners with them in creating a general retirement of the enemy. Although the Germans had lined their front with "pill-boxes," as far south and beyond Menin, they gave away easily before the oncoming thrust of smoke-screen, tanks, and infantry, while the air-service battered them from above. At first they fought heroically, but they were bombed and shelled out of their "pill-boxes" and cellar-shelters, and sent scurrying along the Heule to Courtrai by the British, while the French did an alike service for them at Roulers, and the Belgians went forward irresistible as far east as Thorout. By the 15th, the Germans saw

that their army by the sea-coast was jeopardized, and they began to make ready to retire. The next day they retreated to a depth of twelve and a half miles on a front of thirty-two miles. By the 17th, Ostend, Lille, Roubaix, Turcoing and part of Courtrai was evacuated by the enemy, on the same day that we, in conjunction with the British central armies, compelled the evacuation of Douai. West Flanders was thus freed from an enemy that had occupied it for four years, and they sought shelter from their pursuing victors behind a strong canal line at Ghent.

This drive of the combined three north armies was very successful, in the matter of material gained as well as territory freed. More than 12,000 prisoners were taken in about equal proportion by each of the armies, and although large ammunition dumps were fired as they retired, they were not able to move all their heavy artillery, so that more than 550 guns of all classes were captured, and some of them turned on the retreating enemy. On a frontage of thirty-eight miles, the Belgians had advanced thirty-two miles, and the other two armies kept in step with them.

This stage of the offensive had temporarily spent itself by the 20th. The damage to the roads, the destruction of the railways and the bridges by the enemy in his retreat, and the difficulty of speeding up the transport to feed their army and the tens of thousands of foodless people liberated by their victorious advance necessitated the ceasing of offensive operations for a time. Some weeks therefore were devoted to this food and transport problem and the protection of the peoples that were now freed from the tyranny of the invader.

The enemy had been able to make a successful retreat. By the shortening of his line, the flooding by him of the Guise district, the strengthening of his resistance against the Americans by adding two new divisions to those already facing them, and by getting behind the series of canals that lay northward and the Hindenburg works southward, he no doubt felt confident that he would be able to concentrate enough troops against the British to stop further pursuit. But the shortening of his line was working in the favour of the central thrust as well as enabling him to get a heavier concentration of troops to withstand attack. Shortening his line, he had shortened also the line of the Allies, and gave to them, too, a concentration of men which they could use for assault. Hence Sir Henry Plumer's division is relieved from association with the Belgian and French divisions under King Albert, and becomes the spearhead of a further British thrust along the Scheldt and Oise-Sambre water lines, joining with us in our offensive in the district of Denain, Valenciennes and Mons.

The victorious advance of the north army and the central British had created a great German salient between the two armies, forty miles wide and thirty miles deep, which lay in front of the important city of Tournai. We had already begun an attack on the southern corner of Denain, while General Plumer was hitting fiercely on its northern corner. But the wily Germans were again able to make a successful retreat. For three days preceding the close of the northern offensive, they busied themselves in evacuating the salient, and succeeded in getting out before our two armies had enveloped them. Douai came into our hands on the 17th. Denain was reached on the 19th, and came into our possession the following day. In doing this our troops fought the enemy from street to street. We received a warm welcome from the 20,000 townspeople of the place, who made coffee for our troops and encouraged us to continue our pursuit. Stopping only long enough to take a drink from them as they passed our men continued their fighting until the town was cleared. True to his nature, this famous old town was shelled by the enemy when he was clear of it, women were hit by the scattering fragments of their shells, and others were shot in cold blood by the rifles of enemy snipers. But they were not allowed to continue long harassing the liberated city. The pursuit was vehemently followed up, and with the aid of the 51st Highlanders, who were fighting alongside of us, they were soon heading rapidly eastward to catch up with their retreating comrades of other divisions. In the course of a week we had penetrated into the enemy's territory to a depth of twenty-three miles, recovering twenty-eight towns and villages, and liberating multitudes of French civilians.

We were now faced with a new and grave problem, which had to be immediately solved, the feeding and protection of the thousands of civilians that were freed and yet were foodless because of German vandalism. After the capture of Denain, there were no less than 73,000 of these, old men, women and children to be cared for. The children were pale and thin, showing their lack of nourishment during the four years of barbarism ruling over them. Many of them were diseased, and these had to be treated as well as our wounded and sick in the army. This problem had to be solved as we fought. We could not stop the pursuit of the enemy, and we dare not neglect those civilians now brought under our care. There was but one thing to do, and it was done promptly and efficiently. A certain contingent of men were detailed to have charge of this matter, men who had a genius for organization and executive ability to carry it out, so that in these last days of the war we had a new formation which might be called "The Liberated Civilians' Protecting Corps." Food, shelter and medical attendance and transportation when needed was given these, and while this ample provision was being made for them the war went on without cessation.

The amount of ruin done to the evacuated cities was in the inverse ratio with the vehemence and speed with which our troops pursued the foe. The longer he got to evacuate the town, the more harm he did to it. To the very last, his destruction of property, and his cruelty to the populace of the invaded territory continued unabated. There was only one thing that minimized the amount of ruin which he left behind—his lack of time. The spirit was eager, but the opportunity was not always, fortunately, granted to him by our own and the other troops. We kept him on the move. It was none to his credit that he plundered every house that he visited, and destroyed every industry within his power, and ruined many noble cities. Worse than all this, he was capable of deeds indescribably horrible and cruel on the persons of the powerless populace, in the light of which the vandalism and destruction of property might be considered a virtue. Douai was depopulated. Its entire populace was forced to evacuate. The strongest were compelled to make new entrenchments, and the old and weak were made to tramp into Belgium or perish

by the way. As our armies moved on towards Valenciennes, 42,000 French people, including many children, all destitute, and in very great peril from hunger, were gathered up. The Germans had stolen their food.

But, appalling as these conditions were, they sink into insignificance in comparison with the tale of cruelty told by their treatment of the populace of St. Amand. The Germans had made an isolation hospital of this city. An epidemic of Pneumonic-Influenza had stricken the city and the surrounding district. To prevent their soldiers from infection they gathered all the victims of the disease into this place. A large building was set apart for the assembling of the sick—it could hardly be called a hospital in the hands of the Germans. When they were forced to evacuate the district, they plundered this city of sick of its food, and after they were some distance away, sent forth first a few ordinary shells, then drenched the place with gas making a special mark of the building in which they had gathered the diseased from the surrounding district. Our army service men, driving all night without sleep, rushed to their assistance bringing up thousands of rations of food to them. Every possible nurse was improvised, and our ambulance drivers, after long hours at the Casualty Clearing Stations, voluntarily went forth and served as long as their strength would hold out, in order that these hungry and sick might be fed. But notwithstanding all that was done, it was impossible to save hundreds, so inhuman the treatment meted out to them. These poor men struggling for life on beds of sickness were literally poisoned and choked to death by the merciless foe.

The service rendered to those liberated civilians was a marvellous task nobly achieved. The Army Service Corps is an organization superbly grand, to overpraise which would be impossible. No greater work is performed in the army than that of the sappers and engineers. To move a city in a night, to lift it up and carry forward its hutments, its hospitals, its aerodromes, its bakeries and kitchens and storehouses, to make provision for its water supply and its sewerage system, to provide transport for its population, not only now soldiers on the march with all their artillery and ammunition, but also in addition these old men and women, and children, all hungry, many sick, and increasing in numbers as each new place was liberated from the enemy, is surely a work superbly great. But all this could be done only when roads and railways and bridges had been provided over which these multitudes must pass, and up which the tons of provisions and equipments must be hauled, for the enemy left no road or railway or bridge behind intact only when, like his treatment of the civilians, opportunity was not granted for his work of destruction. The enemy fought against our roadmakers, and shot and shelled them as tenaciously as the soldier on foot. All night the enemy would search with shells and machine-gun bullets, the proposed site of the new city, but notwithstanding, when the morning dawned, the city had moved forward and roads and bridges and narrow-guage railways joined it up with its supply base behind. A city, with its telegraph and telephone systems built up in a night! What wizard could have thought out and accomplished so great a feat. One city ahead with roads and railways and bridges trying to get away, and another city without these coming from behind and chasing it up, and pounding it with shells and bombs and bullets when it can, and so the game of war goes on.

But strange rumours are in the air. We have occupied and passed Valenciennes. We are in Mons. On the eleventh hour, on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the calendar year, of the fifth year of the war, the word goeth forth, "Cease firing! Stand easy!" Four months before, when the offensive was expected, but not begun, the German was arrogant, proud, and hopeful. Four months and the drive is beginning to reach its climax. The enemy is still savage, barbaric, cruel; but it is a savage on his knees, a criminal arrested with the plundered goods on his person. The inevitable is brought about. Liberty and Right are seated on the throne of Judgment; the criminal is in the prisoner's dock, pleading mercy. For four years there has been the sowing of the seeds of strife and hate; it remains now to reap the harvest.

LA CLOCHE, HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST

(Continued from page 17.)

"After the abandonment of the post by the Company it was occupied for some time by Messrs. J. and T. Conlon, of Thorold and Little Current, as a residence and office for their manager, Mr. John Sunstrum. Mr. Sunstrum and his wife and daughter are shown seated in the sleigh in the foreground of the picture. The daughter is now Mrs. O'Keefe, wife of Judge O'Keefe, Ottawa.

"The post was afterwards used as a road-house for the mail teams on the winter mail route between Little Current and Massey, on the Sault Ste. Marie branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Occasionally, on account of a severe storm on Lake Huron, the mail and passengers were obliged to remain overnight at the post.

"On the completion of the Algoma Eastern Railway from Sudbury to Little Current, in 1913, the winter mail route through LaCloche to Little Current was discontinued, and the buildings of the post were soon torn down and burned. There remains to-day only the huge stone chimneys to mark the spot."

The Lost Scout

An Historic Novel, by HUGH COWAN, Toronto

CHAPTER XIII.

An Antagonist Disarmed by Sol's Clever Marksmanship

Principal Episodes in the Narrative

Warren Wilcox, a Scout, whose camp name was Sol, becomes lost in the thick woods of Parry Island.

After several adventures and misadventures, he is picked up by a fishing tug, whose crew comprises a Breed, a full-blooded Indian, a white woman and her son, the latter of whom becomes a genial companion to the Lost Scout.

The discovery of a whiskey trader's secret store on Cave Island leads to dangerous consequenccs.

ISLANDS OF SPRUCE, ALGOMA.
From the painting by Arthur Lismer, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., and reproduced here to illustrate the scenes where the story "The Lost Scout" were laid.

SOL for a time kept a lookout in the direction in which he heard the canoe departing, but he saw nothing save the darkness which seemed to grow deeper and blacker the longer he looked out into it. Soon unrested nature exerted itself. He lay back on the berth couch and was immediately asleep, totally oblivious to the stirring events that awaited only the appearance of daylight to force themselves upon them.

The gray dawn was just beginning to loom up on the eastern horizon, when he was awakened by Charlie.

Jumping up quickly, he enquired, "What's up? Anything wrong?"

"Rory MacKenzie's sitting down on the bank a little below us and Mother thought we'd better get ready and steam out."

"Is he alone?"

"He is just now."

"Where's your mother?"

"Firing up. She has everything ready to pull out."

"Didn't she sleep any at all, last night?"

"I don't suppose. I think from what she says they were prowling around all night."

"I suppose there is nothing to fear from that fellow?"

"Nothing, if he lets us get away quietly; but we're in for a rough time if he finds out that we have been at his cache, and the crew now boozing on his whiskey."

"What can he do, anyway?"

"Help himself to the fisherfolk's money by way of reprisal; perhaps; but if the men should waken up there's no telling what might happen."

Both boys looked over in the direction of Captain Ike, saw his sleeping form in the very position where he lay the night before; heard him breathe with the same regularity.

"How long will that last?" asked Sol.

"I don't know. Mother says they are due to wake up any time now."

Long acquaintance with her oft-repeated remedy for quieting drunken rowdyism enabled Mrs. Butterworth to estimate very closely its effect on her patients, and she was judging that its efficacy to keep the crew any longer asleep was about over. She was therefore very anxious to get a start on their journey before they awakened. This desire was intensified as

she saw that they had inadvertently steamed into the neighborhood of Rory MacKenzie's headquarters, the man whom above all others she would have at this time avoided. Appearing by the side of the boys as they discussed the situation, she said,

"He's left the shore and gone into the woods. Now's the time for us to get away. But, Warren, don't show yourself on any account. His men are hidden somewhere near, I'm sure, and they'll be watching every move we make. Charlie, go down and untie the lines and we'll go out right away."

"I'll keep under cover, if you desire it, Mrs. Butterworth," answered Sol, "but I'm not at all excited or afraid."

"It's not that, Warren, but his men might know you, since they saw you in the cave, and if they thought you were spying on their movements, they would turn their rifles on you in a moment."

That was a viewpoint of the situation that had not occurred before to the mind of Sol. His presence was creating an awkward situation for the rest of them.

"I wish I had different clothes on," he said. "This outfit will be a dead give-away."

"What about putting on the Captain's smock coat?" asked Charlie, as he reached out his hand and took it down from the nail in the partition on which it hung.

"That's a good idea, Charlie. I'll try it on anyway."

Sol was muscular, and in stoutness was not so far inferior to Captain Ike himself.

"It's not too great a misfit, after all," he said, as he buttoned it on. "This will do very well. Now for a red handkerchief around my head, and the disguise will be complete."

Taking this additional article of the Captain's apparel, he tied it around his head after the manner of the early French voyageurs. Charlie laughed out as he saw the transformed appearance. Both of the boys were in the best of good humour, for neither of them anticipated the dangerous consequence that might arise from the presence of whiskey on the vessel and whiskey-traders on the lookout for them on the shore.

"Aha, here's something we may need," Sol exclaimed, more by way of jest than of serious import concerning his conjecture, as his eyes rested on the Captain's rifle standing up in a corner of the wheelhouse, next to the couch where he still lay in restful sleep.

"It's a beauty," he added as he examined it with pleasure.

Sol was the chief marksman of the Patrol. He seldom missed the bull's-eye in a fifty yard test, and he could be counted on giving a good account of himself in anything within three hundred yards.

"I wonder if there is any ammunition about?" he enquired.

"It's loaded, Warren. The Captain always carried it ready, for he said that an empty gun is of no use to any one."

"Yes, it's loaded," Sol assented, "but I should like some ammunition in case——" he didn't finish the sentence.

Charlie pointed to a box on the shelf. "There they are, Warren," and started off for the shore to carry out his mother's instructions.

As he did so, he saw Rory MacKenzie sauntering along on the bank, coming towards them with his rifle over his shoulder as if in quest of wild duck or other sea-fowl. When he saw Charlie making preparations to move out he hastened his steps, and arrived just as Charlie had the last line in his hand, and was preparing to get back on the tug. A few seconds more and they would have been loose from their moorings and independent of MacKenzie.

"Good morning, Charlie," Sol heard him say. "Is Captain Ike around?"

"Not yet, Mr. MacKenzie."

"Well, whose around?"

"Just Mother."

"You are not going out, are you?"

"Why, yes. We should have been at the Bustards last night."

"Oh, you are going to the Bustards. I suppose you have the men's wages with you on this trip?" This he said carelessly, as if it were one commodity of many that might form the tug's cargo.

"We have the flour and the pork, but I didn't see any money coming on."

"No, I suppose not, but the two go together at this time of the year. I shall have to speak to the Captain."

"Hello, there, Captain Ike, hello!" he shouted in a loud tone of voice.

Mrs. Butterworth, fearful lest Captain Ike should be awakened, came out to the side and began to speak to him.

"Hello, Fanny! You're having fine weather for your trip. Where's Captain Ike?"

Sol, not accustomed to hear persons to whom deference ought to be shown addressed by their first name, was amazed that Mrs. Butterworth did not resent with indignation such familiarity. Instead he heard her answer in careless good humour,

"He's in bed, of course, where all honest folks ought to be at at this time of day."

"Aha,' he answered with a chuckle, "and I suppose that's the reason you and I are about."

"We're here to wait for the daylight, but what are you here for?"

"Oh, just to see what's a tramp boat doing, sneaking around these waters out of her way through the middle of the night."

"I suppose you're afraid there might be some constables hovering about. It's a good thing there's something you're afraid of."

"Constables!" he said with a changed tone of voice. "Did you see any?" he asked with emphasis on the "you."

"Just them that you saw," she answered, taking care to emphasize the same word.

"We saw," he said, with evident surprise.

"Yes, you saw," she repeated. "It's Rory MacKenzie they're after, and it's Rory MacKenzie they're going to get," she added with spirit.

Rory MacKenzie made no comment on this last statement. He was puzzling his mind as to what particular information had been supplied the authorities that would cause the present activities of the government officials. There were many breaches of conduct for which a just law would hold him criminally responsible. For which of these were the authorities now seeking him? He did not realize that all this activity was a creation conjured by the influence

of a guilty conscience on his constructive imagination. In the meantime, Mrs. Butterworth was getting impatient to be off.

"Charlie, throw on that line, and get on board, and let us be off."

"You're not going away until I see Captain Ike, Fanny." And again he shouted, "Hello, Captain Ike, hello."

As there was no immediate answer, he began to have doubts as to the presence of Captain Ike on board the vessel.

"Where's Captain Ike? I don't believe he's there at all."

"I said, he's in bed. Will you not believe me? Get on board, Charlie."

The evident anxiety of Mrs. Butterworth to get off, and her reliable knowledge in regard to the constables, aroused the suspicions of MacKenzie. As Charlie started to board the tug, he reached out his hand and pulled him back.

"You're not going to leave here until I see Captain Ike, Charlie."

He spoke quietly, but with determined emphasis.

"Let that boy go!" Mrs. Butterworth commanded with angry indignation. "Whether we stay here or go is none of your business."

This last remark, but increased MacKenzie's suspicions. "Something's wrong," he thought, "or the Captain would have been here before this."

By this time, Sol, impatient in keeping himself under cover, and curious to see with his eyes as well as to hear with his ears what was going on, quietly opened the cabin door a little ajar, and looking out and saw for the first time the man who was most feared and followed of all other men on the Bay. There he stood, six feet in height, powerfully built, a true picture of a well-trained, fully-developed military officer. The butt of his rifle, which he held in his left hand, rested on the ground, while with his right hand he held a firm grasp of Charlie by the collar of his coat. He wore a wide-rimmed fedora hat, and was dressed in a neatly-fitting brown duck suit, his pants tucked away in under his high top boots. Should one get a square look into his shifty brown eyes, which was a feat seldom accomplished, he would see there a glare that bespoke cruelty and cunning. In answer to Mrs. Butterworth's peremptory command, he looked down on the slender boy by his side with a smile which meant for both of them the utter futility of resistance to his will.

A few moments silence followed Mr. Butterworth's request for the release of Charlie. MacKenzie was a man who was evidently not to be hurried in doing anything which was not in accord with his own wishes, and in this case his suspicions were taking the reins of action into their own hand. After their visit to the Cave Island, and the unexpected apparition that surprised them there, he was beginning to fear that officers of the law were displaying too much activity on the Bay. He had spent the day just closed in laying plans for defence, should a raid be made upon his quarters. A fellow-trader was located on the opposite side of the river, and it was arranged that lookouts should be provided by each on his side of the river, these men having orders to sink any vessel that carried officers of the law in the neighborhood.

These preparations are but finshed, when, to their amazement, a vessel is heard stealing up slowly into the mouth of the river through the darkness, and mooring on the side closely proximate to MacKenzie's headquarters. Though they identified it as the well-known vessel of Captain Ike, still they deemed it wise to keep watch on, and acquaint themselves with all of its movements. The inability to get any response from Captain Ike, and the evasive answers of Mrs. Butterworth, convinced MacKenzie's already disturbed mind that there was a sinister motive accounting for the presence of the tug in these unfrequented waters, and he, therefore, determined to hold the vessel until a rigorous examination were made of all the circumstances accounting for its presence there. The seizure of Charlie was to this end, but his mother was filled with fear and anger as she saw her boy held in the clutches of a character that would go to any lengths, no matter how unreasonable, to accomplish his own ends.

"Will you not let that boy go?" she, therefore, repeated with increased anger.

"He'd be an ugly man to meet in a scrap," thought Sol, as he saw his continued disregard of Mrs. Butterworth's wishes, and wondered if resistance were continued to what eventuality it might lead.

"Will you call the Captain, Fanny?" MacKenzie spoke in a conciliatory tone to Mrs. Butterworth, as if to assure her that he only stood on the best of terms with her.

At this juncture, Charlie made an effort to release himself from the hold of MacKenzie, but this only served to make him grip him with more determined obstinacy, and in order to convince the boy that there was to be no disregard to his will, he twisted the collar of his coat, tightening it with a stranglehold upon his neck. The blood rushed to Charlie's face and he gasped with signs of extreme discomfort.

Sol had been taught that the first step towards a successful issue in a combat was to disarm your antagonist, but how could a helpless boy accomplish such a feat in the hands of so powerful an enemy? Sol knew that the power denied to Charlie, was within near reach to himself. Seeing that MacKenzie was giving no evidence of releasing Charlie, he took up the Captain's rifle, and brought it into line ready for any emergency.

"But where's the revolver?" he said to himself. "It saved the situation once, and it may do it again."

He took the weapon and dropped it into his pocket.

"I'll keep that out of sight, but I may need it, if it is going to be a case of who's who."

When Mrs. Butterworth saw her boy gasping for breath in the hands of the unfeeling creature that had hold of him, "You cruel brute, let that boy go!" she shouted.

Hardly had these words reached the ears of Rory MacKenzie, when his rifle was shot out of his hand, and its stock shattered, and he heard the whizz of the bullet of his own disabled rifle, discharged as it went off by the effect of the catastrophe that befell it.

In the lookout, where Sol rested on one knee, a small cloud of smoke curled up from the end of Captain Ike's rifle, which was quickly re-loaded for further emergency. Captain Ike himself, turned over on his couch at the report so near his body, but gave no further evidence of waking up.

So sudden, unexpected and disastrous, was this

intervention, that in his unnerved surprise MacKenzie dropped his hold upon Charlie, and did not regain his self-possession before the boy had leaped upon the tug and was standing by the side of his mother.

MacKenzie, believing now that he had come into deadly conflict with governmental officials, pulled out his whistle, gave a loud shrill, thus calling his men into action. Himself hastened back into the woods, and soon re-appeared a little further down the shore, with a fresh rifle and two of his men carrying a canoe. In the meantime Charlie had taken his post at the wheel, and his mother at the engine, and the vessel was turned and steered for the open waters.

MacKenzie's canoe shot out from the shore to head off the tug, as he believed its movements betrayed weakness, if not cowardice on the part of the officials, whom his imagination pictured as under cover somewhere on the vessel.

MacKenzie himself took his place at the head of the canoe, and shouted with his usual stentorian voice at Charlie to give the signal to stop the boat. As Charlie refused, he drew up his rifle in line with the boy, and his finger was just discovering the trigger, when once again his rifle was shot out of his hand, the bullet passing within near reach of his chin in reaching its appointed destination. Foaming with rage, he swore that he would get even with this invisible marksman, and sounded his whistle over the waters, repeated at intervals, calling all his men and friends to the combat. By chance, Sol cast his eyes on the farther bank of the river, and observed a fourth man lying in ambush near the shore, and he too, with his rifle in line with Charlie at the wheel.

"I'll wing that fellow," thought Sol aloud, and took immediate aim on this would-be assassin.

When his rifle barked this third time, the bullet passed through the hand where it held its grip on the rifle now drawn in deadly aim on Charlie.

The wounded man gave a shout as the rifle dropped from his partially paralysed hand to acquaint the occupants of the canoe with the disaster that once more befell them.

"Did you hit him?" asked Charlie in tense excitement.

"That I did, but in the hand though."

"That means blood, Warren."

"Better his than yours, Charlie. 'Self-preservation is the first law of nature.' We have your mother to defend."

Sol was now aware that as blood was drawn, the fight must be to a finish. He knew enough of the self-appointed laws and customs of the region to expect no quarter. But he was master of himself, if not of the situation. He moved about without the least excitement, and thought and acted rapidly Profiting by his own experience in a canoe, and seeing theirs was a birch-bark, he determined to sink it, and give them a swimming chance for their lives. Hoping to force the ball below the water-line, he shot downwards at the center of the canoe, but the ball glanced on the water, spent itself, and harmed nothing. His second shot was more successful. Tearing a portion of the stem, it permitted the water to inflow and begin filling the canoe to the imminent danger of all three in it. Shots three and four soon followed, and he was rewarded by seeing all three in the water, and struggling for the shore and safety.

"Thank God, Charlie, we're safe."

But the words were scarcely spoken when the engine suddenly stopped, and loud voices were heard in the engine-room. The boys looked askance. A woman's scream was heard.

"They've got us, Warren. Oh, poor Mother!" and Charlie's voice quivered with emotion.

"Not yet," answered Sol, with unwavering resolution, every muscle of his body now tense in readiness for heated activity.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Desperate Fight under the Inspiration of Whiskey and Anger.

IN order to better equip himself for action, Sol began hastily to unbutton the Captain's smock which he wore.

"Off goes this disguise," he said, as he divested himself of it and threw it over on the couch.

"Whatever the consequences, I'll be in my true colors, anyway," he added.

It was well he did so, for the noise of the repeated rifle shots, followed by the sudden stopping of the machinery of the tug, and this again followed by the loud commotion of fighting-men in the engine-room, all served to awaken the captain out of his drunken stupor. Leaping to his feet, he called out:

"What's going on here, anyway?"

(To be continued in next issue.)

THE FORD.
From the painting by Thomas W. Mitchell, O.S.A.

"MER DOUCE"

(SWEET-WATER SEA)

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SARNIA

on the

Sainte Claire

The "Story City" of South-West Ontario

A Canadian-Wide Enterprise

The Imperial Oil

Its Greatest Industry

C. O. Stillman, President Imperial Oil Company

THERE are just three 'story cities' in the United States, one American has said, and he proceeds to name them—New York; New Orleans and San Francisco, but every city has its interesting story, if only there be found a writer to discover and record it. On Lake Huron, that body of water to which Champlain gave the fanciful name of 'MER DOUCE', is to be found a 'story city', Sarnia, a city, to be geographically correct, not on the lake at all, but on a sheltered bay of the St. Clair river, the distance of which from the larger body so short, and the waist of land that separates it so narrow, that we usually designate it as bordering on the lake south of Champlain's 'Sweet-water Sea'.

Civilization first touched the shores of the Sainte Claire in 1627, when Father Daillon visited the Neutral Indians, a tribe then peopling this district. Forty two years later, it passed down the river in the person of Joliet the explorer, 1669, while Father Hennipen followed his trail the next year, 1770, and gave it the name which it still bears. The French took possession of the district in 1689, by the erection of Fort St. Josph at the foot of the lake, on the Canadian side of the river.

When British history began to unravel its story on the banks of the St. Clair, Sarnia was then a settlement of a half-dozen families of French Canadian half-breeds, of whom the name of one La Forge, has been handed down as occupying the farm where the post-office now stands, and on which at the time when Roswell Mount surveyed the township in 1829, there was an orchard which gave unmistakable evidence that the soil on which the city now stands was under cultivation by the French for more than a century preceding the coming of British settlers into the district.

As we leave the lake and enter into the river we feel the sensation of running water, which our forefathers designated 'rapids', thus giving Sarnia its first name or rather its second, as the first was an Indian name which we cannot spell and which if we could, it is doubtful whether our readers could pronounce it, so we content ourselves with knowing the city by the name yearly becoming more important, and which we like all the better, now we know the source from which we derived it. Then we see the river shaping itself into a large bay to our left taking a form, roughly speaking, like unto a half moon. If we were to stand on the north horn and look southward, we would see a magnificent industrial plant covering, with its factories, storage tanks, warehouses, offices and yards, an area of 161 acres, and surrounded by

The Old-time Sarnia Plant Purchased and Rebuilt by the Imperial Oil Company in 1879.

Front Street, Sarnia's Main Business Thoroughfare looking Northward.

several other small industries, at the farther end of the city. If Sarnia was ever ambitious to become an industrial centre, it surely has reached its ambition, as far as this one enterprise, that of the Imperial Oil Company, is concerned, the greatest of its kind, in the Dominion of Canada. If we were to stand at the south end, and look across the bay to the north, we would see almost equally as great an area covered with lumber piles, the yards and stock and mill of the Cleveland and Sarnia Mill and Lumber Company, it, also, surrounded by several other industries. Between these two industrial areas lieth the city proper, the business houses on main streets running parallel and near to the water, while stretching eastward on either side of the London road are the dwelling houses with their churches and schools, their parks and library and technical collegiate.

It is in accord with the fitness of things that the premier oil refinery of the Dominion should have its plant in Sarnia, the county town of the district where petroleum was first discovered in Canada, and which, up to the present time, is the field that supplied the major share of the crude oil which it produced. The story of the discovery of petroleum in Canada takes us back to the beginning of things for the county of Lambton. In 1830, two years before the founding of Sarnia, 'gum oil' was observed by the early settlers in the swamps of the neighboring township Enniskillen, which attracted attention chiefly because of the baneful effect it had upon the growth of agricultural products. Though this was evidence that crude oil was native to the district, it was not until thirty years afterwards that the attention of prospectors was directed to this field. The commercial value of this product was not yet discovered to the world. It was not until 1857 that in Roumania this discovery was made, the refining of crude oil begun,—chiefly for illuminating purposes—and an industry of world-wide importance created. The United States followed quickly in their wake, discovered large deposits of the oil in Pennsylvania, and became the second nation to make the production and refining of the crude oil an industry of great commercial

SAINTE CLAIRE RIVER ROADWAY

Showing the Forest of Tanks of the Imperial Oil Company

This Plant has a capacity equipment to handle 12,000 barrels of the Crude oil daily in the process of refining it and manufacturing therefrom its many resulting products.

Apart from the storage capacity required for this process, it has a tankage capacity of 1,250,000 barrels for holding unfinished products.

The largest Tanks have a diameter of 120 feet, and are 40 feet high, holding 80,000 barrels each, and requiring for their construction 350 tons of steel, all of which are fabricated in their own factories and machine shops in Sarnia.

value. The discoveries of Pennsylvania drew attention to Lambton county, and prospectors began to come in with a view to testing the possibilities that lay behind the surface evidences which the Enniskillen swamps supplied.

The first producing Canadian oil well was discovered in Lambton county, February, 1862. James Shaw, a poor photographer, who lived in this neighbourhood for a number of years, was a close observer of the methods of these incoming prospectors, and became ambitious to make a discovery on his own account. With a spring-pole drill, which he worked by foot, he sank a well, struck oil rock at 165 feet, and was rewarded with a gusher. His discovery has been described as "a huge fountain of what seemed to be black mud, bursting from the hole where he had been digging, and which emitted a very offensive odor. The jet was about a foot in diameter and every moment increased in volume, frequently shooting high up in the air." The well continued to flow with occasional brief cessations for upwards of sixty

Imperial Oil Tank Steamer, One of their Fleet of Thirteen Vessels.

seven hours and this in a large and swift stream. Its average daily yield was estimated at 2,000 barrels. Before the end of the year, 65 producing wells had been discovered in this field, some of these yielding a daily output of 300 to 600 barrels but many of them, like Mr. Shaw's, 2,000 three 6,000, and two 7,000, for more than two months.

But while these extensive drillings were being prosecuted, and these immense productions obtained, no provision was made for the preservation of the oil. Storage equipment, there was none. Millions of barrels were wasted. Like so many little children, the actors in this drama of waste seemed to be satisfied, if they could only succeed in tapping somewhere in this great reservoir of wealth and see this precious product float down on the surface of the waters of Black creek, a streamlet that passed through the district, enter the St. Clair river, and be lost somewhere in its journey oceanward.

This riotous waste was a presage of Mr. Shaw's own ill-luck or failure. When his well was discovered, he was offered $25,000 in gold for it,

An Imperial Tank Car being filled with Refined Oil for Distribution in Canadian National Territory.

but he refused. He lived to see it peter out, and he died as he had lived, devoid of both the comforts and the necessaries of life.

Immediately following these discoveries of 1862, oil refineries began to be established in Canada, William Spencer, Woodstock, and J. H. Williams, Hamilton, being the first in the field. These men purchased farms in Plympton township on the Great Western railway, surveyed them into town lots and named the place, Wyoming. On a tie road which they built from there to Oil Springs, they teamed the crude oil out to the railway, and had it shipped to their refineries at Woodstock and Hamilton. Other refineries were established in quick succession in the neighborhood of the oil fields and in surrounding towns. One, the Alpha, was built at Sarnia in 1872 and became later the plant of the Imperial Oil Company.

Only 'coal oil'—so named from a belief that it

The Office Staff of The Imperial Oil Company, Sarnia

was a product from soft coal, and not from decomposed animal and vegetable matter, as is the belief to-day—was saved. The residue, from which is obtained the gasoline, benzine, parrafine wax, white mineral oil, axle grease, lubricating oil, fuel oil, gas oil, road oils, asphalt and petroleum coke manufactured to-day, was run off into creeks or thrown as discard into holes in the ground. In the Canadian crude, was a sour-smelling sulphur compound which greatly depreciated its commercial value, giving the kerosene an amber color which produced a similar tincture on the lamp chimney in twenty minutes. After much experimenting, a successful method of removing this objectionable feature was discovered in 1892, by Frasch, an obscure chemist working in a small refinery in London. He was engaged by Fairbanks, Rogers & Company of Petrolia the predecessors in direct line of the Imperial Oil Company of Sarnia, and oil-refining became in Canada an industry of great commercial importance.

In 1896, Bushnell & Company, a marketing firm of Montreal, took over the refining interests

FERRY WHARF, SARNIA.

with Port Huron, on the opposite side of the St. Claire river in the background.

of Fairbanks, Rogers & Company, and the Imperial Oil Company was established. It was considered imperative by this company, due chiefly to the shortage of water at Petrolia, to remove the refinery to the river frontage, and in May 1897, H. P. Chamberlain, C. O. Stillman, W. J. Gilchrist, F. S. French, W. E. Williams, A. L. Graham, A. E. Juhler (Chemist) and W. B. Elsworth were associated in purchasing the Alpha Refinery at Sarnia, a plant started in 1871 by the Dominion Oil Company, and with this nucleus, begin the erection of the magnificent plant which to-day stands out preeminently as Sarnia's chiefest industry.

Before the Petrolia plant was abandoned, the production of oil from the Lambton field was fast

AUTOMOBILE FERRY WHARF, SARNIA

Easy facilities are provided for the transportation of motor cars across the river between the United States and Canada, an important consideration in the increasing tourist traffic between the two countries.

SARNIA'S WAR MEMORIAL
Prominently situated in one of the City's most beautiful Parks, with the Public Library building in the background. The list of Sarnia's brave, and the heroes that did not come back are written on the Brass Tablets incorporated as part of the Monument.

diminishing, and the importation of crude oil became a necessity if the refining of its was to be continued as one of the industrial enterprises of Canada. A small quantity of the crude is still obtained in Canada, but the major part, 95 per cent, is procured from the mid-continent oil fields, which is moved to the Atlantic sea-board through trunk lines, tapped in Ohio for the Sarnia supply, transported by means of a six-inch pipe line which crosses the river St. Clair a few miles below the Refinery.

When the old-time Sarnia plant of 1871 was purchased and rebuilt in 1897, the aim was to keep the Canadian oil-lamp burning, and its capacity was limited to the handling of 400 barrels of crude per day. Twenty six years only have passed away since then, the oil-lamp has gone out of existence in all large centres of population, but millions of motor cars and trucks are dependent upon the products of this Sarnia industry for their supply of daily energy. Distributing stations are established in every important Canadian centre, and a fleet of tank-steamers ply between Sarnia and Halifax, St. Johns, Montreal, Brockville, Toronto, Welland, Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William, besides 2,000 tank-cars for railway distribution to keep these stations supplied with their many and varied products, all saved from the refuce heap of twenty five years ago through the beneficient discoveries of modern invention. The whole equipment is as far in advance of the methods of fifty years ago, as is the gasoline engine and the pipe-line in advance of the boring of oil-wells by means of man-power drills, and the transportation of the crude in barrels over the corduroy roads of Enniskillen and Plympton in 1863.

CHARLOTTE STREET, SARNIA.
A glimpse of one of its residential streets.

To the honor of the Imperial Oil Company, more even than to their industrial achievement, is their humane and considerate undertaking to make their organization also social and community-welfare enterprise. They are the pioneers in the field to co-operate with their employees.
in solving the problem of living, not only in respect to the wage-earning period of their life, but

PUBLIC SCHOOL, LOCHIEL STREET, SARNIA.
One of the newest and best equipped public schools of the city.

also by a carefully worked out plan of annuities and benefits to make provision for them and their families in times of accident, sickness, old age and death. They encourage their employees during the wage-earning period of their life, to exercise thrift, and have established a Co-operative Investment Trust, enabling them by easy instalments to purchase such a share in this trust fund as will secure them against any day of future adversity. In their system of annuities, sickness benefits and death claims, they undertake to pay over at these periods in the life of their employees, generous allowances based on their wage-earning capacity and length of time which they have been in the service of the Company. This Department is administered by a Committee under the Board of Directors.
who give every diligence to insure a just and equitable distribution of these apportioned funds in order that faithfulness and efficiency in service may be appreciated and rewarded, and that provision to remove the anxiety and distress incident to periods of sickness and experiences of death may

Head Office, Lambton Loan Company

IN the business centre of the city, and occupying important positions on its main street, are to be found representatives of the incorporated banks in generous supply. The story of the growth of each of these is a story of general interest, though not associated with the local history of the city. But there are two financial institutions which owe their existence to the initiative, enterprise and business efficiency of men whose story is associated with that of the city and its district, The Lambton Loan and Investment Company, and The Industrial Mortgage and Savings Company.

The oldest of these two is the Lambton Loan. Indeed, it occupies the honorable position of being the oldest institution of its kind in Canada, going back to 1844 as the date of its incorporation. One other loan company existed and operated before this one, but under a British, not a Canadian charter. The Lambton Loan is the first loan company with a Canadian charter.

The story of its genesis is peculiarly interesting, taking us back to the customs and methods of finance peculiar to the earliest of our pioneer days. Retail merchants, who ascertained that outstanding accounts had the inconvenient habit of maturing, found out also that by the regulations of their wholesalers, they were under the necessity of paying these in cash, drafts and checks being then an unknown practise. When the account became due, the size of the cash box of the merchant and his indebtedness oftentimes did not correspond. He went on these occasions to his sympathetic fellow-merchants, and the cash boxes of all were requisitioned to meet the emergency.

JOHN B. PARDEE
Manager of the Lambton Loan and Mortgage Company.

This need led a Mr. Robert Skilbeck, a clerk of one of these merchants, who had had experience with Building Associations in the Old Country, to suggest tthat the merchants organize on similar lines, so that a reservoir of cash might be maintained to which they could go for a loan, and for which they would be expected to pay for the accommodation to the owners of the cash a legitimate rate of interest. This Association was duly formed with Mr. Skilbeck as its treasurer. The sphere

MR. NORMAN A. GURD
President of the Lambton Loan and Mortgage Company and Author of "Tecumseh' in the 'Canadian Heroes' series.

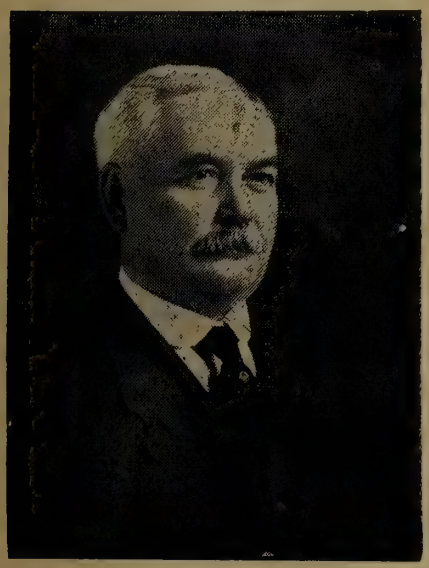
of the association was later enlarged to allow of builders as well as merchants securing loans, and was formally organized under the name, The Port Sarnia Building Society, the papers of incorporation filed at Sandwich, as Sarnia had not yet reached the status of a county town. In these days money was scarce, the persons desiring acommodation numerous, the available funds limited, so that it was not unusual to give the loan to the one tendering the most generous rate of interest. With the increase of deposits and assets, enlarging its sphere of influence, the name was changed later to that of 'The Lambton Permanent Building and Investment Association.' In the late eighties, the name was again changed and its present one was given.

Many eminent personages have been associated with the history of Sarnia, the names of some of whom became household words throughout the province. The present officials have been associated with the history of the institution, through their families, for many years. The

manager, Mr. John B. Pardee, with his brother, Senator Pardee, Director, are sons of the late Honorable T. B. Pardee, a member of the provincial legislature for many years, and Minister of Crown Lands in the government of Sir Oliver Mowat. Mr. Pardee was appointed manager of the Company on the occasion of the death of J. H. Kittermaster in 1921.

Mr. Norman S. Gurd, the president, is the son of Mr. R. S. Gurd, who was managing director of the company for more than a quarter of a century preceding his death, Mr. Charles McKenzie, brother of Hon. Alexander McKenzie, at that time occupying the office of president.

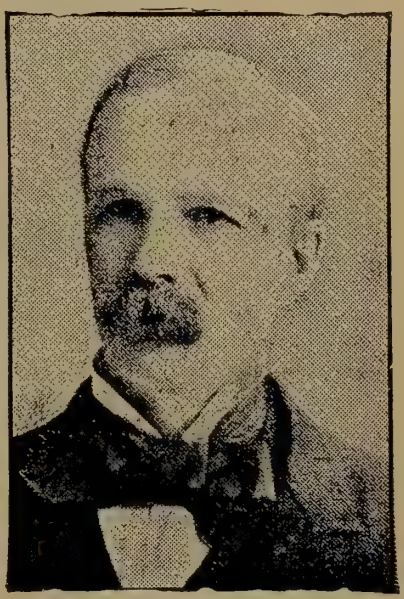
The name of Mr. Gurd has a peculiar interest to historical societies because of his sympathetic interest in the story of his country and its historic personages. This interest found expression in the production of a valuable historial work — "The Story of Tecumseh" — in the Canadian Heroes series, a book which has received warm appraisal and has a place among the supplementary readers in the schools of the province.



The Industrial and Mortgage Savings Company Building.

Right : D. N. Sinclair, Manager

Left : John Cowan, President.



The second of Sarnia's local financial institutions — The Industrial and Mortgage Savings Company—may be properly designated a county enterprise, as the persons associated in bringing about its organization in 1889 were mainly, though not exclusively, representatives of the county and surrounding townships. This institution supplies an important chapter in the story of Sarnia, not because of the length of its years, but in that it represents the achievment of the generation now fast passing out into history.

The three men who to-day comprise the Executive Head of its Board of Directors, Messrs. John Cowan as president, D. N. Sinclair as manager, and W. F. Paul as assistant manager, have been associated with the Company since its inception, and without doubt it represents a very important part of their life's work.

The Company was launched out on its career of subsequent success, with the late Judge Lister, at that time one of the most prominent barristers of south-west Ontario, as its first president and J. S. Symington as its first manager. On the elevation of Mr. Lister to the bench, 1898, Mr. John Cowan was elected president, to which position he has been re-elected at every annual meeting since.

Mr. Cowan is one of Sarnia's most respected citizens. He has the unique experience of having no country as his birth-place, being born in mid-ocean on the voyage which brought his parents from Scotland to this country, July 8, 1849. He spent his boyhood days on a farm in the neighborhood of Seaforth, Huron county. He entered the teaching profession in 1872, spending three successful years thus employed. After a course of study in law, and an apprenticeship in the law-office of the late Justice Idington of Stratford, he was graduated from Osgoode Hall and called to the bar in 1879. For the forty-four years since he has held an honored place in his chosen profession during 34 years of which he has given close attention to the affairs of the Industrial and Mortgage Savings Company. In the social life of Sarnia, as well as in his business and professional career, he has won the confident regard of the community, and in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, of which he has been long a consistent member, he faithfully discharged the duties of Elder and Sabbath School Superintendent for many years, a position which his integrity of character and training as a teacher eminently qualified him to fill.

For the past twenty-three years, Mr. Cowan has had a worthy associate in the person of Mr. D. N. Sinclair as Manager of the Company, who was appointed to the position following the death of Mr. Symington in 1900. Mr. Sinclair is a native Canadian, born on a farm in Caradoc township, Middlesex county, in 1857. His father, an Argyleshire man, came to Canada in 1820. His mother was a Susan Nulty of Ancaster township, a native Canadian of Irish parentage. Like many others of his time, he started out his career as a public school teacher, his first school being in Brooke township,

(Continued on page 26)

SARNIA

A Short Glance Backward

BY

Mrs. C. J. Nesbit

SARNIA, ONT.

The-Walk-in-the-Water—the first of the Great Lakes' Vessels

A stranger visiting Sarnia now and seeing its Factories, Churches, Schools, Banks Shops and all the tokens of a flourishing young city of about 18,000, may find it hard to believe that 91 years ago it was all wilderness. There were no roads, not even a wharf, for I was told by an old resident, that she had come out from Wales in 1832, a child of 10—with her father, mother, and nine other children, the youngest a baby in arms, and she remembered landing from the boat where thick bushes grew to the water's edge. All was wild and terrible to them, her Mother sank on a log and wept with fatigue and dread for she had been told that there were Indians all about and that they were cannibals!

To add to their discomfort there was no place to get food and they had nine miles yet to go to their destination which was the Jones Settlement at Maxwell.

There were only five small log houses which had been built that year by Joseph Laforge and four other French Canadian squatters.

From this small beginning sprang "the Rapids" as the place was called, and which later became Port Sarnia and for many years past it has been simply Sarnia.

The river was the great highway—every person came and went by boat, either one of the sailing vessels, or the high pressure side wheel steamer that came up from Detroit at stated intervals—I think twice a week at this period.

In September 1832 the "Red Jacket" landed my grandfather, Capt. Richard Emeric Vidal, lately retired from the Royal Navy and looking for a home in the New World for his family. He was so pleased with the situation and its possibilities, that he decided to take up his crown grant of 200 acres at this place. He did so and before returning to England left orders for the building of a large log-house to receive his family. He went back to England to prepare for the move, and early in the summer of 1834 the old home at Bracknell, Berks. was sold and the household goods packed for the long voyage of 7 weeks on a sailing vessel. Then came the journey by railroad and boat from New York to Rochester across to Toronto (where they rested for a few days) and on by way of Niagara River, Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and finally River St. Clair, arriving at their destination on Aug. 17th, 1834. Capt. Vidal had seen much active service in the Navy, and had fought in all parts of the world—was promoted step by step till in 1830 he was made Commander and the following year he retired on half-pay.

His long training at sea, made him a good settler and when he could not get what he wanted, with a sailor's resourcefulness he made something else do. His education, experience and sunny cheerful disposition made him a natural leader, so when the rebellion of 1837 broke out, he immediately offered his services to the Government and took command of part of the Frontier with rank of Lt Col.—in conjunction with officers who had settled on River and Lake front.

He also acted as "weather bureau" for years, sending regular reports to the government of the daily readings of thermometer, and barometer, wind etc., and he was collector of customs for a number of years.

He was one of the three men who founded Sarnia, the other two were George Durand and Malcolm Cameron, and these names will never be forgotten while the streets of Sarnia remain.

George Durand came in 1833 and opened the first shop, also later he built a saw mill, which cut the first log 15th Dec. 1837.

This was a great thing for the village, for until then lumber had to be brought from Detroit or from Desmond, Mich., on the other side of the St. Clair, a little way up Black River, where there was a saw-mill, a shop, and a post office.

Mr. Durand bought and sold land as well, and it was he who gave the site for the Roman Catholic Church "through loving respect for his wife." A large block of shops and offices on the West side of Front St. is still known as the Durand Block.

The Hamonic

The Northern Navigation Company are one of the oldest companies supplying a passenger traffic on the Great Lakes. They supply a tri-weekly service between Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William with Manager's offices at Sarnia.

The Hon. Malcolm Cameron was an oustanding character, well known through the length and breadth of Canada. When he first came to Sarnia he was a handsome young man with bright dark eyes, curly hair, firm pleasant mouth and a genial hearty manner. He was full of fun and had a great stock of stories to tell on every occasion and was altogether a very popular man. He was twice Sarnia's representative in Parliament and for a time a cabinet minister, but specially prominent as an advocate of the temperance cause, to which he freely devoted time, influence and money. He came with his wife and one little daughter in 1835, bought 100 acres adjoining Capt. Vidal's land in the centre of the present city, and laid it out in town lots. He was instrumental in bringing many good settlers to the county of Lambton from his former home—County of Perth. He built a second saw-mill, a grist mill, had a general store, and was a large shipowner doing business as a lumberman, and in one particular year one-sixth of all the oak timber shipped from Canada to Great Britain was shipped from Lambton County by him.

Mr. Cameron gave the land on Christina St. for the first Presbyterian Church, as well as the lot on the corner Lochiel and Brock to which the first Methodist Church, a small frame building, was moved from the adjoining square where it previously stood.

Capt. Vidal, in 1848 bought a large lot from Mr. Durand (because he did not think any of his own land suitable) and built on it a pretty red-brick church with seating capactiy for 100, which property he presented to the Diocese of Toronto. So these three pioneers were men of vision, helping to build up the future town in material things and striving to make it a law-abiding God-fearing place.

The years 1834-1835 brought so many new settlers to the village that it was thought time to choose a better name than "the Rapids." From Capt. Vidal's dairy, I take this extract:

"Jan. 4th. 1836—Wet, cloudy day. Held our first Township meeting. I was called to the Chair and appointed Commissioner. The village was named "Port Sarnia" by a vote of 26 against 16."

Sarnia was the old Latin name for Guernsey, and had been chosen for the township the previous year by Sir John Colborne who was formerly Governor of that Island.

There was a strong effort by some of the inhabitants to call the village "New Glasgow", but, fortunately, in this case, wisdom was with the majority, and Sarnia had a name of its own. Front Street was, however, called Trongate St. for years; in the Lambton Shield of Jan. 9th, 1852 (the first paper published in Sarnia) there are advertisements of shops and offices on "Trongate Street," while others just next them were on "Front St."; by degrees the first name dropped out.

I have mentioned "Desmond" as being the name of a Post Office in Mich., U. S. A. (where the city of Port Huron now stands). It was a very important place to the village of Port Sarnia for all letters and papers came and went through it, and had to be carried over the river by canoe or sail boat, and in the winter on the ice, all of which were risky in bad weather, and many narrow escapes are recorded in Capt. Vidal's diary, so that after one of these we are not surprised to see this entry "met at Harris' about getting a Post Office."

It is true that sometimes Mr. Jones the Indian agent sent letters by special Indian runner via Chatham, but that was irregular and not very satisfactory, so we can imagine the delight of the village when the first mail came in from London by man on horseback Feb. 11th, 1837, and George Durand was the first post-master.

This arrangement continued twice a week till Jan. 7th, 1840 when it was replaced by a post-stage which arrived on that day carrying also three passengers. This meant that the road had been at last made passable between Sarnia and London, though for a long time after, parts of it were still

The Old Buttonwood's Roadway, Sarnia

dangerous, being corduroy over dense swamps, and when the water was high, the logs sometimes floated.

The intercourse with Desmond or Port Huron continued and a regular ferry service was established, so we know that our opposite neighbour was growing.

Another entry from the diary gives this bit of information "April 1st, 1836 wrote out a petition for Crampton for establishing a ferry."

So this was the beginning of the regular ferry service which has gone on ever since. The first craft used was a sail boat; then came two large dug-out canoes braced several feet apart with a platform laid across, and a paddle-wheel in the centre, the motive power was a mule which tramped round and round on the platform.

Later a large scow was used, and 4 mules did the work, a rival scow employed 4 horses and the competition was keen for a time; then the scows were replaced by the "Sarnia" a side-wheel steamboat which plied between Butler St. wharf on Port Huron side of the St. Clair and Sarnia—till it in turn gave place to smaller, swifter steamers which went up Black River a short distance, and landed passengers in the centre of the business section of Port Huron, which had shifted in the course of years.

No sketch of Sarnia's early days would be complete without a mention of the "N N I," a small tavern kept by Oliver Allan. It stood where the present "Belchamber House" now stands, and was known far and wide by this name, the result of the painter's extreme conscientiousness; when ordered to make the sign "INN" on both sides alike he pricked the letters through to be sure and have them the same. As more families came to the village, houses were built and streets laid out, garden plots were fenced, a very necessary precaution, as cows, chickens, and geese, roamed at will.

The roads were very bad in most directions, and the necessary journeys from the river in and out to the various clearings in the bush were toilsome. In many places vehicles of any kind were impossible, and everybody rode on horseback, and the best roads followed the lake shore to Maxwell, Errol, and other settlements, and the river bank to the South across the front of the Indian Reserve to reach the Township of Moore.

I should say that in summer it was good, when the clay was baked hard, the track wandered about sometimes painfully near the edge of the steep bank of the St. Clair, then back again to cross a very primative bridge over one of the frequent gullies running into the river. But in bad weather the road was so wet and sticky the horse could scarcely walk and wheels and step were almost hidden with stiff blue clay. To get out and walk "to make it easier for the horse" was quite a common thing. The Reserve to the south of Sarnia was laid out by the Government in 1827 when large areas were ceded by the Indians, and the government built big cabins to encourage them to settle down to farm work and fishing; and a school house which at first served also the purpose of a church.

To teach and work among the Indians, came first Rev. Thomas Turner in 1832 who stayed for two years and was followed in 1834 by Rev. James

St. Clair River as seen from Aeroplane, showing Sarnia's ice-free harbor in winter.

Evans, who was in charge for four years, and was very highly esteemed both by Indians and white settlers. He it was, who in 1837 went about among the settlers and got subscriptions to build the little frame chapel which was the first place of worship for the settlers in all this district, and was used by all the Protestants till 1841 when the Presbyterian red brick church was built and Rev. Mr. Macalister was inducted the following year, the first settled minister north of Sandwich.

The bads roads and great difficulty involved in a journey to London or Toronto was much felt by the people of Sarnia, and in Nov. 1836 Capt. Vidal makes this entry in his diary "employed writing an address to the public about the proposed Railway between here and London." This came about, but not till years later. Meantime, the 'London Rd.' was slowly making its way through dense forests and wide swamps towards London and when finished was the usual way of approaching Sarnia from the East. This road was planked and kept in good repair for some years by the Township of Sarnia, and a toll-gate stood just east of the village, where everyone was "held up" for the toll of a few cents.

The only other toll gates in this district were on the plank road running S. E. to the oil regions, this was made I think about 1860, and the nearer of the two gates is still in existence, and still doing business. So with the growth of the village came changes and improvements, more shops, houses, docks, warehouses, mills, a tannery, a foundry — and schools. The first schools which were built for that purpose were two small cottages which stood on the east side of Christina St. just opposite St. Andrew's Church. The joint Trustees of the Grammar and Common school bought the lot from Capt. Vidal in Sept. 5th, 1842, the price paid was $90.00. The frame building was the Grammar School where "Dominie Walker" held sway, followed by Rev. William Evans, and a long list of worthy men who taught most of the youth of Sarnia, first in this little school house, moving in 1860 into the new Grammar School, then considered a very fine building, which occupied the site of the present Hospital. Here several teachers were needed, still later the Grammar School became the Collegiate in a handsome new building on the London Road. As the school again outgrew its quarters, the present new Collegiate and Technical school on Wellington St. was built, and has been occupied during the last year, with a large staff of teachers and pupils.

The little common school, taught by Miss Sophy McColl also outgrew its small building before many years passed and small buildings for public schools sprang up in all parts of the town, and they have kept on overflowing ever since.

In 1858 a great event took place when the Great Western Railroad was opened from London to Sarnia with one train a day. So the dream of the pioneers came true and a tremendous impetus was given to the growing town. Lumber yards, elevators, steamboat connections, all meant increased business and population.

In 1859 the Grand Trunk was opened from St. Mary's to Point Edward, the cars being taken across the narrow, swift channel (where all the Lake rushes into the river), on a car-ferry to continue their journey to Detroit.

A stage ran between Sarnia and Point Edward to convey passengers, and also a ferry, the first being the "I. C. Spicer"—then the "Sea Gull" and the "Rapid". Presently a track was laid and a horse-car took the place of the stage, till the Grand

Trunk absorbed the Great Western, and, that became the main line, the trains going through the town to Point Edward.

The next change was the great work of building the Sarnia Tunnel in 1891 under the river — which cut off Point Edward from all but freight trains. Sarnia has another Railway running South to Chatham and on to Lake Erie, and connecting with the Michigan line by a car-ferry. It was first the Erie and Huron, but now is called the "Pere Marquette."

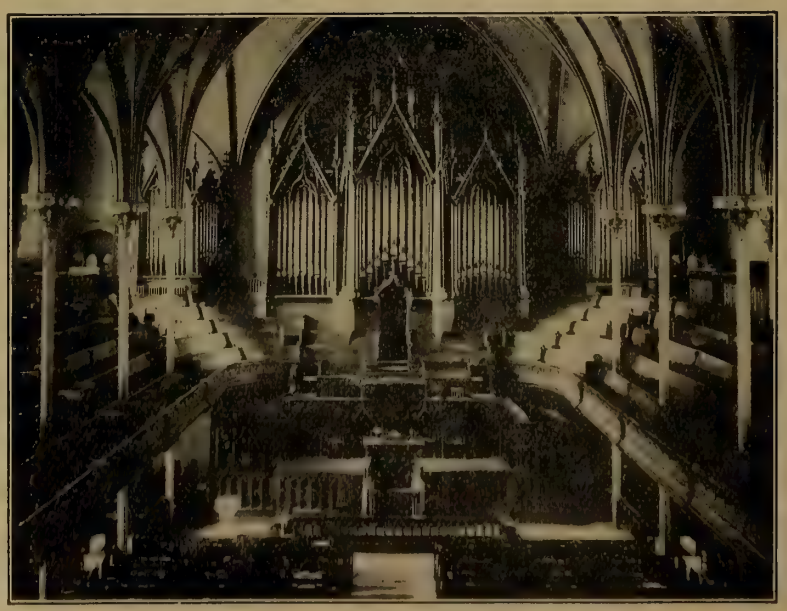
One great event in Sarnia's history was the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales afterwards King Edward VII on Sept. 13th, 1860. The whole village was gaily dressed with much display of bunting and ever-greens, and several beautiful arches, one opposite the Bank of Upper Canada, (now used as the County Building). Indians were well represented in the great welcome to the Prince, and some came all the way from Lake Superior in their great war canoes. There were addresses from various societies and corporations, and the Prince and suite were driven to Point Edward to a grand Banquet prepared in the new Grand Trunk Station—he also had a short trip on Lake Huron on the "Michigan" and then returned to London.

Sarnia shared largely in the excitement of the Fenian raid—soldiers from Toronto were quartered here, and the drills and marches were most interesting, to the children at least. One Sunday I remember seeing a company of soldiers called out of church in the middle of the service, an alarm had been given that the Fenian's had landed just below the town, and though it proved to be false, the consternation it caused was real enough. An old Inn on the London Rd. called Hall's Hotel was used as Barracks afterwards, till it was torn down a short time ago.

Sarnia owes much to the Imperial Oil Co. which has given work to thousands, and has been for years the premier industry of the place, but, it like many of others is comparatively modern and beyond the scope of this sketch. There has always been more or less fishing done in Lake and river, and fifty years ago it was a picturesque sight to see the big seine paid out from the stern of a heavy row-boat, in a large semi-circle, then drawn to the shore by men pulling at both ends till the centre was dragged in with its struggling silvery mass of fish of various kinds, if there happened to be a big sturgeon among them it was thrown out and left on the beach as quite useless, a contrast to present days when they consider it most valuable. The fishing in the Lake now has nothing beautiful about it—pond-nets with rows of stakes are not ornamental and motor-boats are not picturesque. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," and though I freely admit that many of the changes are improvements, I think we have lost something that the early settlers possessed.

The Metropolitan Organ

Gift of Mrs. Lillian Massey Tremble to the Methodist Church Toronto



Interior View of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, showing the organ, the gift of Mrs. Lillian Massey, 1904.

In 1904, Mrs. Lillian Tremble presented to the church an organ second to none in the city as a memorial to her father, the late Hart A. Massey. A further supplement was added by way of an endowment to meet the future needs of the church's musical service.

In 1907, a handsome and commodious parsonage was erected on a corner of the square, completely furnished and well-endowed, the inscription on its beautiful memorial window reading: "This house was built and furnished as a Memorial to Anna Vincent Massey by her husband, C. D. Massey A. D., 1907."

Metropolitan Churches and Their Preachers

An Historical Sketch of The Metropolitan Methodist Church Toronto, Ontario

The Story of Early Methodism in Ontario

The Metropolitan Wesleyan Methodist Church, McGill Square, Toronto. The most Historic Methodist structure in Ontario.

TO narrate the circumstances that led to the erection of this magnificent and historic building, "an edifice equal in architectural beauty, seating capacity and general usefulness, to that of any similar ecclesiastical building either on this continent or in Great Britain," is to record the story of the planting of Methodism in Canada, as the story of the origin of Methodism in Toronto, with which the history of this building is linked, is one with that of its origin throughout our land. This church is not only the lineal descendant of the first Methodist church erected in Toronto but it also in the magnificence of its physical equipment, reflects the noble idealism and faith and the daring achievement of the early and later founders of Canadian Methodism. The story of this church has been frequently told, and an apology might be expected for repeating that which already might be said to be widely known. But apart from the general aim of our work, which necessitates the sketch, there is always, notwithstanding how illustrious has been the personage or how important the event of the past, a generation following that "knew not Joseph." To draw the attention of these to an important historical epoch in the history of Canadian Methodism, as well as to refreshen the memory of those who already know the story, is now our aim in retelling it.

Organized Methodism in Ontario Founded by the American Methodist Conference

ALTHOUGH credit must be given to the American Methodist Church for the establishment of organized Methodism in Ontario, the fact must not be overlooked that Methodism had taken root in certain localities in Canada previously to any attempt on their part to send workers here. As in the case after the Dispersion of the persecuted disciples of Jerusalem in the early days of Christian hitory, when they gathered themselves together in assemblies to worship, notably at Antioch in Syria, and from which later there grew up a flourishing church, so likewise, Methodism began and grew in Canada.

There were Methodists in Wolfe's army in Quebec, 1763, who held meetings in their camps and barracks. Later, in 1774, a number of Methodist families removed their homes from New York to Canada, and after four years sojourn in Quebec in the vicinity of Montreal, came to Augusta town-

ship, Ontario, where they established a 'Class', although even previously to this 'Classes' were established in the Eastern provinces. In 1787, George Neal, a local preacher of New York, established his home on the Canadian side of the Niagara river, and instituted there another 'Class.' These 'Classes' were of necessity conducted by laymen, and although a loose form of the organization of this Christian Society into a church, nevertheless must be considered as such, although its unity was not so much in outward form as in oneness of aim and spirit—a form of worship well suited to the conditions of the time, when ordained ministers for these scattered peoples were unavailable.

Following the establishment of these classes, we have the second stage of the founding of Methodism in Ontario, the prosecution of the work under the supervision of itinerant clergymen, these being appointed to this field by the American Methodist Conference. In 1790, Rev. William Losee, the then appointed Missionary of the New York Conference, of his own accord visited Canada, travelling on foot or with canoe, and preached to the settlements along the Upper St. Lawrence. This first effort, he followed up afterwards by a regular ministry of two years (1791-1792), during which time he succeeded in forming five classes and gathering together 165 members.

In the year 1794, an itinerant Methodist Minister of New York, Rev. Elijah Wooley, volunteered his services for Canada. He was appointed by the New York Conference to the Bay of Quinte district, of which Toronto was at that time the westerly point. In the following year, in company with a certain James Coleman, a devoted Christian, and with a Mr. John Bailey as their guide, the three made their way through the hundreds of miles of unbroken forests that lay between them and their destination. Taking their canoe, they followed the Mohawk river to Fort Stanwix, and from there made their way by a short portage to Wood Creek, followed this stream to Oneida lake, paddled across it to Ononda river, and then continuing their journey by way of this stream, came to Lake Ontario at the place where the city of Oswego now stands, their food by this time reduced to the maximum proportions of one hard biscuit apiece each day. Skirting the southern shore of the lake, they came opposite to Kingston, crossed the river, and proceeded then westward to their destination. It is because of the safety and success of this journey that a historian of the period has been able to record, "It is a moral certainty that in the year 1795, the Rev. Elijah Wooley was the first Methodist divine to preach the gospel in Toronto, when the present metropolis was but a collection of less than twenty houses."

This pioneer itinerant, who remained in Canada for two years, was followed in due time by two others, Rev. William Case, the 'Father of Canadian Missions,' and his colleague, Rev. Henry Ryan. These men received their appointment from the American Conference in 1805, the former being then 25 years of age and the latter 30 years. Both of them were made later presiding elders, bishops at large, over the district to which they were appointed.

Mr. Ryan, a man of amazing physical strength, and of a courage and quickness equal to his strength, was born in Connecticut, of Scotch

Interior of Metropolitan Church. Gallery view

and Irish descent. He was an ardent Britisher, especially in the troublous times during and after the war of 1812. At this time there was strenuous movement in Canada to bring about a separation of the Canadian Methodists from the American Methodist church which resulted in the formation of the Canadian Conference in 1824 and the Methodist Episcopal in 1828. Elder Ryan threw himself with characteristic vehemence into this movement, withdrew himself from fellowship with his brethren in the United States in 1827, and proceeded with others to organize the Canadian Wesleyan church, which they brought about in 1829. It was due to his self-denial and enthusiasm that the first church was erected in Toronto, it being said that he had mortgaged his farm in order to make the building of it possible.

His colleague, Rev. William Case, devoted himself with equal ardor to the work of church extension and Indian Missions, and at the close of his career, 1855, having gven a half-century of service to his church, he was gratified to see, that from scattered classes here and there at the beginning of his ministry, Canadian Methodism had grown to an organization staffed with 22 missionairies to the Indians, 79 to domestic missions, 16 day-school teachers instructing Indian youths in fifteen day-schools, of which two of them were industrial, while the total membership of the church was no less than 10,624 of which 1142 were Indians.

THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN TORONTO, OF WHICH THE METROPOLITAN IS THE LINEAL DESCENDANT

WHILE this increase was being gathered throughout the country. Toronto was also sharing in the Church's general progress. Methodism in Ontario has now entered into the 150th year of its history, but Methodism in Toronto, possessing an independent and self-sustaining congregation, is not yet one century old. The date of the erection of its first church is 1818, which surpasses the century mark by only five years, but it was not until 1827, nine years afterwards that the Rev. William Ryerson was appointed the first stationed preacher of York. It is hard for us to conceive that the passing century has seen the wilderness of muddy York transformed into a city, and a new nation established in this land, with Ontario as its greatest and wealthiest province. "The population of York at that time," one chronicler tells us "was about 1100, and there was only one other church in town—St. James' Episcopal—and a place where the Presbyterians held their services." The Methodists have thus the honor of erecting the second ecclesiastic edifice in Toronto.

In the year 1817, the Rev. David Culp was appointed by the American Methodist Conference to the Yonge Street circuit, and to him belongs the honor of being the first Methodist minister in Toronto to have a congregation with a church 'of its own.' But not to him, but to his Presiding Elder, Rev. Henry Ryan, is the honor of originating the idea of building the church, and we have seen to what lengths of self-denial he was willing to go in order to effect its completion. Before this, their meetings for worship were held in dwelling houses, schools, hotels, and sometimes in the House of Assembly.

Rev. David Culp, its first minister, a man of 'fine presence and magnificent physique,' with at his command, a 'sweet and melodious voice,' was born at Beamsville, Ontario. Being of Dutch descent, he did not enter into the political controversies arising out of the war of 1812, with any degree of ardor, in marked contrast to his Presiding Elder, Rev. Henry Ryan. On the 5th day of November, 1818, Mr. Culp conducted the opening services in the new church, concerning the circumstances of which there is little recorded, save that the roll of membership contained then but six names.

This church proved adequate to the needs of the congregation for a period of fifteen years, when a larger edifice was erected on Adelaide Street, and opened in 1833. This second church provided seating accommodation for 1200, and was a plain brick church, devoid of any relieving architectural feature, with ample quarters in the basement for the needs of the Sunday School in surroundings characterized by puritan simplicity. Services were now held in both churches alternately, until in 1840, when the union was broken up and two separate congregations organized.

A second view of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto

THE METROPOLITAN, THE FIRST WORD IN CANADIAN ECCLESIASTIC ARCHITECTURE

THE church which superseded this Adelaide Street building, and which is the subject of this sketch, is one of the most outstanding and attractive edifices, from the standpoint of architecture, in the city of Toronto. It is built on a large square comprising 3½ acres of land, bounded by four important streets situated in the business centre of the city. It is a brick structure of modern Gothic style, the chief architectural feature of which is a magnificent tower, with pinnacles of light and graceful corner design, which gives it an imposing as well as attractive appearance. It has a normal seating capacity for 1900 worshippers, though as many as 3000 have on certain special occasions received seating accommodation.

In the surroundings of the auditorium, an uplift to a worshipful spirit is given by a scheme of window designs picturing Gospel scenes on the one side, and miracles of our Lord on the other. Eight of these, artistic and attractive in appearance, have already been installed, but five yet, two on the one side and three on the other, await erection. The organ and other church furniture are in keeping with the rest of the equipment, all of which, including the land, have cost approximately $350,000, against which the congregation is able to report no indebtedness.

The corner stone of this structure was laid on the 24th of August, 1870, and the opening services, dedicating the building to the worship of God, April the 4th, 1872.

THE METROPOLITAN, IN THE MAGNIFICENCE OF ITS STRUCTURE, REPRESENTS THE CHARACTER AND CALIBRE OF THE MEN WHO CONCEIVED IT AND BROUGHT IT INTO REALIZATION

THAT so magnificent a structure was attempted in the infant days of the Church's history and carried out to completion was due to the quality of men then directing the affairs of Canadian Methodism. There are five names immediately associated with the success of the enterprise—Reverends Dr. Anson Green, Dr. Morley Punshon, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, with William Lauder, M. P. P., and William T. Mason, laymen. There were many others associated with them and essential factors to its success but by these five the burden of the responsibility was chiefly carried.

Of Doctors Punshon and Egerton Ryerson we can safely say that Canadian Methodism owes more to the influence of these two men than history will ever be able to record. It cannot be said of them that the occasion provided the men. There are epochal periods in the history of human progress when noted luminaries arise, for great eras are produced by great men and not the reverse. These two men were gifts from the Divine Head of the Church because the need of the day demanded men of just such quality. And there were others. Of Dr. Egerton Ryerson's brother William, there is recorded this appraisal,—"the most notable preacher of all this wonderful family and the greatest of his time." Yet this greater, because of his adherence to a more obscure service is given a less notice in our annals, and a secondary place in our esteem. The period marked out by the consummation of the Canadian Confederation is noted for the number of its illustrious men, great both in their faith and in their achievements.

The suggestion of building a church on the site where the Metropolitan now stands originated with Rev. Dr. Anson Green, a superannuated Methodist minister whose mind was still actively concerned in the welfare of the Society for which he had already given fifty years' service. The property had fallen into the hands of the Montreal Bank, and was offered to the City Council for a city hall at the price of the mortgage, $25,000. These had delayed acceptance and made derogatory remarks concerning the offer, which caused the bank manager to withdraw it and refuse to consider any further negotiations with them. "Why not build a Methodist church on the site?" suggested Dr. Green.

The proposal was considered favorably by prominent men in the church and submitted to a meeting of the trustees of the Adelaide Street property and other prominent Methodists of the city who passed a resolution authorizing the purchase of the property. In the event of the failure of the Methodists to secure the property the authorities of the Roman Catholic diocese were ready to purchase it at an advanced price to that now under negotiations. So insistent was the bank in promptitude of decision that it became necessary later for Dr. Ryerson and Mr. Lauder to give their personal checks for $2500 each, thus, for the time compelling these two to take upon their own shoulders the whole responsibility of the proposal. Subsequently a building committee was appointed with Rev. Dr. Punshon as chairman and William T. Mason as secretary-treasurer. Failure was now impossible with such men as these at the helm.

THE METROPOLITAN, A FRUIT OF DR. PUNSHON'S LABOURS, A PRINCE AMONG WORLD PREACHERS, WHO GAVE FIVE YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE CANADIAN METHODIST CHURCH

THE impetus given to Canadian Methodism by the Rev. William Morley Punshon, L. L. D., during the years he remained in Canada cannot be over-estimated. A world-noted author lecturer and preacher of the British Wesleyan church, he came to this country in 1868 under appointment and devoted himself unstintingly to Canadian Methodism as President of its Conference until 1872. He was born in 1824, the son of a Congregational minister of Derbyshire England, and therefore in the prime of life when he visited Canada. He entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1845 and continued a life of indefatigable labor, until his death in 1881. With a masterly gift of oratory, aided by powerful memory, it was said in regard to the audiences who came to hear him that "on the tide of his eloquence he lifted them into ecstacy." While he was in Canada a contemporary wrote of him,—

"Perhaps there is no living man—certainly there is but one other—whose name is more familiar throughout the Methodist world than that of this consummate orator and master of affairs. He is thoroughly cosmopolitan. An Englishman by birth—born in Doncaster in 1824—he possesses the sturdiness and the balance of the English nature; he might be mistaken for an Irishman for he is the peer of Daniel O'Connell in rich and moving eloquence; and during his presidency of the Canada Wesleyan Conference from 1868 to 1873, few men of whatever nation ever more fully realized the ideal of an American Methodist Bishop."

As chairman of its building committee, a leadership was given to the work of building the church which meant success to their co-operative effort from the very start. Although $60,000 dollars had been subscribed towards the project before the day of its opening services, yet the undertaking was so great that Dr. Punshon deemed that an additional sum equal to about half that much more would yet be required and he brought his gift of eloquence to bear upon the audiences gathered at the opening ceremonies which brought in subscriptions and contributions of $28,110 more.

The leadership thus given to the undertaking by Dr. Punshon was ably and enthusiastically seconded by Mr. Mason, the secretary of the Committee, and Mr. Henry Langley, the appointed architect. The diligent attention, discrimination and administrative skill required in the execution of details, Mr. Mason laboriously supplied, while the design prepared by Mr. Langley, is an honor to himself and a credit to Canadian ecclesiastic architecture.

On the right—the first of Methodist Churches, Toronto, erected during the ministry of Rev. David Colp, through the initiative of Presiding Elder, Rev. Henry Ryan, who mortgaged his farm to make its achievement possible. Opened for Divine Service November 5, 1818.

The first of Methodist Churches, Toronto

THE CORNER STONE WELL AND TRULY LAID BY THE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION

The honor of laying the corner-stone was very appropriately conferred on the Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, one of the most oustanding figures of his time in both church and state. A Canadian—he was born in to the town of Woodhouse, Upper Canada, 1803—a ready writer, a gifted speaker, and a far-seeing administrator, it fell to his lot to initiate many undertakings in these days of beginnings for the province of Ontario. He was the first editor of the 'Christian Guardian;' the first President of Victoria College; the first President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada after the consummation of union in 1874; he was Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada from 1845 and afterwards for a period of more than 30 years, a place of service which gave him a prestige and an opportunity that he otherwise would not have had, which he readily used for the betterment of the manners, morals and religious life of his countrymen. The stone was laid by this distinguished servant of the Church on the afternoon of August 24th, 1870, on the occasion of which many eminent men besides himself took part. At the close of this service, $27,000 had been subscribed altogether to meet the contract price of $69,000 for the erection of the building, but to which $8,000 additional had to be added to complete it.

MUNIFICENT GIFTS OF THE MASSEYS OF ORGAN, PARSONAGE AND CHIMES

The original building, now more than half a century old, has had since many additional improvements enhancing in beauty and value the original edifice, which have been made posible from time to time by the gifts of generous benefactors. Among the many gifts thus received, commencing with the first memorial window erected to the memory of his wife by the Rev. Dr. Punshon, three of these deserve special mention, that of a great pipe organ, memorial windows, and parsonage completely furnished.

Recently a chime of twenty three bells was added to the equipment of the church, this too a presentation from Chester D. Massey, a memorial to his wife, Margaret Phelps Massey. These were rung for the first time on Sunday, April 2, 1922, and are greatly appreciated as they supply an impressive introduction to every Sabbath day's service of worship in the church.

It is because of such generous gifts that the original equipment, dedicated to divine worship by the opening services of April the 4th, 1872, has since ben made to increase three-fold in value, thus maintaining the Metropolitan in the high place which it has ever held in relation to the work of the whole Methodist Church in Canada.

THE PRESENT-DAY PROBLEM FOR THE METROPOLITAN

AS the conditions and men of the past gave rise to the congregation and the church, will the church in turn, rise up and meet the conditions with which, in this the beginning of the second century of its history, it finds itself faced. "Down town" is a real problem which this and other similarly situated churches must solve if they would save themselves from extinction. Some other churches have saved themselves by a flight to 'higher regions', a more congenial environment. If the citizens of Toronto congregate in large numbers in this part of the city throughout the week to administer their secular affairs, why may they may be not induced to assemble in the same part of the city on Sunday to worship God? The story of the church's unfolding in the second century of its history will be just as interesting as its first's, if it can measure up to a right solution of the problem facing it. The history of the first century of Methodism in Canada is a worthy record, and we doubt not but that the Master Mind and the Master Spirit will supply the wisdom and enduement of power that will enable a still more worthy record to be written of its future, and that the procession, of pre-eminent men who labored in God's Vineyard in the past, may be followed up by a procession of still greater, in both character and achievements.

HURONIA

By

COL. ALEXANDER FRASER
L.L.D., Litt.D.

Provincial Archivist

An address delivered at Penetanguishene, on the occasion of the Champlain Tercentenary, celebrated there, August, 1920, an historical gathering comprising representatives from Ontario and Quebec, the greatest of its kind ever yet held in the Province.

A Graphic Account of the First Christian Missions in Ontario Filled with Adventurous and Tragic Results

The following is the continuance of Dr. Fraser's address at the point where it left off in MER DOUCE, the tenth issue The article appearing under the same heading in last issue was a selection from his Archeological Report of 1908, descriptive of the massacre of Huronia 1648—1650 intercepted—a fuller account of the massacre but no part of the Penetanguishene address.

PART II.

A Sketch of the Homeland of the Huron Indians, and a Summary of the Christian Missions Established Amongst Them.

DURING the English occupation of Quebec no missionaries could come from France, but with its recession, in 1632, prospects brightened. Champlain was again at the head of the colony, and to him, in 1633, came Fathers Brebeuf and Masse. Fathers Paul Le Jeune and Ann de Noue had come in advance, while Fathers Ambroise Devost and Antoine Daniel were on their way home from Grand Cibou. Champlain never forgot his obligation to the Church. His administration at Quebec always meant missionaries in Canada. Of the six named, Brebeuf, Daniel and Davost with four donnes proceeded, in 1634, to Huronia. They arrived in the early fall and landed at Otouacha, on Penetanguishene Bay. They were well received. Even the children joined in the welcome, " 'Echon's come again!" Former labours had not been in vain.

Nineteen years had passed since Le Caron said his first Mass at Carhagouha, and Huronia had not been neglected in the interval. The means at the disposal of the mission were now ample and the field was sedulously cultivated for sixteen years more. Into the details of the comings and the goings of the missionaries to and from Quebec time will not permit me to enter, but I do wish to mention the name of every member of the Mission from the beginning to the end, for each one ought to be known and held in respectful remembrance. Fathers LeMercier and Pierre Pijart, followed in 1635; Fathers Chastelain, Jogues and Garnier, in 1636; Father Paul Ragueneau in 1637; Fathers Jerome Lalemant, Francis Du Peron, Simon Le Moyne, in 1638; Fathers Chaumonot and Poncet, in 1639; Fathers Claude Pijart and Charles Raymbault, in 1640; Father Rene Menard, in 1641; Fathers Leonard Garreau and Noel Chabanel, in 1644; Father Francois Joseph Bressani, in 1645; and Fathers Gabriel Lalemant, Jacques Bonin and Adrien Daran, 1648. In all there were three Recollets and twenty-four Jesuits associated with Huronia, not including Father Poulain, a Recollet, who reached the Nipissings only; and Gabriel Sagard and Adrien Greslon, who did not rank as Fathers, but as Brothers. Connected with the Mission, as a matter of course, were a number of lay brothers, donnes, artizans and servants, mostly of French origin, who made up the establishment at the various posts.

These posts were spread over a wide territory, and were extended from the centre as the number of missionaries increased, and as the door of opportunity opened. The sites of the native village at which mission stations existed have been fairly well identified, and their distribution shows how thoroughly the field was ministered to. From its beginning, the fourth mission—the last—was successful, so much so that dangerous opposition was stirred up by the medicine men, who saw their own religion seriously menaced and gradually supplanted. The drought, the plague, and other misfortunes were laid at the door of the Jesuits. A council of the chiefs, thereupon, condemned the missionaries to death. This fate was averted by the masterly courage of Brebeuf. "When he heard that the sentence of death was passed upon them," says our venerable Dean Harris, "he strode fearlessly into the council-house, and, to the amazement of the chiefs, demanded to be heard. He was master of their language; and being naturally eloquent, harangued the assembly in words so forcible and persuasive as to obtain a reversal of the sentence." The missionaries maintained their influence with the people, and conversions became numerous.

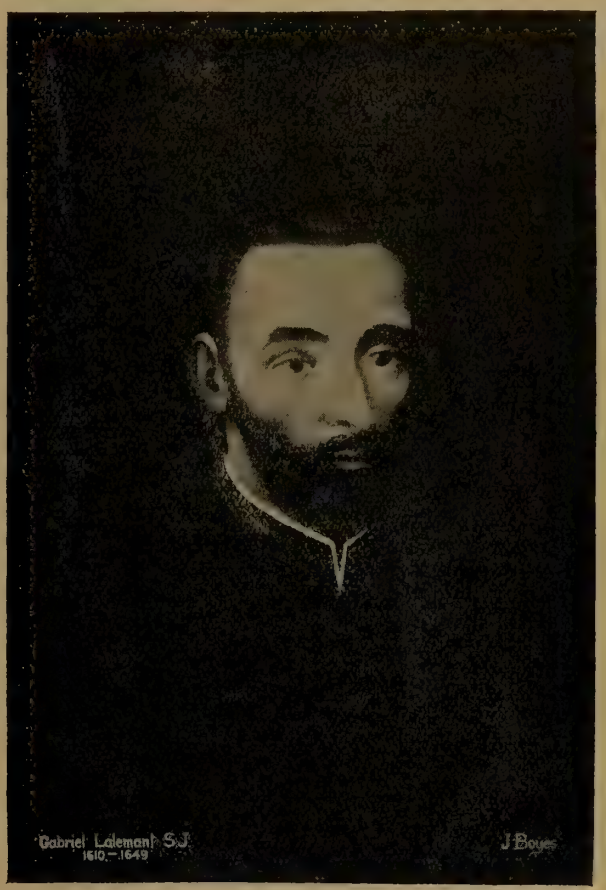
Before we follow the fortunes of Huronia fur-

ther, a tribute is due to the man above all others who was responsible for the origin and success of its famous mission.

On Christmas Day, 1635, the great Champlain passed on to his earthly rest, after a busy and eventful life of sixty years. Born at Brouage, of a noble family, he studied earnestly and, while a young man, took to the sea. He rose to the command of a vessel, became a distinguished naval officer and traveler. He accompanied Pontgrave, in 1603, to Canada, and ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga. The year following he visited Acadia, and wintered there. His close connection with Canada began in 1608, the year in which he founded Quebec, and it continued until his death. No figure in Canadian history approaches his in romantic and practical interest. An idealist of action, a statesman, an explorer and a discoverer; a man of the highest moral courage and Christian character, of comprehensive views, and great personal charm, he won the confidence of those associated with him in the difficult tasks to which he devoted his life. He did not win the great position he attained to by arms or by military successes; he won alike the goodwill of the people whom for nigh thirty years, he governed, and the confidence of the authorities in France who had entrusted to him the important duties of his high office, because he was honourable in his dealings with both. I have more than once referred to his religious views, and it may not be unfitting to take my leave of him by quoting two of his maxims: "The salvation of one soul," he used to say, "is of more value than the conquest of an empire," and: "Kings ought not to think of extending their authortity over idolatrous nations, except for the purpose of subjecting them to Jesus Christ." And McMullen adds: "While the pen of the historian can record his chequered fortunes, Champlain will never be forgotten; the waters of the beautiful lake that bears his name chant the most fitting requiem to his memory; as they break in perpetual murmurings on their shores."

It soon became necessary to reorganize the mission work, and it was decided to provide what we might call an administration building. This was carried out under the direction of Father Jerome Lalemant in 1639. A permanent central residence was erected, remote from any existing village, at a point between the south of Gloucester Bay and Mud Lake on the eastern bank of the River Wye. It was named Ste. Marie I. Five districts were constituted for missionary purposes, four of which were within Huronia and one in Petun territory. In each district, headquarters were provided and an efficient organization effected. Every Huron village was now regularly visited, and Fathers Jogues and Garnier set out on a journey to the neighbouring Petuns. The medicine men frowned on this move and spread a report that the "Black Sorcerers" had brought about the epidemic of smallpox which had decimated the village of Ihonatiria (near the north point of the Penetanguishene peninsula). Every door was closed against the priests and no footing could be obtained at that time. Nevertheless, they continued their journey from village to village, making useful observations. Next year things were different and Father Garnier succeeded in founding a mission station in their midst.

Another notable missionary jounrey was that undertaken in 1640 by Fathers Brebeuf and Chaumonot to the Neutral country. After nine days' journey they reached the first Neutral town. They found that they had been heralded by malicious reports of their powers of evil, and of their evil intentions, chiefly that through the supernatural propagation of plague they were to destroy the people. Maledictions met them on every side and the arrow or tomahawk were withheld only because of fear. Nevertheless, some months were spent here and eighteen towns were visited in the vain endeavour to gain a hearing. They then decided to return home. On the night of their departure



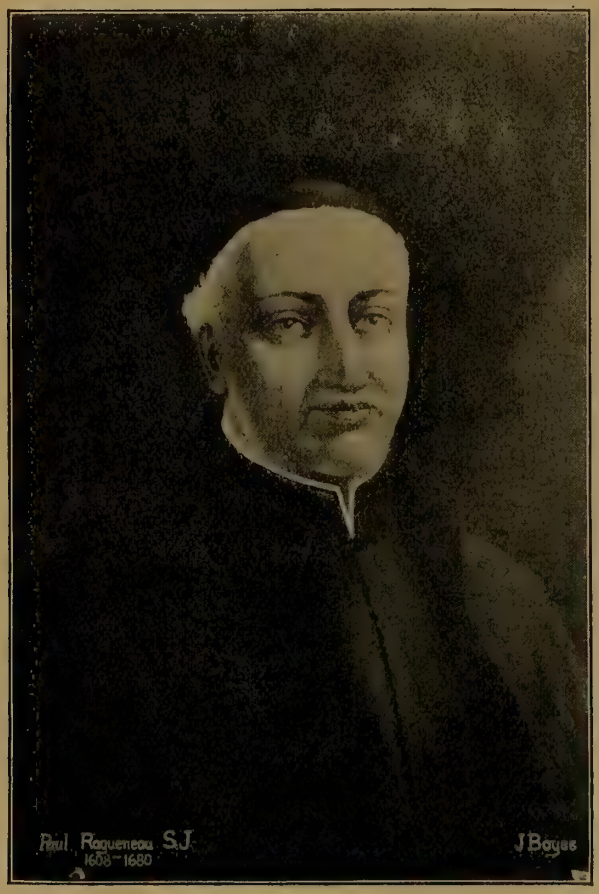
Rev. Gabriel Lalemant, S. J.

Brebeuf, in the act of private devotion, saw a vision of a blood-red cross in the sky moving towards him from the land of the Iroquois. "Was it large?" enquired the Fathers on his return. "Large enough to crucify us all," he replied. The premonition was not without significence in view of Brebeuf's impending martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois. Returning from the Neutral country, he fell on the ice and broke the left clavicle. Until this was attended to, two years afterwards, by the surgeon at Quebec, he was disabled from active service.

Meanwhile, in 1641, Fathers Raymbault and Jogues visited Algonquins and Ottawas at Sault Ste. Marie and stayed with them a few weeks. They were probably the first Euporeans to see Lake Superior if the claim of Etienne Brule be rejected.

Charlevoix gives an interesting account of the daily routine at the mission stations: "All their moments," he writes, "were marked by some heroic

action, by conversions or by sufferings, which they Hurons at their hands was shared by the Petuns. considered as real indemnity when their labours had not produced all the fruit they had hoped for. From the hour of four in the morning when they rose, till eight, they generally kept within; this was the time for prayer and the only part of the day which they had for their private exercises of devotion. At eight, each went whithersoever his duty called him; some visited the sick, others directed the husbandmen, and others visited villages destitute of pastors. No children, or at least very few, died without baptism; even adults who had refused to receive instruction while in health, ap-



Rev. Paul Ragueneau, S. J.

plied for it when they were sick. They were not proof against the ingenious and indefatigable charity of their physicians."

The mission stations were now fairly comfortable and the more important chapels were supplied with bells. By the beginning of 1648—the year of the Iroquois invasion—the townships of Tiny, Medonte, Tay, Matchedash and North Orillia possessed flourishing missions, and Father Poncet had wintered in Manitoulin Island. There were missions among the Algonquins, the Nipissings, and the tribes on the North Shore of Lake Huron, also among the Petuns. Requests for missionaries came from Indian nations on the shores of Lake Michigan, and the great nations of the Sioux and Dakotahs to the far west seemed to be within reach of early evangelization. The number of converts continued to increase, as many as eighteen hundred having been baptized in one year.

"Inveterate prejudice was overcome, bitter hostility was changed to tender affection and the worn and faded black cassock, the cross and rosary hanging from the girdle, and the wide-brimmed hat of the Jesuit missionary became, as Withrow says, "the objects of loving regard instead of the symbols of a dreadful spiritual power. The Indians abandoned their cruel and cannibal practices. In the forest sanctuary was broken to savage neophytes the sacred bread, which crowned monarchs of Europe received from the hands of mitred priests beneath cathedral domes. Rude natures were touched to human tenderness and pity by the pathetic story of a Saviour's love; and lawless passions were restrained by the dread menace of eternal flames. Savage manners and unholy pagan rites gave way to Christian decorum and pious devotion, and the implacable red men learned to pray for their enemies."

Eighteen missionaries were in constant service; additional men to help were expected soon from France, and the future was laden with roseate promise.

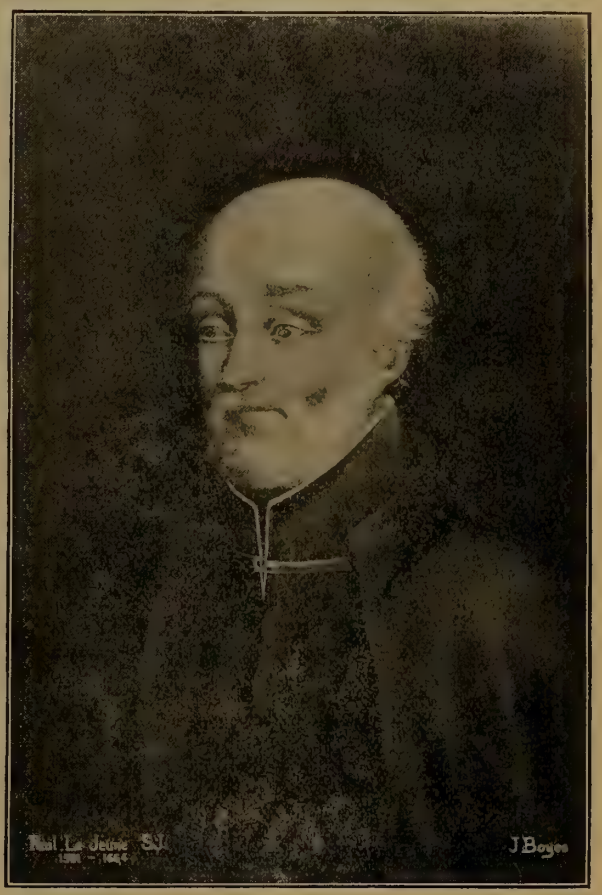
The lightning was about to flash and the thunder-cloud of disaster to burst. Brebeuf's vision of the blood-red cross was soon to be realized. The dread Iroquois were on the war-path. In 1647 they had whetted their appetite for carnage by the destruction of the unwary Neutrals. Their long-standing feud with the sedentary Hurons had not been forgotten and in the spring of 1648 they crossed the St. Lawrence, bent on a war of extermination. Their objective was the village of St. Joseph II., in the township of Medonte, ministered to by Father Antoine Daniel, who was the first Jesuit missionary in Huronia to receive the crown of martyrdom at their hands. The enemy had been lurking in the vicinity and taking advantage of the departure of many of the Huron braves on a hunting trip, fell on the defenceless families, burnt the village, and committed indiscriminate and cruel slaughter. Yet quite a number escaped, helped by the brave conduct of the proto-martyr. The attack was made on the fourth of July, as early Mass was being concluded in the church, which was crowded. Father Daniel, after urging his people to fly for their lives, and baptizing a number of them, by aspersion, collectively, admonished them to hold their faith till death. He then came out of the church alone and faced the Iroquois. For a moment they hesitated as if awe-struck by his courage, then flew their arrows. The charge of an arquebus at close range mercifully saved him from a death of torture. The church was set on fire and his dead body, after being stripped and mutilated, was thrown to the flames. He was forty-eight years of age and had been twelve a missionary in Huronia. The village contained about four hundred families. The slain and the captives numbered about seven hundred, and those who escaped settled near Ste. Marie I. Another village belonging to the Mission was also destroyed in this raid. Its name is unknown, but is supposed by Father Jones to have been Ekhiondatsaan, on the trail between St. Joseph II. and Ossossane.

Nearly a year had elapsed and then the second blow fell. This time—the sixteenth of March, 1649—the Iroquois appeared about one thousand strong at Ste. Ignace II., in the township of Tay and ambushed it at early dawn, as they had done the year before at St. Joseph II. Again many of

the Huron braves were absent hunting and the surprise was complete, only three men making their escape. These fled to St. Louis, which was but a few miles distant, and gave the alarm. At the time, Fathers Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalement happened to be at St. Louis, in passing, and the devoted people earnestly urged them to avoid the Iroquois by flight. How vain to men like these missionaries was such an appeal! They were not born to shirk; they courted the post of danger; and now that the hour had come, they were ready,—baptizing, shriving and comforting the wounded. Scarcely had the warning been given than the enemy was before the palisade, but the old men and the women and children had time to flee to shelter and safety. Only eighty warriors were left to receive the enemy. The Huron never lacked in bravery, and this handful of men put up a gallant defence. In addition to the advantage of numbers, the enemy was equipped with Dutch firearms and made short work of the forlorn hope. The two priests were among the prisoners reserved for the refinements of protracted torture, inflicted at Ste. Ignace, to which place the Iroquois returned. The agonies undergone by the Fathers were beyond belief. They have been described in all their horror by many writers deriving from Father Ragueneau's faithful account, drawn up at Ste. Marie II. from the story given by Christian Indian eye-witnesses, and confirmed by a personal examination of the charred bodies a day or two afterwards, at Ste. Ignace II., by Ragueneau himself. The remains were conveyed to Quebec, and from there to France.

The Hurons rallied their slender forces and attacked detachments of the Iroquois found near the ruined villages, but while giving new proofs of their fighting mettle, were unable to prevail over the rapidly assembled Iroquois host. Yet the losses they inflicted caused a panic, under the influence of which the Iroquois hurriedly left Huronia for the time being. When the news of the massacres spread, deadly fear reigned everywhere, and it was decided to abandon the country. Almost immediately after the disasters referred to, fifteen villages in Huronia were deserted. The people, before leaving, set them on fire, fearing that otherwise they might be of use to the returning enemy.

Missionaries, as we have seen, had established themselves among the Petuns. Now, some of the relentless Iroquois followed and the fate of the stricken Hurons went there for protection, but the At the sacking there of St. Jean, Father Charles Garnier was killed; and Father Noel Chabanel, who had been for nearly a year engaged in this mission, was murdered on the following day (8th of December, 1648). He was on his way to Ste. Marie II., accompanied bya small escort, and had travelled about six leagues distant from St. Matthias when he camped for the night in the forest. The victorious whooop of the Iroquois was heard and the terrified escort vanished. Chabanel, thus deserted, proceeded until he reached the Nottawasaga River, over which he was ferried by a renegade Huron Indian who murdered him and cast his body into the river. He kept the priest's garments by means of which he afterwards proved his villainous boast. Before the martyrdom of Fathers Garnier and Chabanel had taken place, the missionaries and their people had emigrated to Christian Island, where Fort Ste. Marie II. was completed by the month of November. The winter found between six and eight thousand Hurons on Christian Island, depending on the Mission for food and shelter. The task was impossible, and much suffering was endured. The Iroquois still prowled the forests on the mainland for Huron blood. Disheartened and in despair, and confronted by inevitable famine, the nation agreed on a final dispersion, a remnant finding asylum at Quebec, others among distant tribes out of reach of the ever-pursuing, inveterate Iroquois. Thus ended, in disaster and everlasting glory the historic Mission in Huronia.



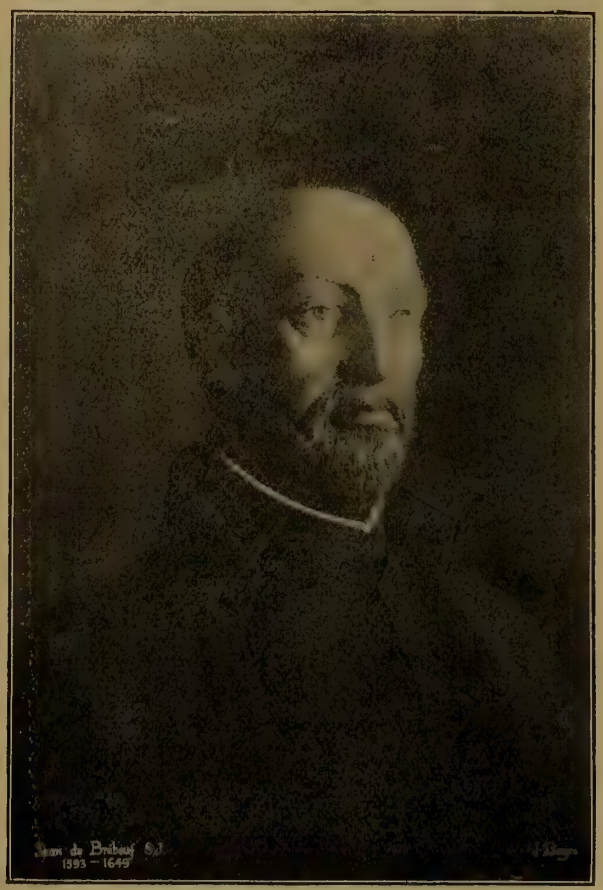
Rev. Paul Le Jeune, S. J.

"To fight the battles of the Cross,
Christ's chosen ones are sent—
Good soldiers, and great victors—
A noble armament.
They use no early weapon,
They know not spear or sword,
Yet right and true and valiant
Is the army of the Lord."

—Adelaide Proctor.

From the pen of one who loved the Indian, who knew the history of Christian missions, an esteemed author and Methodist divine, the late Rev. Dr. W. H. Withrow, came the following fair appreciation: "Nowhere did the Jesuit missionaries exhibit grander moral heroism or sublimer self-sacrifice; nowhere did they encounter greater sufferings, with more pious fortitude, or meet with a more tragical fate than in the wilderness-missions of New France. They were the pioneers of

civilization, the pathfinders of empire on this continent. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Society at Quebec, they wandered all over the vast country, stretching from the rocky shores of Nova Scotia to the distant prairies of the Far West, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi River. Paddling all day in their bark canoes; sleeping at night on the naked rocks; toiling over rugged portages, or through pathless forests; pinched by hunger, gnawed to the bone by cold, often dependent for subsistence on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they have given their name; lodging in Indian wigwams, whose acrid smoke



Rev. Jean de Brebeuf, S. J.

blinded their eyes, and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense; braving peril and persecution and death itself, they persevered in the path of self-sacrifice, for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, the advancement of their cause, and the extension of New France." "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," writes Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

The Huron Indian did not fall before the Iroquois because he was less brave, less courageous, or inferior in physical strength. Neither was he worsted because he was of a more sedentary temperament than his rival, or more readily accepted the enlightened truths of Christianity. The Huron was at a fatal disadvantage because of his chimerical ideas of personal liberty which degenerated to unbridled license. He was brave, but undisciplined. He neither understood nor could he endure subordination to authority, however properly constituted. He lacked a sense of co-operation and could not succeed against the well-trained, strictly-disciplined Iroquois when the vital issue was staged on the theatre of war. It will always be so, whether in war or peace; in industrial or political struggle,—the same principle will apply. Democracy without adequate safeguards in this, our own day of assertive individualism, would represent the untamed, unpractical Huron of three centuries ago.

No one can read the story of the Huron Mission without emotion or without being impressed by its possibilities, as an historic heritage of rare value. The impression will deepen with the great, though not absolute, test of time. The source-material from which the historian will select his pigments, as well as his subject-matter, has been given to the world in worthy form from the rich treasure-house of the Jesuit Relations, and some day the importance of the bequest will be understood. The Mission will be acknowledged as a decisive event in our history and the future will demand that justice shall be done to it in our national elysium. The future is an ever-present claimant for its rights from us. The day of judgment is posterity's to-morrow. The "dies irae" of history lies in the womb of time. The great tribunal is a personified conscience apprehending the future. Therefore, the heritage value of history in a people's life is very great, and our responsibilities regarding it, not less real than are its advantages to us. The heritage is ours to make use of it ourselves and then to hand it down enriched by our experience to those who come after us. What a man inherits is not wholly his own to do with as he pleases; the gift received from the past is a life possession to be transmitted to posterity. Here lies the germ and seed of that altruism on which not only family, but national life is fundamentally established. In estimating the value to a nation of the heritage of history, many things are to be considered. War has furnished famous battles which have been turning-points in history. Peace, also, hath her victories not less decisive, which, more deeply than war, leave their impress on the character of the people and guide the broad trend of affairs. To turn aside from the beaten track of the obvious and the spectacularly apparent, to the by-paths of life, and there to discover the silent forces which ceaselessly move on in all the complexity of their subtle processes to great achievement, is a favour from the gods. The reward is a beam from the lamp of truth, a glimpse of elusive human motives, a clearer view of the reason why. Huronia is a case in point. The strongest of all human instincts is the religious one, and if we fail to note and give full value to the religious element in our history, we fail at the most vital point. Books upon books of history prove this. Why is it that so much of our history down the centuries, and to some extent even in our time, is so unsatisfactory, so shallow, so dead? Because the deeper forces, influencing, impelling and controlling human action with the inevitable fate of destiny, have not been apprehended by the writers. The divine government of the world, carried on so largely through human instrumentality, is not given due importance; perhaps, because, sometimes the historian himself is out of harmony with the spirit of the divine life, a spirit caught, understood and exemplified in life and death by the martyr-actors who played their part in the great drama of Huronia.

Reminiscences of Cameron McLeod

VI.

TOMMY CROUSE

The Tragedy of a Pioneer Home, Middlesex County, Westminster Township, Ontario, Ninety and More Years Ago

The Story as it was Told by Old Settlers Who Took Part in the Long Search of the Woods to Compel Them to Give up the Secret of His Mysterious Disappearance

TOMMY! Tommy! Nelson! Nelson."

It was the anxious cry of a frantic mother that echoed through the woods of Westminster township, Middlesex County, Ontario, on the fourth of April, 1832, as she searched in vain for her two little tots who had gone out into the bush in quest of wild onions. Eternal vigilance is the price a mother has to pay for the safety of her children, but this is not always possible to her. Her household duties have to be attended to; she can be at only one place at a time; and there are numerous forces, endless in their variety, besetting their path and everywhere endangering their safety.

A Toronto mother despatched her little six year old son to a Church service on a Sabbath in April of this year. Fifteen minutes later he was brought back to her with bruised body and broken limb. A family of joy-riders, carelessly intent on their own pleasure, were on their way north to spend their Sunday with country friends, and they ran him down at a crossing of the street. Increase in knowledge has not brought with it decrease in danger to child life and safety. The pioneer mother had dangers to ward off, just as real though so different in kind, as those of a modern city mother.

The Crouse family were one of the early pioneers of Middlesex county. They had built their cabin in the woods in the near neighbourhood of Digman's creek, and the father was busily engaged in clearing land, making it ready for their first potato patch, on the day when their two children disappeared from their home. The two little lads had early learned to distinguish the wild-onion or leek from the may-flower, adder-tongue, hepatica and other wild-flowers that grew in the woods round about their home. Isaac, their older brother, had brought in some wild onions that morning, and the two little fellows had gone out looking with a view to getting some more. They had come to a bed of adder-tongues, near to which they found a clump of them growing. They pulled these up and ate them, and with this initial success, they continued to look for some more. Seeing a bed of wild-flowers some distance ahead, they would run to them, and they were oftentimes rewarded by finding the plant of their quest growing among or near them. They made no mistake about their identity though they were both so young, Tommy being but five years old, and Nelson barely three. So interested were they in their discoveries that they took no account of how far they were going or in what direction they were travelling. Following in the direction of the plants that looked like leeks, they would be led now to the right, then to the left, and then straight ahead, until they had gone far away from sight of their home and out of reach of sound of their call, no path or anything of resource in themselves by means of which they could be guided on their way back to their home.

When their mother missed them, and could not herself find them, she hurried her oldest son after their father.

"Run Isaac and tell your father to go down into the bush to see if he can find them."

After a time Isaac returned and informed his mother that no trace of the boys could anywhere be found.

"Run over to Mr. Patrick's and see if they are there."

Isaac ran over hastily, and soon Mr. Patrick and all his family came back with him and joined

the Crouse family in the search for their children. Other neighbours came, and soon the whole bush within near distance of their home was being carefully explored by a large search party. Not a square yard was missed, but the little lads could not be found. The day was drawing to a close, and the searchers spread themselves out farther and struck out further distances into the woods. Mr. Patrick was following Digman's creek, about three-quarters of a mile from the Crouse cabin, thinking that perhaps the boys reaching this stream would follow it as a guide to bring them back home. At the second bend of the creek he heard a child's voice. It was Tommy, encouraging his little brother Nelson to follow up.

"Come on, Nelson, we'll soon be home."

"I can't go any more. Oh Tommy, come back."

He was on the opposite side of the creek from Nelson.

Come on, Nelson, come on," he continued.

"No, no, I'm too tired, and the little lad cried piteously.

Mr. Patrick hastened his steps and soon found little Nelson sitting on a log, shivering with the cold, for he was bare-footed and thinly clad, and the day, though bright and the sun shining warmly in the open, yet in the woods the atmosphere was still cool and chilling. His eyes were red and his face swollen with crying. Gladdened in his heart with the success attending his search, Mr. Patrick picked him up in his arms and started across in the direction in which he heard Tommy, assured in his mind that he would soon be back to the Crouse home and the two little boys with him.

As he crossed the creek, he saw the marks of Tommy's little feet on the opposite bank of the stream. He called out to him, but there was no answer. He searched about in the direction in which he heard his voice, but failed to locate him. Getting up on a log, he called out,

"Tommy, Tommy."

Down in the woods, he heard 'Tommy, Tommy' repeated, the echo of his own voice. It was the only sound he heard in answer to his call. Tommy was doubtless affrighted at hearing a stranger's voice, and instead of answering, ran farther into the woods, or hid away in some place where Mr. Patrick could not find him. Reluctantly he returned with Nelson only discovered.

"You heard Tommy?" the anxious mother enquired, as she tightly embraced the shivering bundle which Mr. Patrick had brought home to her care and protection.

Yes, I heard him distinctly. He was calling to Nelson, trying to coax him along, but the little fellow was played out and was sitting on a log on this side of the creek, while Tommy was on the other side, but he did not call back to Nelson any more after he heard my voice."

"Where is Mr. Crouse?"

"He's still in the bush, but it was too dark for him to see anything now. I'm afraid we'll not be able to do anything more to-night."

"Poor boy, I hope he'll not be left out all night."

The neighbours did not go away from the Crouse home that night. They built a fire of logs outside, partly for its warmth, but chiefly for the sake of the companionship of its light. Sitting around it, they spent the hours telling tales of the hardships of their common lots, or voicing their confidence in the future of that section of the country into which they had cast their lots. Once and again, all conversation would cease and a stillness would reign, broken after a time when one of the company would interject a remark bearing on the event of the day.

"Listen, didn't I hear a sound?"

"I thought I heard something," another would add.

But it was only the effect of an excited imagination causing them to suppose that they heard a child's call, and for which there was to be found no basis in outward fact.

Occasionally a real sound would be heard, the footsteps of someone approaching, as a new neighbour came on the scene to enquire if the boys were found and to add one more to the already large searching party. All night they continued to come, and all the next day, and, indeed, for some days after until the whole population fromt twenty miles east of the home and westward to Chatham, Sarnia and even Windsor, were well represented. A few came from these distant homes on horseback, but the major portion came on foot. All work in the peninsula ceased for more than a week, as the search and the excitement continued and the result mysteriously fruitless.

"Where do you suppose he is?"

"What do you suppose has happened to him?"

These were the common-place questions which they asked the one of the other, and to which not one of them was able to give a certain answer. But with the persistence so characteristic of the early settlers in the province, they continued in their search, determined that they would compel the woods to give up the secret of his whereabouts.

"A wild beast must have taken him," was the settled conviction of Mr. Patrick.

But many who had searched with unabated hope and were very unwilling to cease searching until they found him, would not accept this theory for his continued non-appearance

"There would be some trace of him if it were a wild beast that killed him."

"Not if it were a bear. He would just simply drag him into the hollow of a tree, or the hole in the rock where he spent the winter, and from which he would be coming out hungry about this time. We'll get no trace of the boy unless we find his den."

This but made the searchers double their efforts if not to find the lost boy, then discover the lair of the wild animal whom Mr. Patrick believed responsible for their inability to find any trace of him.

The parents, however, could not be persuaded that he had been killed by a wild animal, and many of the neighbourhood were now beginning to lean to the supposition that he was taken captive by a band of roving Indians, and incorporated as one of their tribe, a practise not uncommon in the early

days of the history of this country. Color was lent to this theory afterwards by the story of a traveller that he had seen among a band on the Upper lakes a white boy answering to the description and age of Tommy Crouse though further corroboration of this discovery was never afterwards made.

"I don't think that God would be so unkind as to let my poor boy be killed by a wild beast," voiced the father as he clung to the faith that his child in some way was under divine protection and would come back to him again. Throughout the whole summer he clung to the belief that his child was alive and in the woods, and once and again, as he would be at his work, a sound, as of the cry of a child in distress would be supposedly heard by him and he would drop his work and spend two or three days in succession in the quest of his lost one, for the return of whom he could not give up hopes. So strange are the workins of affections on the imagination that we cannot do other than persuade ourselves that the things we strongly desire shall surely come to pass.

Towards Christmas, the Crouse family were thrown into a state of excitement.

"Mother, mother," cried Isaac, as he ran into the house, "John Lee has come out of the bush carrying something which he is showing to father."

It was the skull of a little child that he had found in the woods, Mr. Crouse tremblingly took it from his hand. Believing it to be that of his own little boys, he took this token of frustrated hopes and had it buried in the cemetery at Pond Mills, but many of the neighbourhood still refused to believe it to be his, clinging to the thought of his captivity among the Indians.

Ninety-year have passed since this tragical event took place, and for seventy of them, Nelson lived, never forgetting, but ever mourning, the tragedy that brought about the loss of his little companion brother. The wilderness of woods that caused this irreparable tragedy to become a part of the history of the Crouse family has long since passed out of existence. No tree to-day looks down on the scene of the happenings of this memorable April. Separated forever from the home of his parents and the companionship of his little brothers, Tommy Crouse went out of their sight, a martyr to the circumstances surrounding the lives of the little ones in the pioneer homes of Ontario one hundred years ago.

Chamber of Commerce, Sarnia

Geo. P. France, Secretary

THIS is a live institution that is established for the purpose of furthering the Industrial, Commercial and Community life of the city. They aim to acquaint the outside world with the fact that their city is in the midst of a very fertile region, with no very large rival cities near; that it is well equipped with railway facilities served by the Grand Trunk and Pere Marquette railways, with American conections, the former crossing the Sainte Claire by a tunnel, and the latter by ferry; that it is a lake-port of strategic importance with a deep-water harbor at the foot of Lake Huron; that it is midway between coal and iron regions, has already some of the more substantial industries in Canada and has room for more. With natural gas, Hydro electricity, street railways, good pavements and leading provincial roads, good schools and an excellent water front, the city of Sarnia has advantages that ought to commend itself to any, seeking a place for recreation, residence or industry.

W. E. BERESFORD

First President of Chamber and Manager Perfection Stove Company

The INDUSTRIAL MORTGAGE AND SAVINGS COMPANY

JOHN COWAN, President. SARNIA — ONTARIO D. N. SINCLAIR, Manager.

ASSETS	PAID-UP CAPITAL	REST FUND	TOTAL INVESTMENTS
$2,900,000	$635,000	$455,000	$2,852,628

TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE-INSTITUTE, SARNIA

This is a new building situated in the central part of the city, on a site comprising 7½ acres of land, and is built at a cost of $600,000 to combine the two functions of Collegiate Institute and Technical school with workshop and accommodation for 2000 students, an asset of great educational value to the city.

1876, where he was followed, strangely enough by the late Hon. W. J. Hanna, a conspicuous figure for many years in the history of Ontario, reminding us that Mr. Sinclair's life has been associated with a generation in which there were many eminent men, among whom was the Hon. George W. Ross, his School Inspector when he began to teach in East Lambton. The training of teachers was just then beginning to take on its present form, but Inspector Ross adjudged Mr. Sinclair a sufficiently qualified teacher without the need of the training of a Model School course which was not therefore required of him, when granted his county certificate. After a term in the Normal School, Toronto, and granted a life certificate, he took charge of the Aberarder school, Plympton township, where he remained until appointed to his present position. Here he began to establish activities, among others, a store and public library, the one for the commercial convenience, the other for the social betterment of the farmers of his community.

His public library attracted provincial wide attention. In the number of its readers and the quantity and quality of its books, it was second to none other at that time in the county of Lambton, and certainly unsurpassed by any rural library in the province. This high standard it maintained as long as Mr. Sinclair remained a resident of the community. 3500 volumes of the best standard books were ranged on its shelves, to which the membership had free access, and the reading room was stocked with daily newspapers, and outstanding magazines, such as the Illustrated London News, Graphic, Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, and other leading periodicals. This library proved in its day an educational asset of no mean proportions, and shows how much can be done for a community if only an enterprising activity be ranged behind it. In later years Mr. Sinclair's community spirit found expression in Sarnia's Horticultural Society, of which he is President, which was organized through his initiative five years ago, and promises to be an institution of great value in stirring up an interest in the beautifying of the city and its surroundings.

Of the assistant manager, W. R. Paul, on the testimony of his confrere, to his sincerity and integrity, his fidelity and efficiency, his resourcefulness and tact, is to be attributed in goodly measure the success of the institution.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, SARNIA

Centrally located in a beautiful park, and closely proximate to the new Technical-College. It is well stocked both as to its Books and Reading Room, and it houses the Nucleus of what promises to be an important Historical Collection.

THE OLD COLLEGIATE, LONDON ROAD, SARNIA

The page of history which these three men in co-operation with the others associated with them has written, carries with it an instructive lesson. The primary aim of their organization has been to provide a safe depository for municipal funds and for the savings of private enterprise and thrift, and the investment of these in securities wherein would be found the minimum of speculation combined with the maximum of safety. They have served their generation by adhering scrupulously to this aim, and by their success, giving positive proof to those who pin their faith on frenzied finance and reckless venture, that ultimate and permanent successful achievement comes by a more conservative way.

The Lost Scout

An Historic Novel, by HUGH COWAN, *Toronto*

CHAPTER XV.

The White Woman a Captive Among the Traders

Principal Episodes in the Narrative

Warren Wilcox, a Scout, whose camp name is Sol, becomes lost in the thick woods of Parry Sound.

After several adventures and misadventures, and the discovery of a Whiskey-trader's secret store on Cove Island, he is picked up by a fishing-tug, whose crew consists of a Breed, a full-blooded Indian, a White Woman and her son, the latter of whom becomes a genial companion to the Lost Scout.

The Breed and Indian becoming intoxicated, the tug is manned by the two youths, who, seeking shelter for the night, inadvertently steer their vessel and launch it at the lake-post of the Whiskey-traders.

The Traders attempt the capture of the vessel, but owing to Sol's clever handling of the Captain's rifle, the Boys make a successful escape.

The Captain and Indian awake to take a final part in the conflict.

SEEING Sol with a revolver in hand and forgetting the incidents of the night before he rushed to the conclusion that this stranger was the cause of all this turmoil. He leaped forward to seize him, but Charlie by an equally quick movement threw himself between them, protesting vehemently.

"No, no. This is the boy we took off the island last night. It's MacKenzie's men down below. They're after the whiskey and the money".

"Whiskey and money!" he repeated slowly, as of one trying to interpret a dream.

In a trice the links of the chain of events of the night before stood out clearly before him as if no sleep had in the meantime intervened—the rescue of Sol, the discovery of the cache, the presence of MacKenzie's whiskey on board—while, in the meantime, the commotion downstairs became more distinct, the scuffling shouting noises indicating that a conflict above the ordinary was going on in the engine-room.

MacKenzie's men after the whiskey and the money, aha!" he exclaimed, now fully awake to the situation.

Just then the cry of Mrs. Butterworth came forth as if from the waters on the side of the vessel, "C-h-a-r-l-i-e, Oh Help! C-h-a-r-". followed by a short scream, a muffled sound as of a woman being gagged.

Charlie turned pale and trembled. He made as if to go to her assistance, but Captain Ike waved him back.

"Keep to the wheel!" he shouted with impatience and anger, his seaman's instinct sensing the right thing to do at the moment. It was the most needful of duties he was commanding. To let the tug drift would be to ground her on one of the numerous shoals on these waters, and leave them and their vessel a prey to MacKenzie and his men. But Charlie insisted on going in answer to his mother's call.

"Do you think I'm going to stay here and leave my mother alone down there? She calls and I must go."

"Boy, you lose time. Take the wheel and keep her in middle water. I'll look after your mother."

As he so said, he dropped himself in a trice through the man-hole to the deck below. Sol followed quickly after. Charlie, quivering with emotion, but, knowing that the boat must be kept

off both shore and shoal, stuck to his post of duty at the wheel. The tug must be kept from drifting if they were to escape mishap. Biting his lips to keep himself under control, he kept her nose pointing out to the Bay.

In the engine-room they found the now awakened Jack Conossoway in mortal conflict with two of the traders' men who were striving to overcome and pinion him, but Conossoway, with an agility far above the average, was matching his one strength against their two with gratifying effect. Having got one by the throat, he had just succeeded in getting him down, when the other, observing his comrade's danger seized a rod of iron that was used as a poker for the engine's firebox, and swinging it over his shoulder was about to bring it down on the head of Conossoway when the Captain appeared on the scene.

Divining his intentions, the Captain leaped, but not too soon, and grasping the assassin's weapon, wrested it out of his hand.

"It's you, Cadotte," he said, recognizing the assailant. "I'll teach you to be mixing yourself up in such dirty work."

Seizing him by the collar of his coat, with one hand he held him off at arm's length, while with the other he began to belabour him on the face, slapping with open hand, first the one cheek, then the other, with grim drunken delight, while Cadotte, because of the greater length of the Captain's arms could do nothing to defend himself. After having satisfied himself that he had mauled him sufficiently, he backed him to the railing, and then pitched him headlong over into the water.

In the meantime, Conossoway continued his strangle-hold on the man with whom he fought, until he lay an unconscious heap at his feet. So motionless was he that Sol deemed him dead. Coming from the engine, when he had restarted it, believing that it had been stopped by these intruders,

"Is he dead?" he asked of Conossoway.

"Dead! Who's dead?" snorted the Captain.

Seizing, lifting up, and shaking him, "Get up I tell you," he ordered the unconscious heap.

But there was no response.

"Here, Jack, give us a lift."

Both took hold, and swung him over the railing to follow his mate into the water.

"Where is Fanny?" the Captain enquired of Sol.

"She was down here attending to the engine, while Charlie and I were above, but I haven't seen anything of her, since we came down."

Conossoway, taking poise as the manner of the Indian is on the alert, and stepping to the railing to make observation with both his eyes and ears, "Gone in canoe, me think," he said, as he pointed to the shore, the opposite to that to which they had tied up their boat the night before.

While Charlie and Sol had their attention directed to that side of the river from which the leader MacKenzie had made his attack, they were unaware that another contingent of men had been called into activity by his whistle, and coming from the farther side of the river unnoticed, had boarded the tug, seized Mrs. Butterworth, dropped her into a waiting canoe, and carried her off helpless to their camp, the screams of whom were the first evidences to the boys of something wrong below.

But while the two men who boarded the tug, were successful in their capture of Mrs. Butterworth, they were not so successful in getting away themselves. Conossoway awoke at a most inopportune time for them, but, had his return to consciousness been met with quietness, no resistance would have been staged, but unfortunately for them, one greeted his awakening with an oath, the other with a scurrulous remark, and the whiskey in Jack did the rest, with the consequences as we have seen that the Indian's strength was almost a match for both of theirs.

Charlie at the wheel was quite unaware that his mother had been carried off the tug so that by the time that Sol got back to where he was, the boat reached the mouth of the river and was fast making its way into the Bay.

"They have taken your mother to the shore, Charlie", was his explanation of the untoward event that had befallen Mrs. Butterworth.

Without remark or hesitation, Charlie began to turn the vessel that she might head backwards.

When Captain Ike observed this, he shouted up the man-hole, "No, no, Charlie, Head her out to the Bay."

Charlie refused. "I'm not going to leave Mother behind, Captain Ike. I'll die before I'll do that."

Saying this, he looked towards Sol. The eyes of the two boys met. Sol read the appeal for help which his eyes uttered. Going up to Charlie, he put his arms around him.

"Don't fear for your mother, Charlie. God will take care of her".

It was quite a paternal act, the involuntary expression of a sympathetic heart that knew the spirit that was moving his companion and the emotions that were struggling in his breast.

The Captain, at sight of it, was visibly moved. Putting his hand to the wheel in token that he would now take charge.

"We'll not leave your mother Charlie, but we'll swing around the point and get back on the other side."

This he said quietly and sympathetically, which won over at once the submission of Charlie, for he saw now that although both had the same aim, deference must be given to the Captain, because of his superior wisdom and experience.

Both boys now stood on either side of the Captain as he re-directed the vessel outward and around the cape, while Sol related to him as best he could the events of the morning and the circumstances that led up to them. To this recital, Conossoway, his head peering up through the manhole was also an interested listener. Neither of the men could conceal their admiration for the part played by Sol and their pleasure in that MacKenzie and his men had been so completely worsted and that by a boy.

As they turned around the point, the two boys descried a thin line of white smoke rising skyward, the silent signal of an Indian tepee hid away behind the bushes a few rods from the shore, its inmates evidently up and about, though it was so early in the morning. To this spot, the Captain directed the tug. When they got opposite it, they observed a small inlet, which, after piercing the mainland, swung to the left, forming a narrow elongated neck of water behind the tepee, and parallel to the main shoreline. This afforded, not

only shelter for the tug, but served to hide it completely from view except to one standing on the rock immediately above them. Into this shelter, the tug steamed its way as quietly as possible, but not quietly enough to leave undisturbed the dwellers within the tepee. These came out, discovering themselves to be but two, a squaw and her daughter, a quasess about 16 years of age, who evidently did not appreciate a visit from strangers so early in the morning. On the appearance of Conossoway, their disquietude was quickly removed, and they were soon in animated conversation, before the tug had made a landing.

Charlie was the first to disembark. He snagged the tug fore and aft, using the trees that grew up in the crevices of the rocks as tie-posts, after which the other three followed him.

In conversation with the squaw, Captain Ike ascertained that her husband had left early that morning to join MacKenzie's men in the opening up of a post further north for trade in furs during the winter, and might not again return until spring. They, two, expected to go back to their Reserve that day, and were even now making preparations to embark.

The daughter, unlike so many Indian girls of her age, did not seem averse to conversation, but smiled pleasantly, when Charlie made enquiry if she heard any shooting.

"Not here, but over on the river early. Maybe someone shooting wild duck."

"No, it was MacKenzie's men, chasing our tug. They've stolen my Mother."

"Your mudder? And who shoot?"

"This boy." Charlie pointed to Sol standing a little distance away, the Captain's rifle still in his hand, and the revolver in his pocket, though not observed.

"Kill any?" the squaw asked.

Charlie shook his head, but said nothing, the seriousness of the task that lay before them increasing in magnitude as he contemplated the numerical strength and desperate characters whom they had still to face.

Lifting her hand imprecatingly, the squaw addressed Charlie, though her eyes, sparkling with fire, were directly on Sol.

"Dey kill MaGrigger, dey kill your fadder, dey steal your mudder. Shoot, boy, to kill. Shoot 'em here," she said, as she placed her hand on her breast over her heart.

Sol shuddered as he saw the vehemence with which she urged the taking of life for life, as if it were not only a necessary expedient, but a bounden duty under the circumstances.

The effect on Conossoway was instantaneous. He spake one word in their own language, in answer to which the daughter ran into the tepee, and brought out a hunting knife, hanging in a deerskin pocket attached to a girdle, and handed it to him. Cossonoway took the proferred weapon, examined it, and then fastened the girdle around his body, the knife completely hidden from view but readily accessible when needed.

Thus equipped, "Come boy", he said to Sol, and started into the woods in the direction of the trader's camp. Sol turned and followed, Charlie with him. He led the boys over the rocks and through the woods, along a rough path that zigzagged up the cliff which bounded the inlet on the north side. So steep and rough was it that the boys had to help each other at times in order to make the ascent in safety, while Conossoway made his way up as nimbly as a mountain goat.

When they reached the top, breathless, Sol, giving expression to his thoughts, or perhaps as an apology for their state of exhaustion, exclaimed.

"This is a mountain, Jack."

"Liddle hill, dat's all", was the answer, which might mean that the boys were tenderfeet, or that greater eminences than these might yet be expected before they were through with their explorations among the rocks of La Cloche.

With pitiless disregard of their stalking inexperience and their incapacity for endurance, Conossoway again struck forward. Choosing his way cautiously, he led them in a circuitous path around the brow of the hill until they came to a break in the thick underwood, and there he stood alert. Sol was amazed when he saw right immediately before them the camp of the trader with whom Conossoway expected to find Mrs. Butterworth, while over the top of the thickets that surrounded the opening they descried the river and the identical spot where they had spent the night before, the place where the events of the morning were so unexpectedly staged.

As a precaution against discovery, they prostrated themselves on the ground after the example and orders of Conossoway on a sheltered spot on the brow of the rock which gave them a complete command of view of both the opposite shore of the river and the camp beside them. The Indian was setting himself out to make some discoveries of the whereabouts of the traders before proceeding further. Observing a crow fly and perch on the limb of a dead pine across the river, he gave the command to Sol.

"Shoot him, crow."

as he pointed out where it sat.

Sol threw his rifle into line; he pulled the trigger; the crow fell.

"Oh", said Charlie as he saw the quickness and accuracy with which he handled the rifle, but Conossoway unmoved, kept his eyes fixed on the opposite shore. In a few minutes, two men were seen running past an opening along the pathway that ran parallel to the shore, where they evidently were ambushed. Charlie now understood Conossoway's reasons for demanding an exhibit of Sol's skill. It was to detect whether MacKenzie's men were on their own side of the river, or were now an auxiliary force for the defence of the camp on this side of the river where he expected Mrs. Butterworth was being detained.

As soon as this discovery was made, turning to Sol as he adjusted his knife, he gave them a further inkling of his plans.

"I go. Watch him door. If dey come out, shoot 'em."

He arose, stalked back into the woods, but presently emerged at the door of the camp. The boys saw him quietly enter in. Shortly after he came out, stood on the alert, peered up and down for a minute or two and then came back to the boys. The camp was tenantless; Conossoway was perplexed; and Charlie was cruelly disappointed for he expected to see the Indian coming back with his mother.

(Continued in next issue)

"Mer Douce"

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